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FROM VENICE TO THE GROSS-VENEDIGER.

By Henry van Dyke.

I.

THERE is no evident connection between the city of Venice, which does not contain even a small hill, and the huge snow-clad mountain in the Tyrol, which they call "the Big Venetian." You cannot see the mountain from the city; nor is the city visible from the mountain-top. But that fact did not seem to me any barrier to an attempt to join them in my own experience by a little journey. On the contrary, a great deal of the pleasure of life lies in bringing together things which have no connection. That is the secret of humor—at least so we are told by the philosophers who explain the jests that other men have made—and in regard to travel I am quite sure that it must be illogical in order to be entertaining. The more contrasts it contains, the better.

But apart from the philosophy of the matter, which I must confess to passing over very superficially at the time, there were other and more cogent reasons for wanting to go from Venice to the Big Venetian. It was the first of July, and the city on the sea was becoming tepid. A slumbrous haze brooded over canals and palaces and churches. It was difficult to keep one's conscience awake to Baedeker and a sense of moral obligation; Ruskin was impossible, and a picture-gallery was a penance. We floated lazily from one place to another and decided that, after all, it was too warm to go in. The cries of the gondoliers, at the canal corners, grew more and more monotonous and dreamy. There was danger of our falling fast asleep and having to pay for a day's repose in a gondola by the hour. If it grew much warmer we might be compelled to stay until the following winter in order to recover energy enough to get away. All the signs of the times pointed northward; and due north lay the Big Venetian, wrapped in his robe of glaciers.

II.

THE first stage on the journey thither was by rail to Belluno—about four or five hours. It is a sufficient commentary on railway travel that the most important thing about it is to tell how many hours it takes to get from one place to another. We arrived in Belluno at night, and when we awoke the next morning we found ourselves in a picturesque little city of Venetian aspect with a piazza and a campanile and a Palladian cathedral, but surrounded on all sides by lofty hills. We were at the end of the railway and at the beginning of the Dolomites.

Although I have a constitutional aversion to scientific information given by unscientific persons, such as clergymen and men of letters, I must go in that direction far enough to make it

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clear that the word Dolomite does not describe a kind of fossil, nor a sect of heretics, but a formation of mountains

Church of the Trinity, Cortina, and Peak of Sorapis in the Distance.

lying between the Alps and the Adriatic. Draw a diamond on the map, with Brixen at the northwest corner, Lienz at the northeast, Belluno at the southeast, and Trent at the southwest, and you will have included the region of the Dolomites, a country so picturesque, so interesting, so full of sublime and beautiful scenery that it is equally a wonder and a blessing that it has not been long since completely overrun with tourists and ruined with railways. There are, indeed, no enormous glaciers or snow-fields; the waterfalls are comparatively few and slender, and the rivers small; the highest peaks are but little more than ten thousand feet. But, on the other hand, the mountains are always near, and therefore always imposing. Bold, steep, fantastic masses of naked rock, they rise suddenly from the green and flowery valleys in amazing and endless contrast; they mirror themselves in the tiny mountain lakes like pictures in a dream.

I believe the guide-book says that they are formed of carbonate of lime and carbonate of magnesia in chemical composition; but even if this be true it need not prejudice any candid observer against them. For the simple and fortunate fact is that they are built of such stone that wind and weather, keen frost and melting snow and rushing water have worn and cut and carved them into a thousand shapes of wonder and beauty. It needs but little fancy to see in them walls and towers, cathedrals and campaniles, fortresses and cities, tinged with many hues from palest gray to deep red, and shining in an air so soft, so pure, so cool, so fragrant, under a sky so deep and blue and a sunshine so genial that it seems like the happy union of Switzerland and Italy.

The great highway through this region from south to north is the Ampezzo road, which was constructed in 1830, along the valleys of the Piave, the Boite, and the Rienz—the ancient line of travel and commerce between Venice and Innsbruck. The road is superbly built, smooth, and level. Our carriage rolled along so easily that we forgot and forgave its venerable appearance and its lack of accommodation for trunks. We had been persuaded to take four horses, as our luggage seemed too formidable for a single pair. But in effect our concession to apparent necessity turned out to be a mere display of superfluous luxury, for the two white leaders did little more than show their feeble paces, leaving the gray wheelers to do the work. We had the elevating sense of travelling four-in-hand, however—a satisfaction to which I do not believe any human being is altogether insensible.

At Longarone we breakfasted for the

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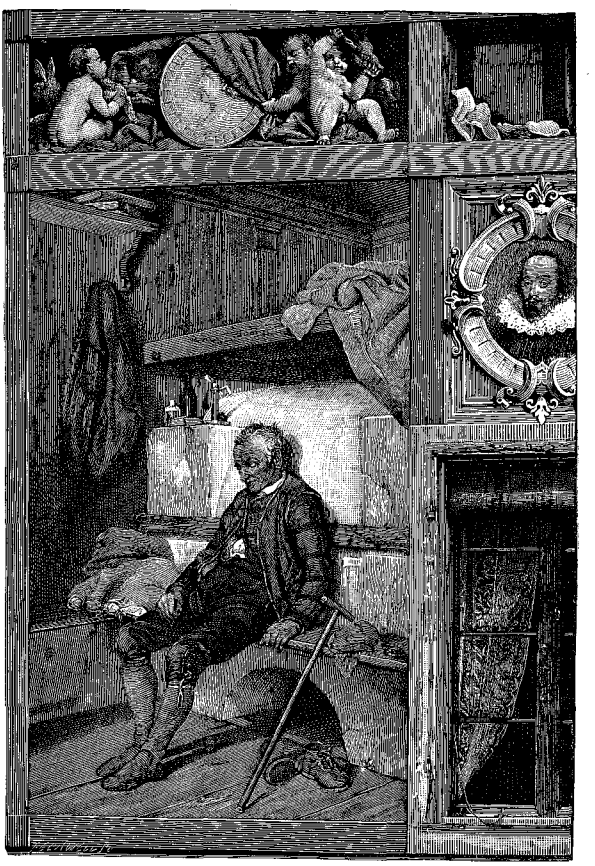
second time, and entered the narrow gorge of the Piave. The road was cut out of the face of the rock. Below us the long lumber-rafts went shooting down the swift river. Above, on the right, were the jagged crests of Monte Furlon and Premaggiore, which seemed to us very wonderful, because we had not yet learned how jagged the Dolomites can be. At Perarolo, where the Boite joins the Piave, there is a lump of a mountain in the angle between the rivers, and around this we crawled in long curves until we had risen a thousand feet and arrived at the small Hotel Venezia, where we were to dine.

While dinner was preparing the Good Man and I walked up to Pieve di Cadore, the birthplace of Titian. The house in which the great painter first saw the colors of the world is still standing, and they show the very room in which it is said that he began to paint. I am not one of those who would inquire too closely into such a legend as this. The cottage may have been rebuilt a dozen times since Titian's day; not a scrap of the original stone or plaster may remain; but beyond a doubt the view that we saw from the window is the same that Titian saw. Now, for the first time, I could understand and appreciate the landscape-backgrounds of his pictures. The compact masses of mountains, the bold, sharp forms, the hanging rocks of cold gray emerging from green slopes, the intense blue aërial distances — these all had seemed to me unreal and imaginary — compositions of the studio. But now I knew that, whether Titian painted out-of-doors, like our modern enthusiasts, or not, he certainly painted what he had seen, and painted it as it is.



Fresco from the Hotel Aquila Nera, Cortina.
(Painted by the innkeeper's son.)

The graceful brown-eyed boy who showed us the house seemed also to belong to one of Titian's pictures. As we were going away, the Good Man, for lack of copper, rewarded him with a little silver piece, a half-lira, in value about ten cents. A celestial rapture of surprise spread over the child's face, and I know not what blessings he invoked upon us. He called his companions to rejoice with him, and we left them clapping their hands and dancing.

Driving after one has dined has always a peculiar charm. The motion seems pleasanter, the landscape finer than in the morning hours. The road from Cadore ran on a high level, through sloping pastures, white villages, and bits of larch forest. In its narrow bed, far below, the river Boite roared as gently as *Bottom's* lion. The afternoon sunlight touched the snow-capped pinnacle of Antelao and

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the massive pink wall of Sorapis on the right; on the left, across the valley, Monte Pelmo's vast head and the wild crests of La Rochetta and Formin rose dark against the glowing sky. The peasants lifted their hats as we passed and gave us a pleasant evening greeting. And so, almost without knowing it, we slipped out of Italy into Austria, and drew up before a bare, square stone building with the double black eagle, like a strange fowl split for broiling, staring at us from the wall, and an inscription to the effect that this was the Royal and Imperial Austrian Custom-house.

The officer saluted us so politely that we felt quite sorry that his duty required him to disturb our luggage. "The law obliged him to open one trunk; courtesy forbade him to open more." It was quickly done; and, without having to make any contribution to the income of His Royal and Imperial Majesty Francis Joseph, we rolled on our way, through the hamlets of Acqua Bona and Zuel, into the Ampezzan metropolis of Cortina, at sundown.

Peasants of Lienz.

The modest inn called "The Star of Gold" stood facing the public square, just below the church, and the landlady stood facing us in the doorway, with an enthusiastic welcome—altogether a most friendly and entertaining landlady, whose one desire in life seemed to be that we should never regret having chosen her house instead of "The White Cross," or "The Black Eagle."

"O ja!" she had our telegram received; and would we look at the rooms? Outlooking on the piazza—with a balcony from which we could observe the *Festa* of to-morrow. She hoped they would please us. Only come in; accommodate yourselves."

It was all as she promised; three little bedrooms, and a little salon opening on a little balcony; queer old oil-paintings and framed embroideries and tiles hanging on the walls; spotless curtains and board floors so white that it would have been a shame to eat off them without spreading a cloth to keep them from being soiled.

"These are the rooms of the Baron Rothschild when he comes here always in the summer—with nine horses and nine servants—the Baron Rothschild of Vienna."

I assured her that we did not know the Baron, but that should make no difference. We would not ask her to reduce the price on account of a little thing like that.

She did not quite grasp this idea, but hoped that we would not find the pension too dear

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at a dollar and fifty-seven and a-half cents a day each, with a little extra for the salon and the balcony. "The English people all please themselves here—there comes many every summer—English bishops and their families."

Monte Nuvolau, as seen from the Alp Pocol.

I inquired whether there were any bishops in the house at that moment.

"No, just at present—she was very sorry—none."

"Well, then," I said, "it is all right. We will take the rooms."

Good Signora Barbaria, you did not speak the American language, nor understand it; but you understood how to make a little inn cheerful and homelike; yours was a very simple and genial art of keeping a hotel. As we sat in the balcony after supper, listening to the capital playing of the village orchestra, and the Tyrolese songs with which they varied their music, we thought within ourselves that we were fortunate to have fallen upon the Star of Gold.

III.

CORTINA lies in its valley like a white shell that has rolled down into a broad vase of malachite. It has about a hundred houses and seven hundred inhabitants, a large church and two small ones, a fine stone campanile with excellent bells, and seven or eight little inns. But it is more important than its size would signify, for it is the capital of the district whose lawful title is *Magnifica Comunità di Ampezzo*—a name conferred long ago by the Republic of Venice. In the fifteenth century it was Venetian territory, but in 1516, under Maximilian I., it was joined to Austria, and it is now one of the richest and most prosperous communes of the Tyrol. It embraces about thirty-five hundred people, scattered in hamlets and clusters of houses through the green basin with its four entrances, lying between the peaks of Tofana, Cris-

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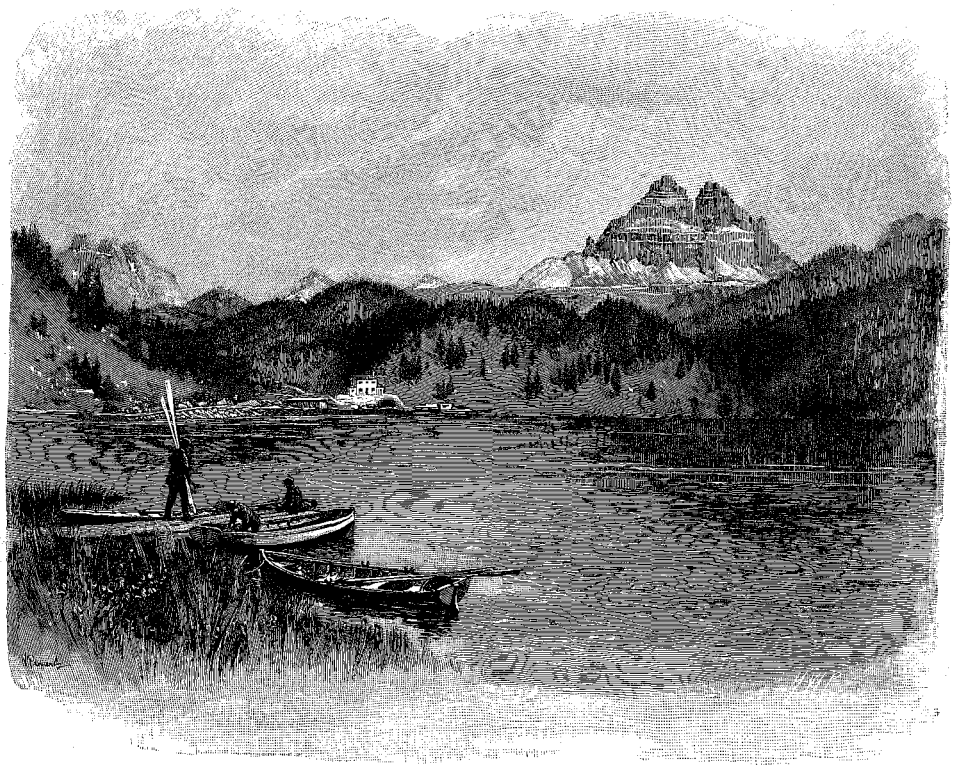
tallo, Sorapis, and Nuvolau. The well-cultivated grain-fields and meadows, the smooth alps filled with fine cattle, the well-built houses with their white stone basements and balconies of dark brown wood and broad overhanging roofs, all speak of industry and thrift. But by a peasant's son, who has never had a thorough musical education. It must have at least twenty-five members, and as we heard them at the Festa they seemed to play with extraordinary accuracy and expression.

This Festa gave us a fine chance to



Lake Misurina, and the Drei Zinnen.

there is more than mere agricultural prosperity in this valley. There is a fine race of men and women—intelligent, vigorous, and with a strong sense of beauty. The outer walls of the annex of the *Hotel Aquila Nera* are covered with frescos of marked power and originality, painted by the son of the innkeeper. The art schools of Cortina are famous for their beautiful work in gold and silver filigree, and wood-inlaying. There are nearly two hundred pupils in these schools, all peasants' children, and they produce results, especially in *intarsia*, which are admirable. The village orchestra, of which I spoke a moment ago, is trained and led

see the people of the Ampezzo all together. It was the annual jubilation of the district; and from all the outlying hamlets and remote side valleys, even from the neighboring vales of Agordo and Auronzo, across the mountains, and from Cadore, the peasants, men and women and children, had come in to the *Sagro* at Cortina. The piazza—which is really nothing more than a broadening of the road behind the church—was quite thronged. There must have been between two and three thousand people.

The ceremonies of the day began with general church-going. The people here are honestly and naturally religious. I have seen so many exam-

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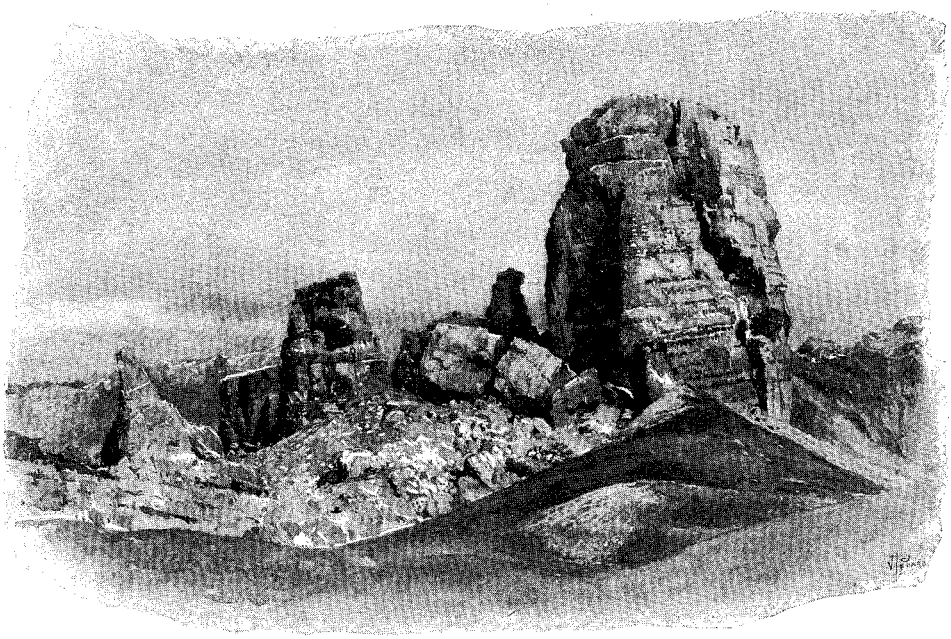
ples of what can only be called "sincere and unaffected piety" that I cannot doubt it. The church, on Cortina's feast-day, was crowded to the doors with worshippers who gave every evidence of taking part not only with the voice but also with the heart in the worship. Then followed the public unveiling of a tablet, on the wall of the little Inn of the Anchor, to the memory of *Giammaria Ghedini*, the founder of the art-schools of Cortina. There was music by the band; and an oration by a native Demosthenes (who spoke in Italian so fluent that it ran through one's senses like water through a sluice, leaving nothing behind), and an original "Canto," sung by the village choir, with a general chorus, in which they called upon the various mountains to "re-echo the name of the beloved master John-Mary as a model of modesty and true merit," and wound up with

Hurrah for John-Mary! Hurrah for his art!
Hurrah for all teachers as skilful as he!
Hurrah for us all who have now taken part
In singing together in *do* . . *re* . . *mi*.

It was very primitive, and I do not suppose that the celebration was even mentioned in the newspapers of the great world; but, after all, has not the man who wins such a triumph as this in the hearts of his own people, for whom he has made labor beautiful with the charm of art, deserved better of fame than many a renowned monarch or conquering warrior? We should be wiser if we gave less glory to the men who have been successful in forcing their fellow-men to die, and more glory to the men who have been successful in teaching their fellow-men how to live.

But the Festa of Cortina did not remain all day on this high moral plane. In the afternoon came what our landlady called "*allerlei Dummheiten*." There was a grand lottery for the benefit of the Volunteer Fire Department. The high officials sat up in a green wooden booth in the middle of the square, and called out the numbers and distributed the prizes. Then there was a greased pole with various articles of an attractive character tied to a large hoop at the top—silk aprons and a green jacket, and bottles of wine, and half a smoked pig, and a coil of rope, and a purse. The gallant firemen



The Five Towers of Averau.

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voluntarily climbed up the pole as far as they could, one after another, and then involuntarily slid down again exhausted, each one wiping off a little more of the grease, until at last the lucky one came who profited by his forerunners' labors, and struggled to the top to snatch the smoked pig. After that it was easy. Such is success in this unequal world; the man who wipes off the grease seldom gets the prize. Then followed various games with tubs of water and coins fastened to the bottom of a huge black frying-pan, to be plucked off with the lips, and pots of flour to be broken with sticks, so that the young lads of the village were ducked and blackened and powdered to an unlimited extent, amid the hilarious applause of the spectators.

In the evening there was more music, and the peasants danced in the square, the women quietly and rather heavily, but the men with amazing agility, slapping the soles of their shoes with their hands, or turning cart-wheels in front of their partners. At dark the festivities closed with a display of fireworks; there were rockets and bombs and pin-wheels; and the boys had tiny little red and blue lights which they held until their fingers were burned, just as boys do in America; and there was a general hush of wonder as a particularly brilliant rocket swished into the dark sky; and when it burst into a rain of serpents the crowd breathed out its delight in a long-drawn "Ah-h-h-h!" just as the crowd does everywhere. We might easily have imagined ourselves at a Fourth of July celebration in Vermont, if it had not been for the costumes.

The men of the Ampezzo Valley have kept but little that is peculiar in their dress. Men are naturally more progressive than women, and therefore less picturesque. The tide of fashion has swept them into conformity with the world, the international monotony of coat and vest and trousers—pretty much the same, and equally ugly, all over the world. Now and then you may see a short jacket with silver buttons, or a pair of knee-breeches, and almost all the youths wear a bunch of feathers or a tuft of chamois' hair in their soft green hats.

Landro, and the Pension Bauer.

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The Gross-Venediger from Inner-gschlöss.

But the women of the Ampezzo—strong, comely, with golden brown complexions, and often noble faces — are not ashamed to dress as their grandmothers did. They wear a little round black felt hat with rolled brim and two long ribbons hanging down at the back. Their hair is carefully braided and coiled, and stuck through and through with great silver pins. A black bodice, fastened with silver clasps, is covered in front with the ends of a brilliant silk kerchief, laid in many folds around the shoulders. The white shirt-sleeves are very full and fastened up above the elbow with colored ribbon. If the weather is cool the women wear a short black jacket, with satin yoke and high puffed sleeves. But, whatever the weather may be, they make no change in the large, full, dark skirts, almost completely covered with immense silk aprons, by preference light blue. It is not a remarkably brilliant dress, compared with that which one may still see in some districts of Norway or Sweden, but upon the whole it becomes the women of the Ampezzo wonderfully. And, for my part, I think that when a woman has found a dress that becomes her it is a waste of time to send to Paris for a fashion-plate.

IV.

When the excitement of the Festa had subsided we were free to abandon ourselves to the excursions in which the neighborhood of Cortina abounds, and to which the guide-book earnestly calls every right-minded traveller. A

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walk through the light-green shadows of the larch-woods to the tiny lake of Ghedina, where we could see all the four dozen trout swimming about in the clear water and catching flies; a drive to the Belvedere, where there are superficial refreshments above and profound grottos below; these were trifles, though we enjoyed them. But the great mountains encircling us on every side, standing out in clear view with that distinctness and completeness of vision which is one charm of the Dolomites, seemed to summon us to more arduous enterprises. Accordingly the Good Man and I selected the easiest one, engaged a guide, and prepared for the ascent. Monte Nuvolau is not a perilous mountain. I am quite sure that at my present time of life I should be unwilling to ascend a perilous mountain unless there were something extraordinarily desirable at the top, or remarkably disagreeable at the bottom. Mere risk has lost the attractions which it once had. As the father of a family I felt bound to abstain from going for pleasure into any place which a Christian lady might not visit with propriety. Our preparations for Nuvolau, therefore, did not consist of ropes, ice-irons, and axes, but simply of a lunch.

Our way led us, in the early morning, through the clustering houses of Lacedel, up the broad, green slope that faces Cortina on the west, to the beautiful Alp Pocol. Nothing could exceed the pleasure of such a walk in the cool of the day, while the dew still lies on the short, rich grass, and the myriads of flowers are at their brightest and sweetest. The infinite variety and abundance of the blossoms is a continual wonder. They are sown more thickly than the stars in heaven, and the rainbow itself does not show so many tints. Here they are mingled like the threads of some strange embroidery; and there again nature has massed her colors; so that one spot will be all pale blue with innumerable forget-me-nots, or dark blue with gentians; another will blush with the delicate pink of the Santa Lucia or the deeper red of the clover; and another will shine yellow as cloth of gold. Over all this opulence of bloom the larks were soaring and singing. I never heard so many as in the meadows about Cortina. There was always a sweet spray of music sprinkling down out of the sky, where the singers poised unseen. It was like walking through a shower of melody.

From the Alp Pocol, which is simply a fair, lofty pasture, we had our first full view of Nuvolau, rising bare and strong, like a huge bastion, from the dark fir-woods. Through these our way led onward now for seven miles, with but a slight ascent. Then turning off to the left we began to climb sharply through the forest. There we found abundance of the lovely Alpine roses, which do not bloom on the lower ground. Through the wood the cuckoo was calling — the bird which reverses the law of good children, and insists on being heard but not seen.

When the wood was at an end we found ourselves at the foot of an alp which sloped steeply up to the Five Towers of Averau. The effect of these enormous masses of rock, standing out in lonely grandeur, like the ruins of some forsaken habitation of giants, is tremendous. Seen from far below in the valley their form is picturesque and striking; but as we sat beside the clear, cold spring which gushes out at the foot of the largest tower, the Titanic rocks seemed to hang in the air above us as if they would overawe us into a sense of their majesty. We felt it to the full; yet none the less, but rather the more, could we feel at the same time the delicate and ethereal beauty of the fringed gentianella and the pale Alpine lilies scattered on the short turf beside us.

We had now been on foot about three hours and a half. The half hour that remained was the hardest. Up over loose, broken stones that rolled beneath our feet, up over great slopes of rough rock, up across little fields of snow where we paused to celebrate the Fourth of July with a brief snowball fight, up along a narrowing ridge with a precipice on either hand, and so at last to the summit, 8,600 feet above the sea.

It is not a great height, but it is a noble situation. For Nuvolau is for-

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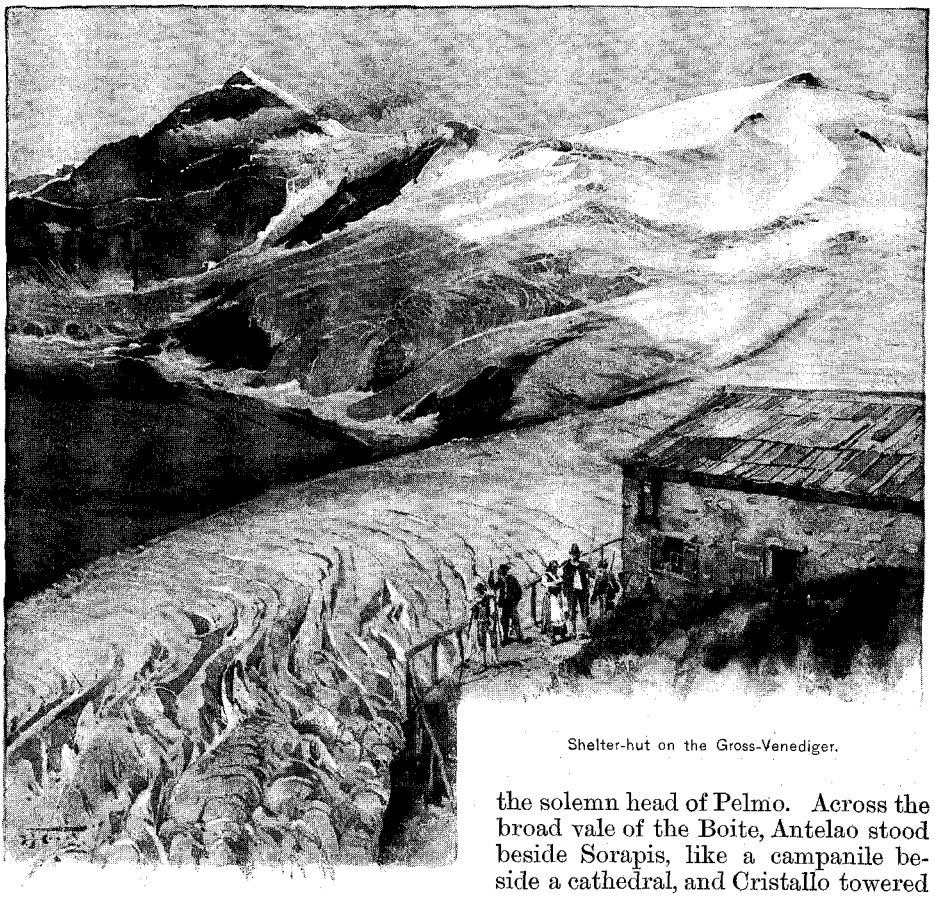
tunately placed in the very centre of the Dolomites, and so commands a finer view than many a higher mountain. Indeed, it is not from the highest peaks, according to my experience, that one gets the grandest prospects, but rather from those of middle height, down into the deep-cut vale of Agordo. Opposite to us was the enormous mass of Tofana, a pile of gray and pink and saffron rock. When we turned the other way we faced a group of mountains as ragged as the crests of a line of fir-trees, and behind them loomed



Shelter-hut on the Gross-Venediger.

which are so isolated as to give a wide circle of vision and from which one can see both the valleys and the summits. Monte Rosa itself gives a less imposing view than the Görner Grat. It is possible, in this world, to climb too high for pleasure.

But what a panorama Nuvolau gave us on that clear, radiant summer morning—a perfect circle of splendid sight. On one side we looked down upon the Five Towers; on the other, a thousand feet below, the Alps, dotted with the huts of the herdsmen, sloped

the solemn head of Pelmo. Across the broad vale of the Boite, Antelao stood beside Sorapis, like a campanile beside a cathedral, and Cristallo towered above the green pass of the Three Crosses. Through that opening we could see the bristling peaks of the Sextenthal. Sweeping around in a wider circle from that point we saw, beyond the Dürrenstein, the snow-covered pile of the Gross-Glockner; the crimson bastions of the Rothwand appeared to the north, behind Tofana; then the white slopes that hang far away above the Zillerthal; and, nearer, the Geislerspitze, like five fingers thrust into the air; behind that the distant Oetzthaler Mountain and just a single white glimpse of the highest peak of the

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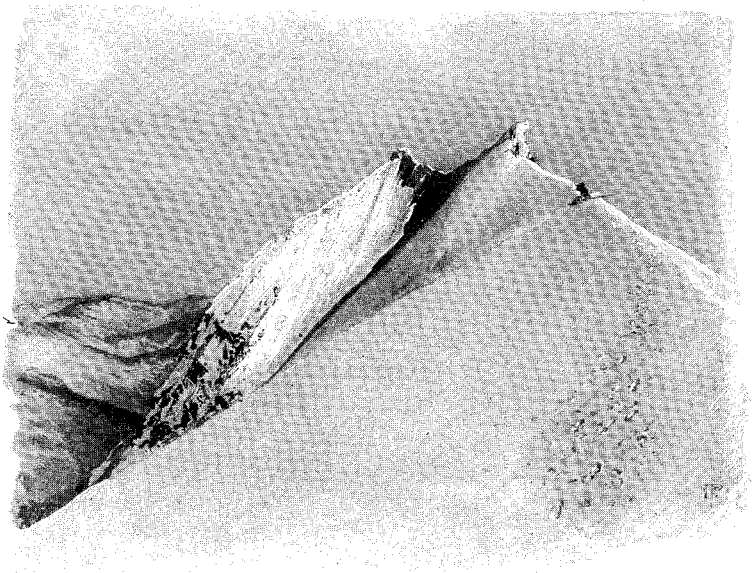
Ortler by the Engadine; nearer still we saw the vast fortress of the Sella group and the red combs of the Rosengarten; Monte Marmolada, the Queen of the Dolomites, stood before us revealed from base to peak in a bridal train of snow; and southward we looked into the dark rugged face of La Civetta, rising sheer out of the vale of Agordo, where the Lake of Alleghe slept unseen. It was a sea of mountains, tossed around us into a myriad of motionless waves, and with a rainbow of colors spread among their hollows and across their crests. The rocks of rose and orange and silver gray, the valleys of deepest green, the distant shadows of purple and melting blue, and the dazzling white of the scattered snow-fields seemed to shift and vary like the hues on the inside of a shell. And over all, from peak to peak, the light, feathery clouds went drifting lazily and slowly, as if they could not leave a scene so fair.

There is barely room on the top of Nuvolau for the stone shelter-hut which a grateful Saxon baron has built there as a sort of votive offering for the recovery of his health among the mountains. As we sat within and ate our frugal lunch, we were glad that he had recovered his health, and glad that he had built the hut, and glad that we had come to it. In fact, we could almost sympathize in our cold, reserved American way with the sentimental German inscription which we read on the wall:



Summit of the Gross-Venediger.

Von Nuvolau's hohen Wolkenstufen
Lass mich, Natur, durch deine Himmel rufen—
An deiner Brust gesunde, wer da krank!
So wird zum *Völkerdank* mein *Sachsendank*.

We refrained, however, from shouting anything through Nature's heaven, but went lightly down in about three hours to supper in the Star of Gold.

V.

When a stern necessity forces one to leave Cortina there are several ways of departure. We selected the main highway for our trunks, but for ourselves the Pass of the Three Crosses; the Good Man and his wife in a mountain wagon and I on foot. It should be written as an axiom in the philosophy of travel that the easiest way is best for your luggage, and the hardest

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way is best for yourself. All along the rough road up to the Pass we had a glorious outlook backward over the Ampezzo Val d', and when we came to the top we looked deep down into the narrow Val Buona behind Sorapis. I do not know just when we passed the Austrian border, but when we came to Lake Misurina we found ourselves in Italy again. My friends went on down the valley to Landro, but I in my weakness, having eaten of the trout of the lake for dinner, could not resist the temptation of staying over night to catch one for breakfast.

It was a pleasant failure. The lake was beautiful, lying on top of the mountain like a bit of the blue sky, surrounded by the peaks of Cristallo, Cadino, and the Drei Zinnen. It was a happiness to float on such celestial waters and cast the hopeful fly. The trout were there; they were large; I saw them; they also saw me; but, alas! I could not raise them. Misurina is, in fact, what the Scotch call "a dour loch," one of those places which are outwardly beautiful, but inwardly so depraved that the trout will not rise. When we came ashore in the evening the boatman consoled me with the story of a French count who had spent two weeks there fishing, and only caught one fish. I had some thoughts of staying over the other thirteen days to rival the count, but concluded to go on the next morning over Monte Pian and the Cat's Ladder to Landro.

The view from Monte Pian is far less extensive than that from Nuvolau; but it has the advantage of being very near the wild jumble of the Sexten Dolomites. The Three Shoemakers and a lot more of sharp and ragged fellows are close by on the east; on the west Cristallo shows its fine little glacier, and Rothwand its crimson cliffs; and southward Misurina gives to the view a glimpse of water without which, indeed, no view is complete. Moreover the mountain has the merit of being, as its name implies, quite gentle. I met the Good Man and his wife at the top, they having walked up from Landro. And so we crossed the boundary line together again, seven thousand feet above the sea, from Italy into Austria. There was no custom-house.

The way down by the Cat's Ladder I travelled alone. The path was very steep and little worn, but even on the mountain side there was no danger of losing it, for it had been blazed here and there, on trees and stones, with a dash of blue paint. This is the work of the invaluable DÖAV—which is, being interpreted, the German-Austrian Alpine Club. The more one travels in the mountains the more one learns to venerate this beneficent society, for the shelter-huts and guide-posts it has erected, and the paths it has made and marked distinctly with various colors. The Germans have a genius for thoroughness. My little brown guide-book, for example, not only informs me through whose back yard I must go to get into a certain path, but it tells me that in such and such a spot I shall find quite a good deal *(ziemlichviel)* of Edelweiss, and in another a small echo; it advises me in one valley to take provisions and dispense with a guide, and in another to take a guide and dispense with provisions, adding varied information in regard to beer, which in my case was useless, for I could not touch it. To go astray under such auspices would be worse than inexcusable.

Landro we found a very different place from Cortina. Instead of having a large church and a number of small hotels, it consists entirely of one large hotel and a very tiny church. It does not lie in a broad, open basin, but in a narrow valley, shut in closely by the mountains. The hotel, in spite of its size, is excellent, and a few steps up the valley is one of the finest views in the Dolomites. To the east opens a deep, wild gorge, at the head of which the pinnacles of the Drei Zinnen are seen; to the south the Dürrensee fills the valley from edge to edge, and reflects in its pale waters the huge bulk of Monte Cristallo. It is such a complete picture, so finished, so compact, so balanced, that one might think a painter had composed it, if he had been inspired. But no painter ever laid such colors on his canvas as those which are seen here when the cool

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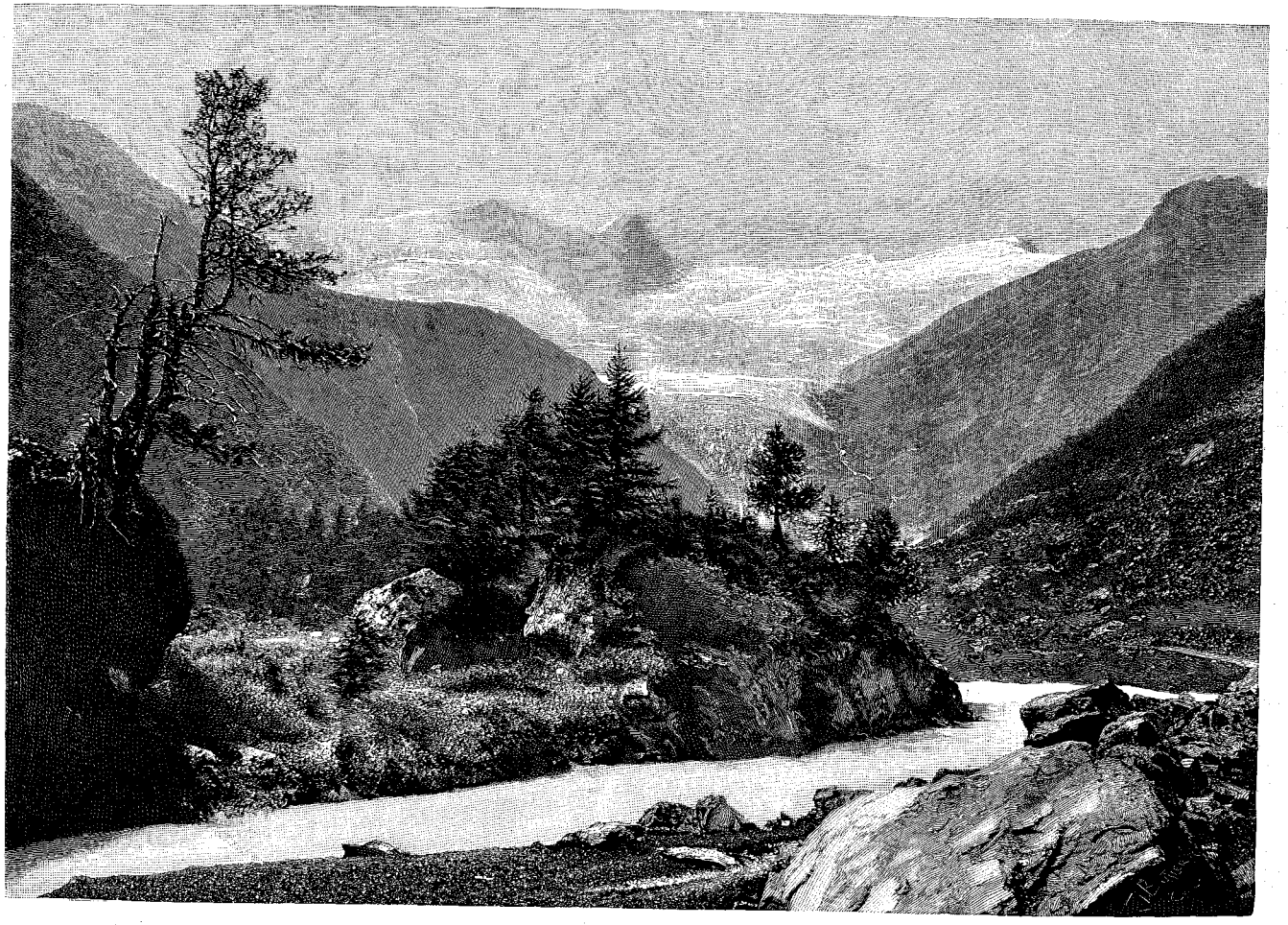

The Gross-Venediger.

ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

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evening shadows have settled upon the valley, all gray and green, while the mountains shine above in rosy Alpenglow as if transfigured with inward fire.

There is another lake, about three miles north of Landro, called the Toblacher See, and there I repaired the defeat of Misurina. The trout at the outlet, by the bridge, were very small, and while the old fisherman was endeavoring to catch some of them in his new net, which would not work, I pushed my boat up to the head of the lake, where the stream came in. The green water was amazingly clear, but the current kept the fish with their heads up stream; so that one could come up behind them near enough for a long cast without being seen. As my fly lighted above them and came gently down with the ripple, I saw the first fish turn and rise and take it. A motion of the wrist hooked him, and he played just as gamely as a trout in my favorite Long Island pond. How different the color, though, as he came out of the water. This fellow was all silvery, with light pink spots on his sides. I took seven of his companions, in weight some four pounds, and then stopped because the evening light was failing. How pleasant it is to fish in such a place and at such an hour. The novelty of the scene, the grandeur of the landscape lend a strange charm to the sport. But the sport itself is so familiar that one feels at home—the motion of the rod, the feathery swish of the line, the sight of the rising fish—it all brings back a hundred happy memories, and thoughts of good fishing comrades, some far away across the sea and perhaps even now sitting around the forest camp-fire in Maine or Canada, and some with whom we shall keep company no more until we cross the greater ocean into that better country whither they have preceded us.

VI.

Instead of going straight down the valley by the high road, a drive of an hour, to the railway in the Pusterthal, I walked up over the mountains to the east, across the Plätzwiesen, and so down through the Pragserthal. In one arm of the deep fir-clad vale are the Baths of Alt-Prags, famous as long ago as the fifteenth century for having cured the Countess of Görz of a violent rheumatism. It is an antiquated establishment, and the guests, who were walking about in the fields or drinking their coffee in the balcony, as I passed through, had a fifteenth century look about them—venerable but slightly ruinous. But perhaps that was merely a rheumatic result. All the wagons in the place were engaged. It is strange what an aggravating effect this state of affairs has upon a pedestrian who is set upon riding. I did not recover my delight in the scenery until I had walked about five miles farther, and sat down on the grass, beside a beautiful spring, to eat my lunch.

What is there in a little physical rest that has such magic to restore the sense of pleasure? A few moments ago nothing pleased you—the bloom was gone from the peach; but now it has come back again—you wonder and admire. Thus cheerful and contented I trudged up the right arm of the valley to the Baths of Neu-Prags, less venerable, but apparently more popular than Alt-Prags, and on beyond them, through the woods, to the superb Pragser-Wildsee, a lake whose still waters, now blue as sapphire under the clear sky, and now green as emerald under gray clouds, sleep encircled by mighty precipices. Could anything be a greater contrast with Venice? There the canals alive with gondolas and the open harbor bright with many-colored sails; here the hidden lake, silent and lifeless, save when, as Wordsworth wrote:

> A leaping fish
> Sends through the tarn a lonely cheer.

Tired, and a little foot-sore, after nine hours' walking, I came into the big railway hotel at Toblach that night. There I met my friends again, and parted from them and the Dolomites the next day, with regret. For they were "stepping westward;" but in order to get to the Gross-Venediger I must make a detour to the east, through the Pusterthal, and come up through the valley of the Isel

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to the great chain of mountains called the Hohe Tauern.

At the junction of the Isel and the Drau lies the quaint little city of Lienz, with its two castles—the square, double-towered one in the town, now transformed into the offices of the municipality, and the huge mediæval one on a hill outside, now used as a damp restaurant and dismal beer-cellar. I lingered at Lienz for a couple of days, in the ancient hostelry of the Post. The hallways were vaulted like a cloister, the walls were three feet thick, the kitchen was in the middle of the house on the second floor, so that I looked into it every time I came from my room, and ordered dinner direct from the cook. But, so far from being displeased with these peculiarities, I rather liked the flavor of them; and then, in addition, the landlady's daughter, who was managing the house, was a lady of most engaging manners, and there was trout and grayling fishing in a stream near by, and the neighboring church of Dölsach contained the beautiful picture of the Holy Family, which Franz Defregger painted for his native village. The peasant women of Lienz have one very striking feature in their dress—a black felt hat with a broad, stiff brim and a high crown, smaller at the top than at the base. It looks a little like the traditional head-gear of the Pilgrim Fathers exaggerated. There is a solemnity about it which is fatal to female beauty.

I went by the post-wagon, with two slow horses and ten passengers, fifteen miles up the Iselthal, to Windisch-Matrei, a village whose early history is lost in the mist of antiquity, and whose streets are pervaded with odors which must have originated at the same time with the village. One wishes that they also might have shared the fate of its early history. But it is not fair to expect too much of a small place, and Windisch-Matrei has certainly a beautiful situation and a good inn. There I took my guide—a wiry and companionable little man, whose occupation in the lower world was that of a maker and merchant of hats—and set out for the Pragerhütte, a shelter on the side of the Gross-Venediger.

The path led under the walls of the old Castle of Weissenstein, and then in steep curves up the cliff which blocks the head of the valley and along a cut in the face of the rock, into the long, narrow Tauernthal, which divides the Glockner group from the Venediger. How entirely different it was from the region of the Dolomites! There the variety of color was endless and the change incessant; here it was all green grass and trees, and black rocks, with a glimpse of snow. There the highest mountains were in sight constantly; here they could only be seen from certain points in the valley. There the streams played but a small part in the landscape; here they were prominent, the main river raging and foaming through the gorge below, while a score of waterfalls leaped from the cliffs above on either side and dashed down to join it. The peasants, men, women, and children, were cutting the grass in the perpendicular fields; the woodmen were trimming and felling the trees in the fir-forests; the cattle-tenders were driving their cows along the stony path or herding them far up on the hillsides. It was a lonely scene and yet a busy one; and all along the road was written the history of the perils and hardships of the life which now seemed so peaceful and picturesque under the summer sunlight.

These heavy crosses, each covered with a narrow, pointed roof and decorated with a rude picture, standing beside the path, or on the bridge, or near the mill—what do they mean? They mark the place where a human life has been lost, or where some poor peasant has been delivered from a great peril and has set up a memorial of his gratitude. Stop, traveller, as you pass by, and look at the pictures. They have little more of art than a child's drawing on a slate; but they will teach you what it means to earn a living in these mountains. They tell of the danger that lurks on the steep slopes of grass where the mowers have to go down with ropes around their waists, and in the beds of the streams where the floods sweep through in the spring, and in the forests where the great trees fall and crush men like flies, and on the icy

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bridges where a slip is fatal, and on the high passes where the winter snow-storm blinds the eyes and benumbs the limbs of the traveller, and under the cliffs from which avalanches slide and rocks roll. They show you men and women falling from wagons and swept away by waters and overwhelmed in landslips. In the corner of the picture you may see a peasant with the black cross above his head—that means death. Or perhaps it is deliverance that the tablet commemorates — and then you will see the miller kneeling beside his mill with a flood rushing down upon it, or a peasant kneeling in his harvest-field under an inky-black cloud; or a landlord beside his inn in flames; or a mother praying beside her sick children; and above appears an angel, or a saint, or the Virgin with her Child. Read the inscriptions, too, in their quaint German. Some of them are as humorous as the epitaphs in New England graveyards. I remember one which ran like this:

Here lies Elias Queer,
Killed in his sixtieth year;
Scarce had he seen the light of day
When a wagon-wheel crushed his life away.

And there is another famous one which says:

Here perished the honored and virtuous maiden,
G. V.
This tablet was erected by her only son.

But for the most part a glance at these *Marterl und Taferl*, which are so frequent on all the mountain-roads of the Tyrol, will give you a strange sense of the real pathos of human life. If you are a Catholic you will not refuse their request to say a prayer for the departed; if you are a Protestant, at least it will not hurt you to say one for those who still live and suffer and toil among such dangers.

After we had walked for four hours up the Tauernthal we came to the Matreier-Tauernhaus, an inn which is kept open all the year for the shelter of travellers over the high pass that crosses the mountain range at this point, from north to south. There we dined. It was a bare, rude place, but the dish of juicy trout was garnished with flowers, each fish holding a big pansy in its mouth, and as the maid set them down before me she wished me "a good appetite," with the hearty old-fashioned Tyrolese courtesy which still survives in these remote valleys. It is pleasant to travel in a land where the manners are plain and good. If you meet a peasant on the road he says, "God greet you!" if you give a child a couple of kreuzers he folds his hands and says, "God reward you!" and the maid who lights you to bed says, "Good-night, I hope you will sleep well!"

Two hours more of walking brought us through Ausser-gschlöss and Inner-gschlöss, two groups of herdsmen's huts, tenanted only in summer, at the head of the Tauernthal. Midway between them lies a little chapel cut into the solid rock for shelter from the avalanches. This lofty vale is indeed rightly named; for it is shut off from the rest of the world. The portal is a cliff down which the stream rushes in foam and thunder. On either hand rises a mountain wall. Within, the pasture is fresh and green, sprinkled with Alpine roses, and the pale river flows swiftly down between the rows of dark wooden houses. At the head of the vale towers the Gross-Venediger, with its glaciers and snow-fields dazzling white against the deep blue heaven. The murmur of the stream and the tinkle of the cow-bells and the jödelling of the herdsmen far up the slopes make the music for the scene.

The path from Gschlöss leads straight up to the foot of the dark pyramid of the Kesselkopf, and then in steep endless zig-zags along the edge of the great glacier. I saw, at first, the pinnacles of ice far above me, breaking over the face of the rock; then, after an hour's breathless climbing, I could look right into the blue crevasses; and at last, after another hour over soft snow-fields and broken rocks, I was at the Prager-hut, perched on the shoulder of the mountain, looking down upon the huge river of ice. It was a magnificent view under the clear light of evening. Here in front of us the Venediger with all his brother-mountains clustered about

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him; behind us, across the Tauern, the mighty chain of the Glockner against the eastern sky.

This is the frozen world. Here the Winter, driven back into his stronghold, makes his last stand against the Summer, in perpetual conflict, retreating by day to the mountain-peak, but creeping back at night in frost and snow to regain a little of his lost territory, until at last the Summer is wearied out, and the Winter sweeps down again to claim the whole valley for his own.

VII.

In the Pragerhut I found mountain comfort: a bed in a bunk with plenty of blankets; eggs and milk and canned meats and coffee; and a cheerful peasant-wife with her brown-eyed daughter to entertain travellers. It was a pleasant sight to see them, as they sat down to their supper with my guide; all three bow their heads and say their "grace before meat," the guide repeating the longer prayer and the mother and daughter coming in with the responses. I went to bed with a warm and comfortable feeling about my heart. It was a fit ending for the day. In the morning, if the weather remained clear, the alarm-clock was to wake us at three for the ascent to the summit.

But can it be three o'clock already? The gibbous moon still hangs in the sky and casts a feeble light over the scene. Then up and away for the final climb. How rough the path is among the black rocks along the ridge! Now we strike out on the gently rising glacier, across the crust of snow, picking our way among the crevasses, with the rope tied about our waist for fear of a fall. How cold it is! But now the gray light of morning dawns, and now the beams of sunrise shoot up behind the Glockner, and now the sun itself glitters into sight. The snow grows softer as we toil up the steep, narrow comb between the Gross-Venediger and his neighbor the Klein-Venediger. At last we have reached our journey's end. See, the whole of the Tyrol is spread out before us in wondrous splendor, as we stand on this snowy ridge; and at our feet the Schlatten glacier, like a long white snake, curls down into the valley. But there is still a little peak above us; an overhanging horn of snow which the wind has built against the mountain-top. I would like to stand there, just for a moment. The guide protests it would be dangerous, for if the snow should break it would be a fall of a thousand feet to the glacier on the northern side. But let us dare the few steps upward. How our feet sink! Is the snow slipping? Look at the glacier! What is happening? It is wrinkling and curling backward on us, serpent-like. Its head rises far above us. All its icy crests are clashing together like the ringing of a thousand bells. We are falling. I fling out my arm to grasp the guide—and awake to find myself clutching a pillow in the bunk. The alarm-clock is ringing fiercely for three o'clock. A driving snow-storm is beating against the window. The ground is white. Peer through the clouds as I may, I cannot even catch a glimpse of the vanished Gross-Venediger.

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PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES SUMNER.

By the Marquis de Chambrun.

IT was toward the end of February, 1865, that I first visited Washington, and it was there that I made Mr. Sumner's acquaintance. The last session of the 38th Congress was then at its close; a few days later Mr. Lincoln was to enter upon his second presidential term. The affairs of the Union presented at that moment a most interesting spectacle.

The Federal armies were on their way, preparing the last military evolutions which were to bring about the downfall of the Confederacy. Under General Grant, the army of the Potomac was commencing its attack upon Richmond, while Sherman, after having crossed through Georgia, and threatened Savannah, had taken a northerly direction through the Carolinas.

On the other hand, political events on the verge of fulfilment had also reached a climax of equal importance. Congress, with the required constitutional majorities, had just voted the amendments intended to wipe out slavery forever from American institutions. And thus, while abolitionist measures following one another in rapid succession, were day by day assuming a more radical character, the legislative power had placed in the President's hands the necessary resources, in men and finances, to enable him to conduct the war to a successful termination.

It was then, and in the midst of like events, that I saw Mr. Sumner for the first time. If he had good reason for being satisfied with the results derived from past events, still he was far from finding them sufficient, and he truly thought that the most arduous task imposed by the abolition of slavery was as yet hardly begun, much less achieved. To his mind, it was not enough to crush down armed resistance in the secessionist States; it was, above all, necessary to endow these commonwealths with an entirely new form and existence. But this opinion, as Mr. Sumner then frequently expressed it, was shared neither by the majority in Congress, nor by the President of the United States. Mr. Lincoln, in fact, did desire to end hostilities, to force the recognition of the abolition of slavery in the vanquished States, and upon that sole condition, restore them to their former rights.

Although disturbed by this opposition to his views, and somewhat anxious regarding what the future held in store, Mr. Sumner, linked as he was to the Republican party by all possible ties, hoped by slow process to win over to his strong personal convictions that great political organization. He was then already preparing himself to fight for his favorite doctrines; and at the same time he had such implicit faith in the rectitude of his political ideas, that he did not even doubt but that he would win Mr. Lincoln himself over to them, and compel him to side with him.

But this plan demanded time, sustained efforts, skill in persuasion, and it was only in the most remote corner of the horizon that Mr. Sumner foresaw the end at which he aimed. Thus, although much was being said in the opposition press about the consequences which might result from difference of opinion, which no doubt then existed between Mr. Sumner and the President, the newspapers, nevertheless, greatly magnified its extent. Events, however, were following each other so quickly that they fairly seemed to rush.

I had not been in Washington over six days, when in rapid succession came the news of the decisive victories of the army of the Potomac, the fall of Richmond, and Sherman's entry into North Carolina.

Mr. Lincoln was then at City Point, on the James, where General Grant had for many months had his headquarters. Mrs. Lincoln, who was on the eve of starting off to join her husband, asked Mr. Sumner and a few friends to accompany her on her journey. It was probably at Mr. Sumner's request that

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Mrs. Lincoln was kind enough to include me among her guests.

On April 4th we left Washington, and were able to visit Richmond the following day. What scenes, what surprises, do events prepare for men! After such long and laborious struggles against slavery, Mr. Sumner, for the first time in his life, found himself in that same Richmond, which the Confederacy had transformed into a citadel; where for a space of four years it had held its own against the Union's strongest armies! And in what condition did he find that city? Everywhere crumbling walls, houses still smoking, all the traces of destruction and fire! I followed Mr. Sumner through these many streets, often so filled with ruins that our carriage could hardly pass.

The shutters were closed on every house. Only one white inhabitant did we encounter during our drive, and that a child of about fifteen who ran away when she saw us. On the contrary, however, hordes of negroes, who, ignorant of what liberty meant, surrounded us on all sides and gazed at us with astonishment.

Everywhere the strangest contrasts met our eyes. But especially in the Capitol, where the assemblies of the Confederacy had met, were the most striking ones to be found. A few negroes were roaming through the abandoned halls, while others were playing bowls in the corridors, with Federal officers calmly looking on. Everything presented a most confused and desolate appearance.

In the second story of the building, however, in a room the access to which was forbidden, were accumulated the glorious memories of Virginia's history. The imprint left upon the final events of the last century and those of the early years of the present, by Washington, Patrick Henry, Jefferson, and so many others, were still to be seen in this room, filled as it was with the archives of that epoch; and Mr. Sumner, reared, as he had been, in the pure traditions of these great men, acquainted with the most minute details of their history, was contrasting in his mind that past and the present, which revealed itself to him in so poignant a manner.

But whatever were his sentiments or his forebodings in regard to what might one day spring from out these ruins, or blossom perhaps under the spur of a new generation, the advent of which he had beforehand hailed and prepared, I was none the less struck by the moderation he exhibited, nay, by the affectionate interest he took in the vanquished population. It was impossible to detect in him one bitter feeling, or a single revengeful thought. During his talk with Federal officers, I heard him inquire after several ex-United States Senators, whom events had placed on the adverse side. One of them, in particular, excited in him a strong interest. He was an eminent Virginian who had ranked among the leaders of the Federal Senate, holding there a prominent position, when in 1851, Mr. Sumner, almost unknown, had come to take his seat in that assembly, where he had been the first to raise the standard of Abolitionism. It can be readily understood what bitter feelings were aroused in the mind of this leader of the party then in power, by the efforts of this young man, who so audaciously expounded, in presence of himself and his colleagues, a doctrine so odious and repulsive to him and to them. But how radically all things had changed! This man, so highly considered at one time, nay, but yesterday standing in the first ranks of the Confederacy, had now taken flight, and Mr. Sumner, who had become in turn one of the most influential men of the United States, was now inquiring, with friendly interest, after this once powerful and now fallen personage.

The day passed in conversation upon the recent events; but in the midst of the anxiety they awoke in his mind, Mr. Sumner could not forget his love for letters and history. I heard him several times ask after the archives of the Confederacy; and when he expressed the earnest wish that they be carefully collected and kept, it was less from a wish to satisfy his own curiosity for retrospective revelations, than for the purpose of giving to history documents which properly belonged to it.

Toward evening we returned to the boat on board of which we were to re-

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main until the morrow. Mr. Sumner and a few of the guests seated themselves at the bow, on the side facing Richmond. Slowly night came on, and as it grew darker, they could see the fire still burning in the outskirts of the town. Between these lurid masses and themselves stood the city, plunged in utter darkness. For a long while they listened; not a sound was audible in the distance. Nothing of the vague noise that ordinarily reveals the neighborhood of large agglomerations of houses and men could be heard. Richmond presented the aspect of a death-ridden town. What thoughts arose in Mr. Sumner's mind at the sight of so weird a scene? Filled with confidence in the future, convinced of the sanctity of the cause of which he was one of the most illustrious champions, he doubted not that from this night of apparent death would date the dawn of a new life.

On the day following we had left Richmond, and joined Mr. Lincoln at the headquarters. I was then at leisure to observe closely the existing relations between these two men, so different in origin and education, who represented opinions and convictions so distinctly apart, and who notwithstanding had found themselves bound to one another by the ties of a similar political faith, and united by a sentiment of mutual esteem. Their natures so straightforward, their unquestionable honesty, the true patriotism which guided both, seemed a sort of platform upon which they naturally met; they were therefore made to appreciate one another.

But, on the other hand, it must be admitted that their two minds were scarcely intended to agree. Mr. Sumner took pleasure in mentioning that he had studied the Summa of St. Thomas. I do not know if it was from that source that he had derived his reasoning methods; it is true, however, that in many respects his mind had been accustomed to the argumentative process of the Scholastics. Mr. Sumner reasoned as reasons a professor of theology. From the days of his youth he had felt that he had a calling in life; that he would devote his existence to opposing injustice everywhere. Hence slavery being an absolute wrong, it must be his mission to obliterate it from the institutions of his country. In the beginning, no doubt, he intended opposing the enemy solely with persuasive arms, and he perhaps flattered himself that he might bring back the culprits into the right way without strife; but when by degrees obstacles arose on the reformer's path, when the fight became hotter, and, especially after the breaking out of the war, new horizons had opened to Abolitionism, Mr. Sumner had accustomed himself, in spite of his utter repugnance to such means, to consider fire and steel as indispensable. There might possibly be discovered in the history of the religious middle ages, examples which would explain by what process of reasoning this theoretic enemy of war had, in spite of such principles, reached such conclusions. But even at the moment when it could be said that he contributed so largely to the direction of the struggle, and when, better than anyone, he had been able to define its true character, there still remained in him no hatred of the enemy. To his mind the question was less the striking down of an opponent, than the bringing back of a sinner to the right path. Whence the sentiment which animated him. Slavery must not only be abolished, but in atonement the vanquished States must recognize total equality of rights for the emancipated slaves. These results of the Northern victories, which the South then considered with a feeling of horror, Mr. Sumner deemed inevitable. But, in his judgment, it sufficed that the culprit should accept them for his crimes to be expiated and forgiven.

In this manner is explained the strange contrast which stood for so many years before the eyes of the American people. Mr. Sumner's personality has long figured as a living embodiment of the most extreme political measures, and, notwithstanding, no one has ever been able to quote or recall a single word uttered by him in a spirit of vengeance; furthermore, those who lived in close intimacy with him can attest that no one among them ever heard him utter a bitter word against the Southern men, or even allude to

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the personal violences of which he had been the victim.

In contrast to this character so marked, this nature so vigorous, to this scholar so formed by the most profound studies, stood Mr. Lincoln, the man of the people, of the humblest origin, moulded for State affairs by the practice of affairs themselves, having risen little by little through fatigue and toil, knowing from experience all the difficulties of life, whose disposition was sweet and sad more than persistent and audacious. He too had devoted himself to the triumph of his ideas of justice and emancipation, but he was accustomed to measure obstacles and to appreciate them. Gifted, furthermore, with an uncommon resisting power, he felt himself sufficiently strong to oppose by the sole force of his obstinacy all efforts made with a view to alter his opinions.

How could two such men agree? Had it not been owing to the mutual esteem that united them, incessant conflicts would have arisen between them. It must also be said that Mr. Lincoln had a manner of attending to affairs that rendered things singularly easy. His patience was such that he could always listen to his interlocutor, without interruption, or without allowing his own sentiments to be even suspected. Once the statement concluded, if the President did not feel convinced, he would answer in a vague way, or again, he might finish up with a joke, thus putting an end to the discussion.

In like manner, when Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Sumner met after we had left Richmond, and when the latter seized upon the first favorable opportunity to discuss the general state of affairs, the conversation took the following course:

Mr. Sumner insisted upon the necessity of bringing about an unconditional surrender of all the rebel armies. This result, he argued, once obtained, the President of the United States, by means of an official act, might make known his intention to establish civil and political equality between the two races. In the meantime, in order to furnish the disorganized communities with sufficient means for reconstruction, he would maintain martial law, and entrust its administration to military governors.

But this plan Mr. Lincoln rejected with all his force. At the very moment, and while Mr. Sumner was expounding it to him, he was striving to further the execution of another, entirely different plan from that which was proposed, and to ward off any painful or strained discussion, the President confined himself to silence. It must, however, be said, that after the sad experiences of the past eight years,* a number of Southern men have come to think that the adoption of Mr. Sumner's plans, extreme as they undoubtedly seemed in 1865, might have spared the once secessionist States many of the mishaps that have fallen upon them since.

But home politics did not furnish the only questions which then engrossed the attention of the American Government. While Mr. Lincoln, seated at the headquarters, close by the telegraph operators, was sending off his personal orders to General Grant, and dictating to him the terms of Lee's surrender, the news of which was now expected at any time, he was in addition forced to consider the presence of the French flag on Mexican soil, and all the while to meditate the steps to be taken with respect to the British Government, guilty in the eyes of the United States of having well-nigh publicly aided the rebel cause.

Here, at least, Mr. Lincoln's and Mr. Sumner's minds seemed in perfect accord. Both equally deprecated war. Mr. Sumner on that subject was animated with a strong belief, to which he was ever faithful; indeed, one of his constant preoccupations consisted in endeavoring to find a final substitute for the decisions of battle-fields in international arbitration. On the other hand, Mr. Lincoln also had an instinctive horror of war. The Quakers, from whom he descended, had transmitted to him with their blood their doctrines of peace.

Regarding the policy to be followed toward France and Great Britain, the sentiments of the President of the United States and those of Senator Sumner were in complete harmony. Both believed that the mere fact of the

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Union's reconstruction would amply suffice to overthrow Maximilian's throne and bring about the evacuation of Mexico by the French troops. They also thought that the victory of the United States over themselves, and the abolition of slavery, would exercise sufficient moral pressure to induce England to recognize her error.

It must be observed that at that moment, amid the first joy of triumph, the popular cry seemed to demand the intervention of the United States in Mexico. Masses of armed men showed themselves ready for a new campaign, which would doubtless have united under one flag the adversaries of the civil war. It needed all the moral fortitude of statesmen like Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Sumner to restrain such elements, ready to break loose. And this is possibly why it was then rumored, and perhaps not without some reason, that Mr. Lincoln, though personally opposed to Mr. Sumner's home policy, intended intrusting him with the conduct of foreign affairs, and that he thought of appointing him Secretary of State in place of Mr. Seward. But how futile are the designs of men! On April 9th, toward evening, the President and Mr. Sumner re-entered Washington City together; and five days later, Mr. Sumner was among the small group of friends called in haste, on that terrible night, around the bed where Mr. Lincoln lay dying.

With Mr. Johnson's elevation to the presidency, the attitude at first taken by radical republicans as regards the Executive was not to remain long unchanged. Convinced as was Mr. Sumner that the problem of reorganization of the South depended on the President, and that his power amply sufficed to solve its intricacies, he strove at first to make Mr. Johnson share his views. It is even probable that the latter went so far as to make promises, or at least allowed it to be understood that he would follow what was then termed the radical policy. At all events, when Mr. Sumner left for the summer vacation, he, who rarely suspected double dealing in others, felt certain of the President's co-operation.

But, supposing even that Mr. Johnson had spoken to him in good faith, Mr. Sumner undoubtedly labored under an illusion, and attached too much importance to a few vague sentences. He thereupon carried with him to Boston hopes which did not remain long undeceived. In fact, the situation soon changed for Mr. Sumner. The chief help on which he counted failed him completely.

Mr. Johnson openly declared war against his principles. It became incumbent upon him to alter his plan—to fight the President and induce Congress, by means of popular pressure, to adopt and maintain doctrines which until then had been regarded unfavorably in both assemblies. If ever like enterprise was coupled with great difficulties, the then impending events and state of public opinion greatly aggravated those difficulties. The Federal armies, disbanded with all possible promptitude, were at that moment returning home, supplying the Northern States with the working hands they so sorely needed; commerce and industries were everywhere beginning anew; everyone desired rest, and the immense majority among the people, happy to enjoy again the benefits of peace, seemed well disposed toward the policy to which Mr. Johnson appeared more and more to commit himself. It was under such circumstances that Mr. Sumner, feebly backed by a small majority, prepared to fight a new battle.

I remember, one day, Mr. Sumner's communicating to me a letter which he strongly recommended me to read with attention. It was from Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, who had upheld in the House of Representatives very nearly the same principles of which Mr. Sumner had become the champion in the Senate; and both of them had found themselves in a powerless minority whenever they had attempted opposing Mr. Lincoln's policy. But Thaddeus Stevens now understood that the situation had changed. Gifted with an instinct which seldom misguided him; armed with political courage which nothing could daunt; able in turn to lead the House of Representatives, and remain firm when abandoned by it; strengthened by his own domineering sentiments; and filled with

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confidence regarding his own ability, Mr. Stevens understood that the time had come when he could at last exercise that political sway which he had always deemed to be his calling. He was therefore urging upon Mr. Sumner not to allow himself to be hindered by any obstacles, and in the name of the Union's preservation, and in the interest of the freedmen, to declare war against President Johnson.

But while they were preparing for this new struggle, how different was the attitude of the two men whose fate it was to act the principal parts in it! Mr. Sumner, fatigued by the many political battles which he had fought for years past, was already struggling against the disease which was slowly undermining his powerful constitution. He felt a sort of general lassitude which was beginning to alter his features, and besides, controversies and debates were things painful to him; while accepting, or even while calling them forth at times, he only fulfilled what he deemed a duty. Mr. Stevens, on the contrary, although then over seventy-two years of age, was still filled with all the ardor of youth. In the midst of strife he seemed in his element. The hotter the fight, the more uncertain its issue, the greater became his daring, the more numerous the expedients which would suggest themselves to his mind. Of what immense value, therefore, was Mr. Stevens's co-operation to Mr. Sumner!

It was during the month of September, 1865, that Mr. Sumner delivered, before the Republican Convention of Massachusetts, the first speech in the course of which he plainly asserted his hostility to President Johnson, and expounded his personal views regarding the home policy to be followed in the future. The United States, he claimed, must exact guarantees for the future. They owed it to themselves not to abandon the race recently freed, or neglect anything in order to place it on an equal footing, political and social, with the white race. To stop at the point reached would be equivalent to an abandonment of the cause which had recently triumphed. At the same time, with a foresight which late events have proved to be wisdom, Mr. Sumner then went on to state that the United States Government must keep up to all its pecuniary obligations and pay off all its debts, of whatever nature they might be.

Thus began the conflict which was destined to last well-nigh four years. During that long period Mr. Sumner remained ever foremost in the strife. The force of his character, his irresistible will, his indefatigable perseverance, at last convinced the Republican party in Congress and throughout the country. This strange leader, who acted almost always alone, and who took counsel only with himself, finally vanquished the most obstinate resistance.

However, it must be said that Mr. Sumner was in turn obliged to make some concessions to the majority of the Republican party. This accounts for his being forced to consent to the immediate readmission of the Southern States into the Union, which however did not take place without very violent discussions in Republican meetings and conventions. Mr. Sumner always thought that it was not necessary to hasten in this matter, but he gave in at last. Indeed, for this very reason perhaps, when impartial history shall describe the events of that period, and it shall be asked who was responsible for the sad consequences that followed the policy termed "the policy of reconstruction," it should long hesitate before throwing upon Mr. Sumner the whole responsibility.

It was during that part of his life, from 1865 to 1868, that Mr. Sumner strove to define what is a "republican form of government." And here it may be important to pause a moment and to examine what were, in the opinion of this statesman, the true conditions of life in a democratic and free people. Nurtured in the pure traditions of New England, having breathed in a measure the same atmosphere in which, a century before, had lived and toiled the founders of American liberty, Mr. Sumner had educated himself up to a respect approaching to worship of the patriots of that illustrious epoch. Constant meditation on the writings of that time had imparted to him this veneration for the fathers of liberty. The re-

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public they had established seemed to him the most illustrious of American traditions. And thus this patrician, enamoured of the democratic institutions of his country; this faithful exponent of all that New England had noblest and best; this man of letters whose mind was cultivated by the widest knowledge; this statesman brought up, so to speak, in close intercourse with Otis and the Adamses, firmly believed that he was called upon to continue and perfect their work. It is not in any degree strange, therefore, that he sought first of all to prove that the origin of his ideal republic could be traced to the works of its founders; thence a constant effort to establish, beyond all possible doubt, that the authors of American independence had contemplated uniting in perfect equality all human beings residing upon the American continent. Furthermore, to Mr. Sumner's mind the declaration of independence and the bill of rights did not wholly rest upon a philosophical effort of thought. They had been evolved, he held, both of them, out of the very traditions of the country. Each article, in both these documents, had directly emanated from the controversies which arose, during the second half of the past century, between the colonies and the mother-country. It only remained, therefore, to define, in a more satisfactory manner, the sentiments which then prevailed. From this standpoint, if the rights of man and of the citizen, and political as well as civil equality of all races be claimed, it was only because long before the Declaration of Independence was ever written, Otis, Samuel Adams, and others had claimed the same rights.

Thus the ideal republic, the advent of which Mr. Sumner was striving to prepare, could not in his mind be considered as a new thing. He was convinced that he had found it described in the past, and he, who had so often been treated as a dangerous radical, firmly believed himself to be the representative of the purest American tradition. It seems, therefore, as though one were forced to admit that, notwithstanding the fact that this idealist often failed to consider sufficiently the conditions of weakness which democracy imposes of itself upon our political societies, the plan he had conceived, the doctrines he professed, and the principles to the success of which he had devoted his life, were surely not wanting in greatness or in justice. If they could not wholly prevail here, on earth, if man's infirmity too often comes and convinces the noblest thinker that there is but little room for the realization of his schemes, it remains none the less true that even when he errs, he still stands upon a plane to which the crowd does not attain.

What Mr. Sumner wished was to make of the United States a model republic, which little by little should inspire all nations with the desire to imitate it. He was not one of those who pretend to convert other nations by force, and bring them, by means of a revolutionary propaganda or conspiracies, to the overthrow of their governments; he would have considered it unworthy of himself to join in such intrigues. It may be said even that this great American republican judged rather severely the men who in several countries of Europe parade under the name of republicans, and whose conduct prostitutes it, and harms the very cause which they pretend to serve. But having long reflected upon that influence which the declaration of American independence had exercised over the great French movement of 1789 at its inception, he felt assured that the restoration of the republic in America would serve as an example which the new continent would point out for Europe to follow.

While Mr. Sumner was multiplying his efforts to bring about reorganization in the United States according to the plan he had conceived, events in Europe were for a moment of such a nature as to strengthen his hopes.

Forced to abandon Mexico, and to retire as it were before the moral power of the United States; stricken, though indirectly, at Sadowa; threatened at home by the newly rising spirit of free discussion; the French Empire, which Mr. Sumner had ever considered to be the "incarnation of Cæsarism and modern tyranny," was tottering and visibly

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weakening. At a distance, one could readily believe that a new sentiment was manifesting itself in France, and over the entire older continent. Mr. Sumner's optical illusion in this respect can easily be understood. Deceived by apparent demonstrations, he thought that the moment was coming when republican institutions would triumph over the world.

How many times, and during how many hours, did we discuss together these questions! And although in my mind objections arose which did not shake the great believer's faith, I rarely left him without having felt that ascendency which the firm believer always exercises over the man who doubts.

At last, the thunder peal of 1870 broke forth; the war declared by Emperor Napoleon against Germany filled Mr. Sumner with indignation. He expressed himself in a speech upon the subject. The Emperor, according to him, had committed the greatest of crimes. At this first instant, therefore, his sympathies were with Germany, which seemed to him assailed. He moreover deemed the Emperor responsible for the destruction of the European equilibrium, which had seemed to him favorable to the development of free and republican ideas; but soon after his sentiments changed.

I remember, in the autumn of that same year, after the catastrophe of Sedan, Mr. Sumner one day handed me a letter he had just received from his faithful friend Mr. Louis Agassiz. This time the illustrious geologist, whose loss Switzerland and the United States still mourn, wrote to him in French. He seemed to desire to speak again on that occasion the tongue he had spoken in the past, in order to express to his friend what he thought of the political and military events then on the verge of fulfilment in France.

I have seldom read a letter more truly sensible, more simply eloquent. In it Louis Agassiz appealed to Mr. Sumner, asking him to speak out publicly and withdraw from Germany the moral support he had at one moment lent her. It was no longer a war of conquest, said he; the spirit of usurpation was again blowing over Europe, was even no longer taking pains to conceal itself under those democratic and revolutionary formulæ which the first Napoleon had so cleverly lent it. Old feudal Germany, as though made young again by recent scientific discoveries, was now embodied in the conquerors. After thus describing the true character of the invasion, Louis Agassiz pictured the sad consequences which would follow the triumph of such forces over Europe. And he concluded by saying that they would destroy, or at least impede, the ideas of liberty and progress.

Mr. Sumner was on the point of following this advice of his friend; he wished to find an opportunity of telling the American people what he thought; but even at that time work had become so difficult and painful to him, public speaking fatigued him so much, that he was forced to spare the little strength left him for the discussions in the Senate.

But if he enjoyed an hour of satisfaction during that period, it surely was when he learned that in the midst of the bloody ruins of France, M. Thiers, now chief of the executive, was striving to establish a republican form of government. How often have I heard him express his ideas upon this subject! While he admired the art of the great politician in the reconstruction of the power of his country amid such great and perplexing difficulties, he was above all interested in the progress which the statesman made in republican ways. It must be said that the hopes he then entertained regarding M. Thiers's policy bordered at times on illusion. Mr. Sumner did not fully realize the terrible blow which German invasion had struck at the spirit of liberty. He refused to see that the liberal party had been overthrown by the old feudal institutions revived and victorious. But where is the Frenchman who would consider erroneous the judgment of those who kept up their implicit faith in the future of liberal institutions in France?

Mr. Sumner did not confine his thoughts on foreign politics to the development of republican institutions throughout Europe. Faithful follower of American tradition as he was, he never departed one moment from the principles

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of neutrality and non-interference which President Washington had caused to prevail, and which his successors have scrupulously applied. Nothing could have induced him to consent by his vote to contract an alliance with any great foreign power. Grateful to Russia for her favorable attitude toward the North —an attitude from which the Czar's policy never departed from 1861 to 1865— he neglected no opportunity to mention what he termed "the friendship between the two nations." His good faith and candor caused him to think too well perhaps of the Russian sentiment as regards his own country; but whatever were his illusions upon this subject, he would never have consented to bind the United States to Russia by means of any diplomatic act.

In truth, Mr. Sumner, like most Americans of his time, had received too deep an impression from the civil war to be at all able to overcome it. Thence originated a sentimental foreign policy in which each European nation ranked according to the degree of sympathy exhibited by it at the time of the war for the Union's preservation.

How often, when I heard him deplore the uncertain and vacillating attitude of France toward the United States at the time of the crisis, have I regretted the fatal influences that weighed upon the decisions of the Imperial Government, giving to its policy an air of half-concealed hostility. How much better it would have been to conform with that time-honored tradition, born in the last years of our old monarchy, which was so ably continued by the first Consul, and which perished together with so many other excellent things at the close of Napoleon the Third's reign!

But especially toward Great Britain, Mr. Sumner felt his strongest, possibly his most bitter resentment. Reared in the study of her history, filled with respectful admiration for her great men, learned in all the details of her constitutional existence, sincere follower of the liberal school from which her greater glories spring, and, so to speak, enamoured of those abolitionists who, long before his day, had trodden the path upon which he had walked unflinchingly, Mr. Sumner, it may be said, felt, as regards that nation which had well-nigh openly declared its hostility to the Union's cause, a sentiment of love betrayed.

How was it possible that Lord Russell, the impregnable bulwark of the abolitionist cause in England, had become in 1862 an opponent of American abolitionists? It was always with bitter sadness, though never angrily, that Mr. Sumner expressed himself regarding the existing relations between the United States and Great Britain. To his mind that nation was guilty of a great moral wrong, and owed those who had suffered therefrom a manifest atonement.

Such was the feeling which inspired his speeches, at times eloquently passionate, on the existing intercourse between the two Anglo-Saxon nations. On reading them one can readily understand what explosions such fiery words would provoke on the other side of the Atlantic. A challenge of war was thought to be concealed under them. The orator was even accused of exciting the worst of feelings and of appealing to the darkest hatreds. But in all this English public opinion was mistaken. Mr. Sumner only considered that Lord Palmerston, Lord Russell, and their colleagues had wronged the United States, and it was by appealing to higher sentiments that he demanded justice of their successors.

Never did the idea of armed retaliation suggest itself to Mr. Sumner's mind. This, indeed, might be called a new sort of diplomacy. The men of the old school might smile at it and regard the author of such passionate tirades as one who was lacking in practical good sense; and yet it was Mr. Sumner who this time was in the right, and saw more clearly than they. The moral force which he in a measure embodied, and by which he was sustained, was finally to triumph, as events have shown; it was in truth more potent than would have been the Union's fleets and armies. Senator Sumner lived long enough to see sitting at Washington commissioners from Great Britain, chosen among the two great political parties of England, come to an agreement as regards the general clauses which were to put an end to the pending difficulties between

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the two nations. And he helped to obtain the ratification by the United States Senate of the treaty of Washington, the first article of which contained the sincere expression of regret which England made in atonement for her conduct during the American civil war. Strange negotiation indeed, if thus it can be termed, and strange results also! Public opinion may discuss them, enthusiasts may exaggerate their importance; professional diplomatists may wilfully belittle them; but let at least everyone observe, by comparing dates, that the mixed commission was being assembled at the State Department of the United States, at the very moment when triumphant Germany was rending from her vanquished opponent the preliminaries of Versailles, and that the treaty of Washington was concluded by a few days before that of Frankfort.

Mr. Sumner had conceived, in regard to the foreign affairs of his country, a general theory; as I have very often heard him state it, I shall here trace its principal outline. Disinterested regarding what might occur in Europe, the American Union has already witnessed the downfall of well-nigh all the old colonial system; a few years more, and the last European standard will have disappeared from the American Continent. England's wise policy only prepares the advent of Canadian independence, and if until now a prudent hand has still maintained her domination over the Antilles, yet it is a question how long this *status quo* will last. But whatever may be the future of the British isles, at a small distance off lies that large Spanish dependency, Cuba,* where for years past blood has been flowing incessantly, and where at any moment an outbreak may occur that shall determine the overthrow of Spanish dominion. Thus with patriotic interest Mr. Sumner witnessed the evolution of political questions in Canada and in the Antilles.

But he did not neglect the daily study of American growth of power on the Pacific coast. It would be interesting to read over his speech delivered in 1867, on the purchase of Russian America. It was necessary, said he in it, to increase national sway over that immense coast. The day would probably come when emigration with the flow of its tide from east to west, would establish on that yet hardly inhabited slope the centre of an immense empire. In Mr. Sumner's mind, it was in that direction that the United States would one day develop its power. But all the while, he did not cease warning his countrymen to proceed slowly, and to fear above all territorial annexations. His warnings in this respect amounted to personal resistance whenever the annexation of any of the Antilles or of the Mexican territories was spoken of. And it was precisely this political conviction which was to lead Mr. Sumner to sacrifice his own situation in that Republican party for which he had so long toiled, and which owed him so much. The very day President Grant signed a treaty with a view to the annexation of the Dominican Republic to the United States, Mr. Sumner found himself placed in a most painful position. Was he to sacrifice to his party, and to the Administration, one of his most profound convictions? Or, on the contrary, by opposing the ratification of this diplomatic agreement, was he to obey what he considered to be a most imperious duty, at the risk of breaking political ties which seemed indissoluble, and of renouncing personal friendships which time had cemented?

I was witness of the struggle that preceded his determination. "Why can I not," would he say at this moment of doubt and perplexity, "why can I not retire from political life? Why have I yet so many sacred duties to perform, so many promises to keep regarding my poor darkies? You see it, I cannot forsake my wards, and yet how happy I should be to go abroad and live, and there devote myself to a peaceful life and the culture of the arts."

However, Mr. Sumner, placed in presence of what he deemed to be his duty, resolved to perform it. He did so regardless of the peril he was incurring, and knowing well in advance that he was heaping up against himself implacable vengeance and wrath. But as soon as the old wrestler had resolved once

*This was written at the time of the Cuban insurrection.

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more to enter the arena, he was again able to display all his power. The speeches he delivered on the San Domingo question may be classed among his best. Although he was forced to strain himself in order to give his voice its former fulness and vigor, yet seldom did he produce greater effect upon the large audience which then filled the Senate chamber. He attacked directly the President's policy regarding the Antilles, opposed with all his might the San Domingo annexation, and with profound emotion, although unflinchingly, he accused the official representatives of the United States of violating the rules of international law. This time again did Mr. Sumner triumph. He struck a death-blow to the annexation plan; the President himself was forced to retreat and abandon his cherished scheme.

But how dear was this victory to cost him who had forced the executive power to give way! This is not the place to relate the well-known events which ensued. Watching day by day their development, and following with anxious interest the painful incidents as they arose, I often thought whether the most despotic courts, whether the monarchies which have been the most declaimed against, have ever known anything more pitiful than the deeply hidden plots of which the greatest citizens of free republics may be the victims. While many supporters of the President, now interested opponents of Mr. Sumner, were pursuing him with their wrath, and were using against him all the weapons within their reach, the old leader, who had never known the force of intrigue, and who, owing to the idealistic turn of his mind, was totally unfit for an appreciation of base sentiments, still believed himself on his former pinnacle, while in truth he had been overthrown. What a wakening was his when the truth finally dawned upon him!

It was in the spring of 1872; he had protested in the most solemn manner against General Grant's second nomination for the presidency; he had expressed himself with unrelenting sincerity regarding the President's policy, and the Republican party, so long docile to his voice, chose General Grant for a second term, thereby disowning its old chieftain. Mr. Sumner remained alone.

At that moment, as if joining in to aggravate his situation, his old illness, the same which had once before imperilled his life, attacked him again, and caused him most horrible sufferings. He had hoped, he wrote from Boston, to be able to assemble his fellow-citizens in Faneuil Hall, that venerable forum, in order to speak once more to them of the great questions that relate to the country's welfare; but painful symptoms warned him not to attempt this effort. The speech he wished to deliver was given to the press. Certain of its passages, though surely not to be compared with Mr. Sumner's powerful oratorical efforts, deserve notwithstanding to be quoted; the sentiments therein expressed will remain as the crowning work of his life, and will live also as an historical document. Casting his glance once more on the long-trodden path, the orator deemed, not without good reason, that his duty toward the enfranchised race was well-nigh fulfilled; and he made one last appeal for reconciliation to the parties that had so long fought against each other. Protesting against any imputation of bitter feelings, he thus summed up his public life:

"Such is the simple and harmonious record, showing how from the beginning I was devoted to peace, how constantly I longed for reconciliation, how with every measure of Equal Rights this longing found utterance—how it became an essential part of my life—how I discarded all idea of vengeance or punishment—how Reconstruction was to my mind a transition period, and how earnestly I looked forward to the day when, after the recognition of Equal Rights, the Republic should again be one in reality as in name. If there are any who ever maintained a policy of hate, I was never so minded; and now, in protesting against any such policy, I only act in obedience to the irresistible promptings of my soul."

At the same time Mr. Sumner, whom his personal friends were anxious to tear away from the troubles of his pol-

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itical situation, and from the fatigue which endangered his life, consented to leave for Europe.

In December following he returned to Washington. But by what sad circumstances his return was attended! The Republican party publicly disowned him; the commonwealth of Massachusetts, that had ever remained faithful to him, in turn also abandoned him. Furthermore the legislature, assembled in Boston, grasping a miserable pretence, publicly censured him. On the other hand, his physical sufferings were so intense that they had altered the strong expression of his features, and nearly deformed his stately bearing. A sad state and time this was, of which but very few of his friends were witnesses. At certain moments it was to be feared that courage would forsake the old athlete; and yet his faith in the justice of his cause was so implicit, that even while stretched on his bed of suffering, where he was forced to pass most of his time, he would exclaim now and then: "I have but one enemy to contend with, and that is disease. Let it spare me a while, and I feel sure that soon it will become manifest that I was right."

But how could he defend himself now that his physical strength was so much exhausted that, during this whole sad winter, it was impossible for him to apply his mind to any constant work? He even seemed uninterested in politics. Hardly did he even allude to them when speaking. In this state, but one consolation was left him and but one pastime: French literature; that of our great epochs. "The Memoirs of St. Simon" awoke in him unceasing interest. The same with Voltaire, whose complete works he carefully reread. He even went so far as to attempt a new study of the "Anecdotical Memoirs" relating to our history of the last two centuries, the minute details of which he desired to study once more. In the early spring, however, his illness seemed to abate; and while a work of repair was going on in his physical organism, which seemed still so vigorous, public opinion was already recovering from its hasty judgments. Mr. Sumner's vacant place had not been filled. The Senate missed in its discussions the presence of his great moral courage. The people of Massachusetts also began to regret its rash decisions; a visible change was taking place, and in spite of vile efforts the general sentiment of the honest masses was coming back to Mr. Sumner. He lived long enough to see the Massachusetts legislature rescind the resolutions that the former legislature had adopted against him. The illustrious senator, who was now unable to add further to his fame, had a right, if we may say so, to witness this act of reparation. Providence justly ordained that it should be so. It was on Monday, March 9, 1874, that the United States Senate received official notification of the annulling of the resolutions of censure. Mr. Sumner enjoyed the satisfaction of being present at this ceremony. Hardly was it over, when he left the Senate chamber—far from thinking that it was for the last time.

Two days later America learned that Charles Sumner was no more. On hearing the news, the whole country, which associated Mr. Sumner's name with those of his most renowned contemporaries and friends, felt a thrill of pain. How could the nation fail to recall at that moment, Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Seward, and Mr. Chase? How could it fail to understand that a great era was now closed?

And now* that Mr. Sumner's seat is vacant in the United States Senate, and that this last one of the great athletes of that epoch, after mourning for his former associates, has in turn followed them to the tomb, where the commonwealth of Massachusetts has just laid him, it remains to be seen whether the young generations shall bring forth men worthy to take his place.

* Written in 1874.

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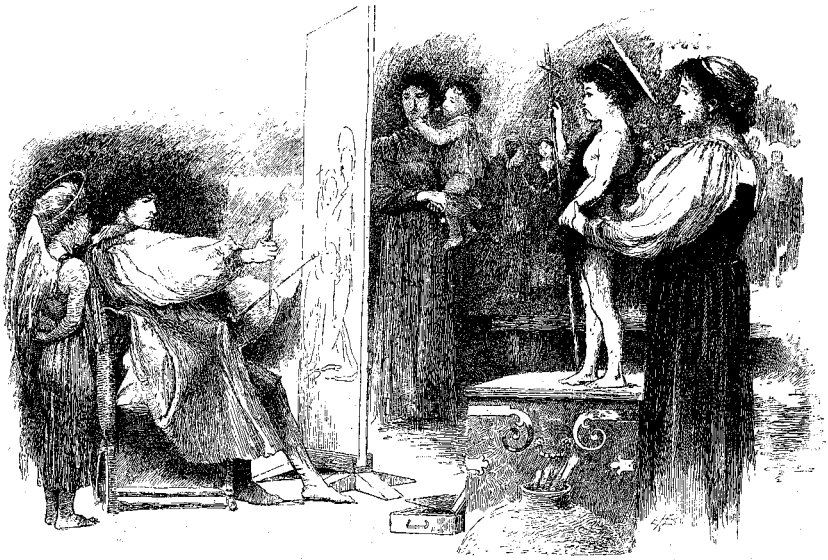

THE PATRON SAINT OF THE FLORENTINES.

THE FLORENTINE ARTIST.

By E. H. and E. W. Blashfield.

IN these days of triumphant specialism, when brush and chisel, burin and aquafortist's tool perform feats that would have set the Renascence agog; when a phalanx of French artists stand armed *cap-a-pie* with all the varied knowledge that the years have brought to Ars Longa; when art pours in from England, Sweden, Russia, Japan; when America has already started in the great torch race, sure to hold the light high (how high perhaps we hardly dare to dream), why is it that we turn again and again to the old masters, the men of Florence and of Venice, of the quiet galleries and palaces of a land older than our own?

They take us out of the bustle and struggle, and beckon us to their feet in the half light of the chapter-house, in the sun-dappled stillness of the cloister or the deserted chamber of state; they sit throned and tranquil, nowise toiling for recognition, so that we love them for their very peace. But better than all this, theirs was the springtime of art; they were in the gold of the morning and they had its golden touch; theirs was the high-hearted conviction which has seen no disillusion. They had not even found out what they could *not* do, and their *naïf* fervor set a halo even upon their awkwardness; eternal youth was theirs and its sublime confidence and audacity; if we study them enough we shall find even in their lesser works "*detur amanti*," something to reward us, something of the glamour of the reawakening, of the joy of earnest endeavor, of the serenity of achievement, and amid all the science and all the perfected technique of modern painting, the hill-towns of Tuscany and Umbria will still rise as high altars of art; the lagoons of Venice will still shine for us with the opalescent color of Titian, and still hold the bituminous depths of Tintoretto.

But among them all Florence claims the highest place; for in that long period from 1300 to 1580, which covers the Italian Renascence in its various phases, she was the focal point for at least two hundred years. This epoch of art evolution may be conveniently divided into four periods: that of the precursors, of Niccolo and Giotto; that of the early Renascence, with the group

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which surrounded Cosimo and Lorenzo dei Medici; of the full Renascence, when Rome called Tuscan and Umbrian alike into her service, and of that later time which, decadent elsewhere, saw the glorious supremacy of Venice.

once, we see that five hundred years ago she was still the grim-visaged and simple-mannered Florence of the Divine Comedy.

We turn the pages of the pictured record. Another short hundred years

The New Harness.

Thus through fully two-thirds of the art movement Florence marched at the head of Italy; and we see the Florentine first as the strong man in armor, merchant and soldier at once, beating off Barbarossa, conquering his civic rights one by one, and setting the Phrygian cap of liberty upon his helmet; the later and milder time twists garlands about it, and sculptures his shield; and his son grows up a pale-cheeked student, with a crop of curls, a brush and chisel in his scarsella, and a great book clasped upon his breast.

As we look at old pictures of this protagonist of independence, this Athene of towns, who wore helmet and laurel alike, and held palette and lance at

transforms the fortress-city of Corso Donati into the palace-city of Lorenzo dei Medici; the Renascence has come to its full tide, and the Florence of Dante, which, lovely as it appeared in the dreams of the exile, was brown and bare as a Franciscan friar in its outward semblance, had by the end of the fifteenth century become a treasury of beauty. Many different causes had contributed to this result: commercial prosperity, municipal freedom, the intense civic pride, the passionate love of the city that then stood for patriotism, the newly awakened plastic sense, the Italian desire to *far figura*, the lover's instinct to adorn the beloved, and the possession of generations of artists

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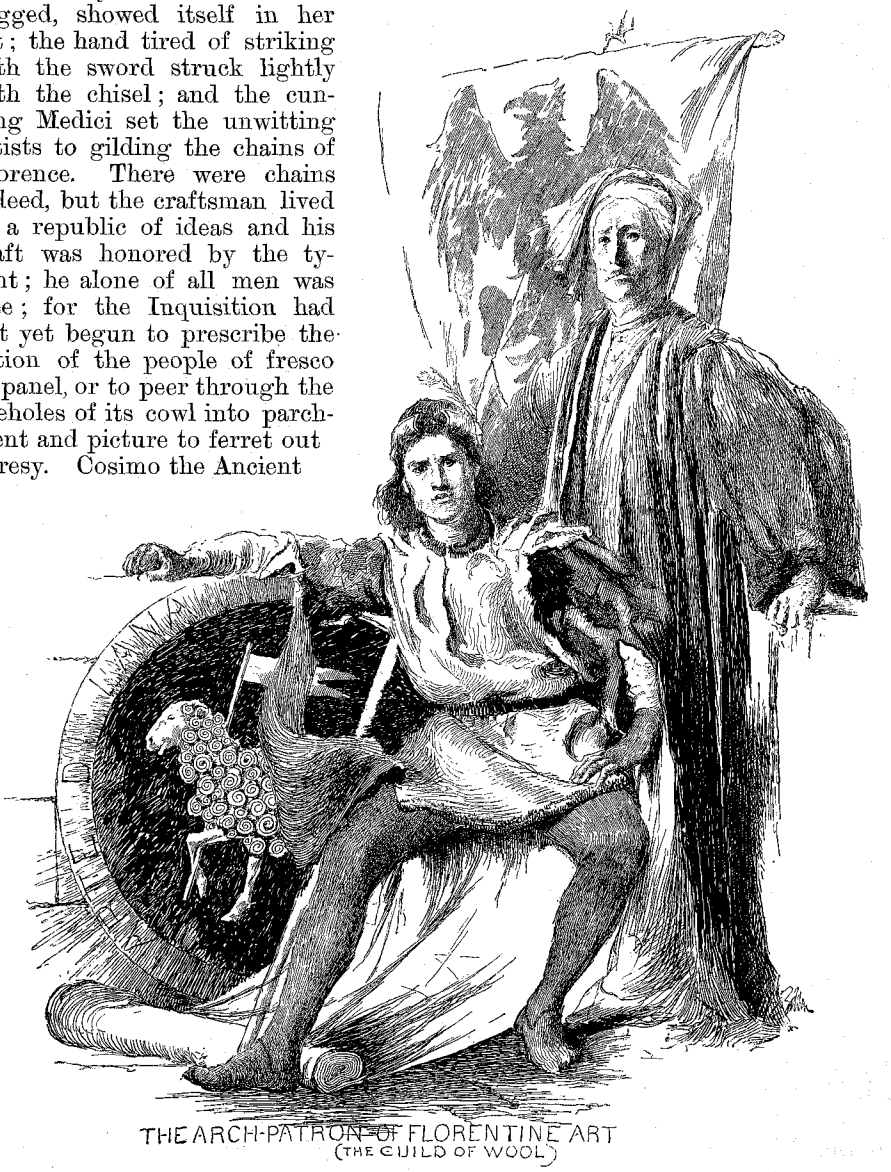
equal to their task, all united to dower Florence with innumerable treasures. All the best blood of the time was running into this new channel and coursing there more and more strongly. The incessant warfare of earlier times, the death-grapple between city and city and between rival factions and greater and lesser guilds had ended in utter exhaustion—an exhaustion too often making way for a local tyrant; but the marvellous vitality of Italy, which in one way or another never flagged, showed itself in her art; the hand tired of striking with the sword struck lightly with the chisel; and the cunning Medici set the unwitting artists to gilding the chains of Florence. There were chains indeed, but the craftsman lived in a republic of ideas and his craft was honored by the tyrant; he alone of all men was free; for the Inquisition had not yet begun to prescribe the action of the people of fresco or panel, or to peer through the eyeholes of its cowl into parchment and picture to ferret out heresy. Cosimo the Ancient might say in his cynical way that it took only a few yards of scarlet cloth to make a burgher; but he never applied his yard-measure estimate to humanists or artists.

A noble field lay open to the latter. If they did not receive the great prices of to-day, neither did their works disappear into private galleries; art belonged to the whole city and was a matter of personal interest and pride to each citizen; the façade or the monu-



THE ARCH-PATRON OF FLORENTINE ART
(THE GUILD OF WOOL)

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ment was his, and he walked out to see it uncovered, in a flutter of pleasant excitement, and quite prepared to fasten his epigram or his sonnet at its base. For all Florence became at once customer and *connoisseur*, and fairly went mad with enthusiasm over its new masterpieces. The Signiory mingled men's houses or cramped into prettiness to please a caprice; no carefully nurtured exotic, foreign to all its environment; it was democratic, municipal—"of the people, by the people, for the people"—stooping to the humblest offices; carving the public fountain, where goodwives washed their

with the business of grave embassies questions of decoration of public palaces, and art matters were treated like affairs of state. A daughter of the Republic, art's best service was given to the city—to the market-place, the town-hall, and the church; this was no courtly official art, shut up in palaces; no burgher art, withdrawn into rich cabbages and filled their clashing metal buckets; and rising heavenward on the broad curves of Brunelleschi's dome. It was a deep-rooted, many-branched growth of the soil; an integral part of daily life; a need, a passion, and a delight at once.

It almost seemed as if art, Orpheus-like, held sway over nature. Rough

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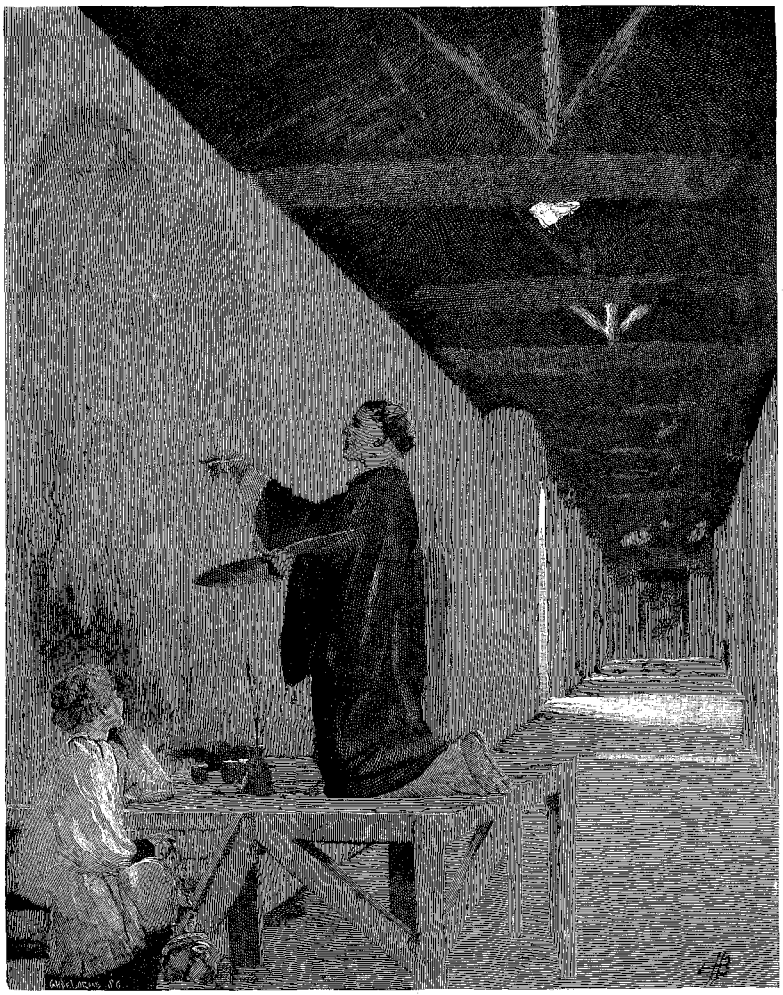

In San Marco.

crags piled themselves up into palaces, iron bowed itself into lovely curves, and bronze filled the hollow mould with fair shapes; glistening marbles covered the bare façades; acanthus and laurel, oak and ivy, lilies and pomegranates twined around the church pillars, climbed to the cornice, and clustered about the deep-set windows; ran over choir stalls, and thrust themselves between the yellowed parchments of the choral books. With them came the birds to perch among the bronze twigs and nest in the marble foliage; the lions crawled from their lairs to crouch beneath church pillars; unicorns, griffins, and strange sea-monsters, blowing the salt foam from their nostrils, came at the magician's bidding, to support a shield or bound along a cornice. Night lent her stars to roof a banqueting-hall; the planets shone over the exchange, and summer abode on the painted wall while winter whitened the streets outside.

And it was within the field of this world of art, that the perturbed cities of the Renascence found their one neutral ground, where the shrill voice of controversy was hushed, and hatred dropped its dagger, where the old feud was forgotten, where Guelph and Ghibelline, Pallesco and Piagnone met as friends united by a common sympathy, swayed by a common delight.

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Something of this was dimly understood, even by the little apprentices who ground the colors and kept the clay moist. They knew that the masters went and came unharmed through

harried country and hostile states; they saw the Magnifico buy the pictures of a follower of the Friar. Even civic strife spared the artist who worked for the glory of the town, and was therefore sacred to the man of the Renascence, who, though he could hate fiercely and strike hard, loved his city as a mother, and adorned her like a bride.

The city so loved and so adorned was not very different from the fair town set in the hollow of the hills which we admire to-day; it has lost its proud zone of ramparts and the glow of mediæval color, but otherwise it is comparatively unchanged since Donatello lodged in the street of the Melon, and Benvenuto kept shop on the old bridge. Here we can walk arm-in-arm with Gossip Vasari; every turn brings us face to face with the memory of a world-famed master. The very name of a street suggests some great artistic achievement; a few lines of inscription on a house-front start a train of association which quickens the pulse of the lover of beauty; all about us, the very stones, are eloquent, and if we would study the greatest of modern art epochs, and understand the environment of the Renascence artist—the conditions under which he lived and labored—we have but to look at the city upon which he set his seal, as a king stamps his effigy on the coin of the realm.

Four hundred years ago morning entered Florence much as it does to-day, slipping unchallenged through the ponderous gates, stealing like a gray nun through the narrow streets, glimmering faintly through the grated windows, and leaving the lower stories of the crag-like houses still dark and sombre, touched with light the dome of the cathedral and the crests of those stern towers which spring upward like unsheathed swords to guard the white and rosy beauty of our Lady of the Flower. As the dawn struggled through the leaded casements, or the deep arches of the workshop, it saw the artist already at labor. Sometimes it paled the light fixed to Michael Angelo's forehead, with which, "like a Cyclops," he worked through the long nights, or

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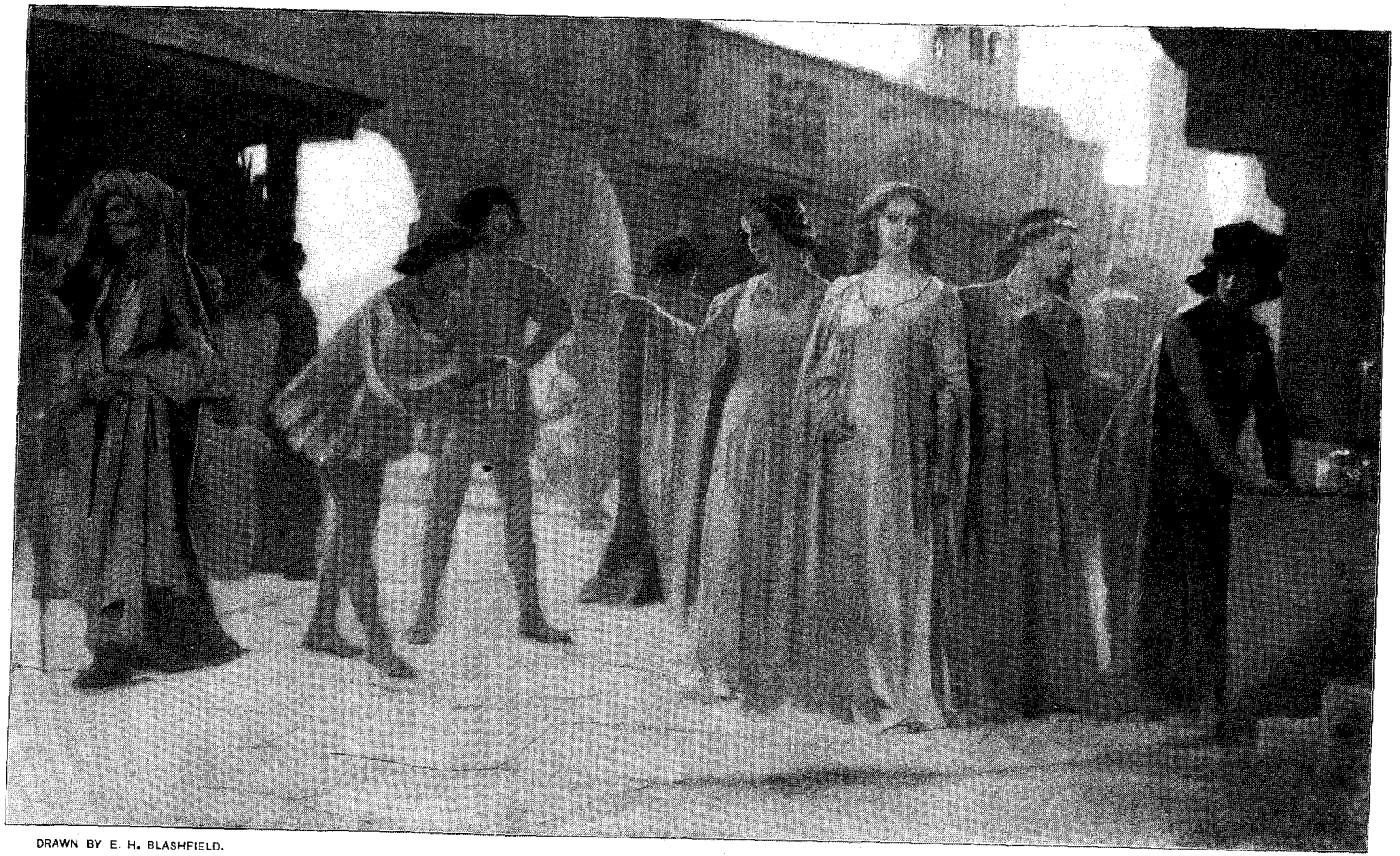

DRAWN BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.

On Ponte Vecchio.

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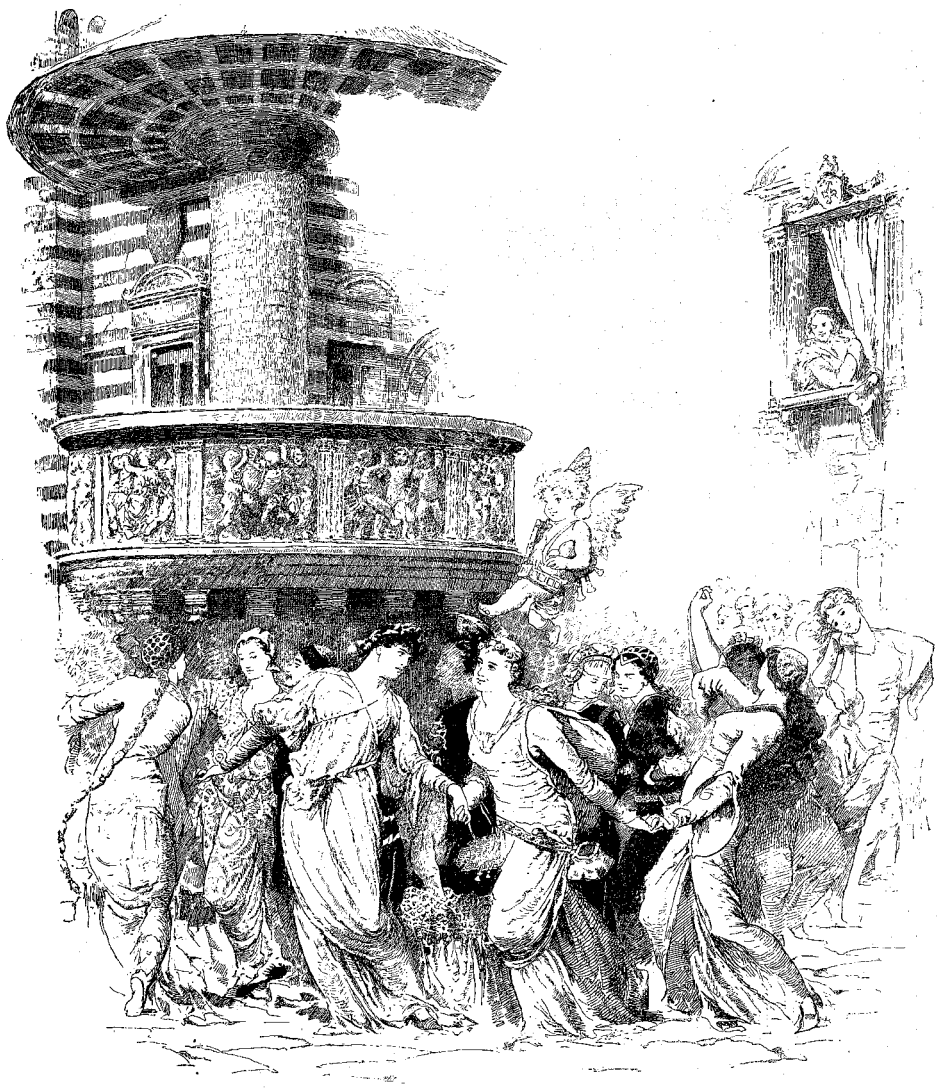

The Open-air Pulpit at Prato.

surprised Master Luca patiently freezing his fingers over his new invention, the *terra invetriata;* or, maybe, it put out the lanterns which Ghiberti's workmen carried in their nightly walks from the furnaces in the Via Sant' Egidio to the Baptistery. Work began early for the Florentine artist; for the painter, sculptor, architect, worker in gold, iron, or wood, was first of all a handicraftsman with a handicraftsman's simple tastes and frugal habits. *Arte*, art, meant but craft or trade, and later, by extension, guild of craftsmen, and was applied to the corporations of cloth-dressers and silk-weavers as well as to the associations of architects and sculptors.

"Then painters did not play the gentleman;" small distinction was made between the artist and the artisan; and, though now and then a banquet at the new house in the Via Larga, or a little junketing in Albertinelli's wine-shop, or a gay supper at the Pot Luck Club (Compagnia del Pajuolo), opposite

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the Foundling Hospital, might tempt him to keep late hours, morning naps were exceptions; and the stone-mason, when he came through the dim twilight of the shadowed streets to his day's work on church or palace, found Brunelleschi or Gozzoli there before him. No wonder such men rose early; the whole world of art lay before them, unconquered, unexplored; the mysteries of nature were to be solved; the lost treasures of antiquity regained. The processes of technique, the media of artistic expression to be discovered; and for such achievement the days were all too short, and the nights as well. If they would play the sluggard, the voice of Florence itself awoke them; for with the broadening day the bells of Giotto's tower began to ring the Angelus, filling the vibrating air with solemn melody, as one after another from the iron throats of San Lorenzo, of San Michele, and of Santa Felicità came answering peals; while on the circling hills, gray with olive or dark with pine, the bells of convent and chapel and parish church echoed faintly, greeting each other with the angelical salutation. There were few artists who did not

Across the Street.

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bow their heads and begin the day with the poetic orison, honoring "the Word that was made flesh, and dwelt among us;" and what better prayer could there be for men whose chief care lay in the portrayal of that same flesh, and who were "to paint man, man, whatever the issue."

Early as it was the city was astir, and the streets about the cathedral were thronged with people on their way to early mass; home-staying housewives were gossiping on the doorsteps as in Dante's day; long-gowned burghers, like Filippo Strozzi, who built palaces, bought rare Greek manuscripts, and bribed royalty, were abroad for their marketing—to chaffer over a couple of fowls or a handful of vegetables. Groups of sun-burned peasants, in their gayest gear, among them a fresh-faced girl or two of the Nencia type, "white as cream-cheese and round as a little sausage," were crowding into the Duomo to say a few aves before some favorite shrine; here and there, with ink-horn at his belt, a scholar passed—Pico or Poliziano—on his way to the Medici palace, or the still green gardens of the Academy. Knots of leather-clad craftsmen, bare-armed cloth-dressers from the Calimala, silk-weavers bound for San Biagio, goldsmiths, hurrying to their work in the Pellicceria, jostled each other in the narrow way. Here, too, were matrons of the old school, austerely wrapped in cloak and wimple, and blooming girls, whose pearl-wreathed hair and bare throats were hardly shaded by transparent veils, demurely conscious of the admiration they excited and not averse to letting a young painter's eyes enjoy their comeliness. Had not Ginevra dei Benci, one of the proudest beauties of Florence, sat for Messer Domenico Bigordi? and he who would see the fair wife of Francesco Pugliese limned to the life need only visit the little church outside the walls, where Filippino painted her as Madonna. What pretty girl was not ambitious to figure in a fresco, or pose for a saint, tricked out with halo and symbol? When did adoration ever come amiss? or when was a bold glance and a fervently whispered "*bella*" really resented?

ON THE PIAZZA

Meantime she who hoped some day to see her own portrait as St. Catherine or Barbara or Lucy, behind the blazing altar-tapers, dimmed with the cloud of fragrant smoke, enjoyed a somewhat grosser incense. In this town of tiny streets and thickset houses, whose inhabitants had grown up together in close quarters, generation af-

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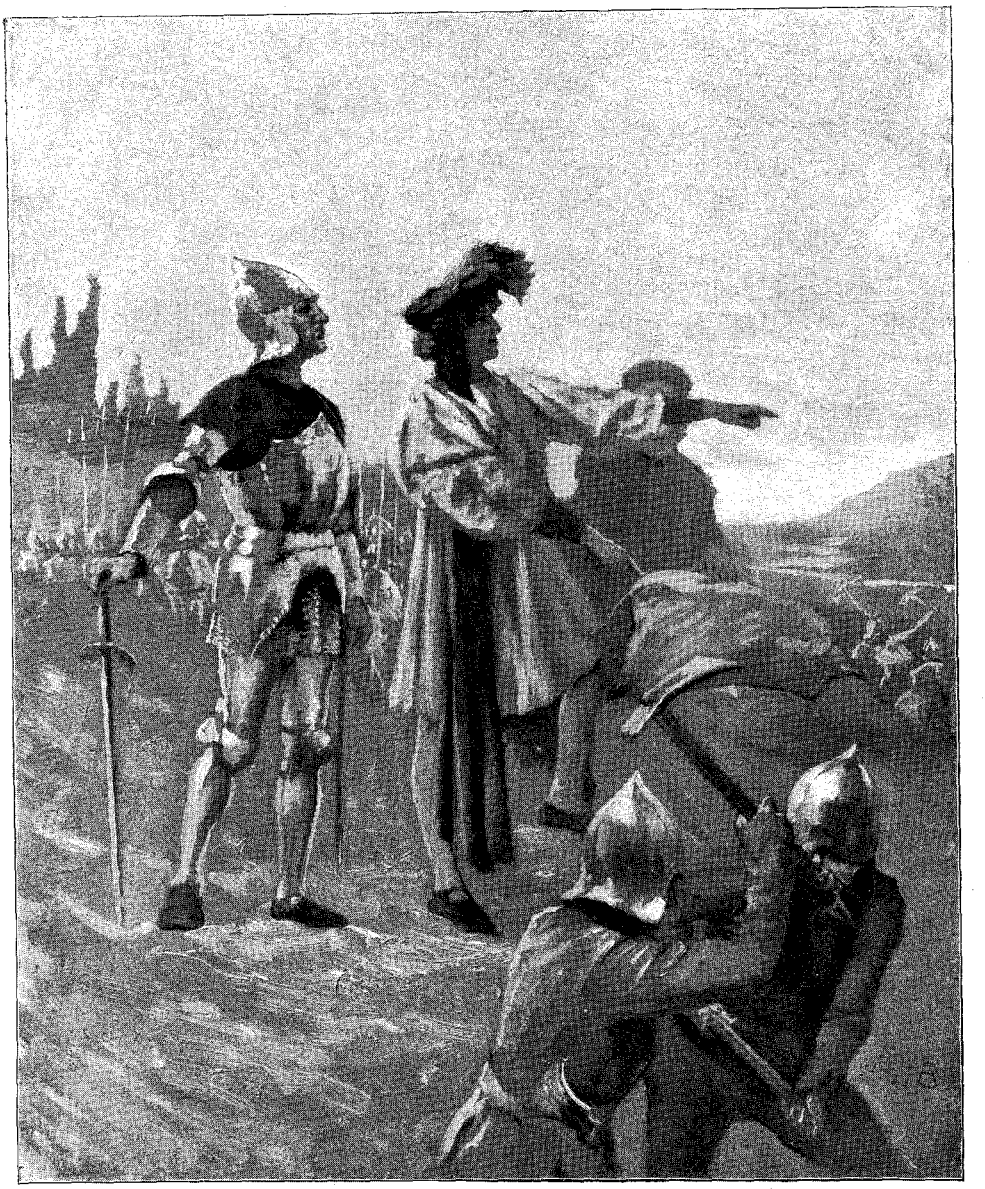

The Artist as Engineer.

ter generation, where family loves and hatreds were matters of heritage and tradition, and where each man was as well acquainted with his neighbor's affairs as with his own, none of these young ladies were unknown to their admirers, who could estimate each fair one's dower to the florin. On the heads and hands of these pretty girls the passing goldsmith saw his own work in wreath and ring; and when the whole parti-colored crowd swayed and bent like a field of wind-swept irises as a priest and a hurrying acolyte passed with the Viaticum, even while muttering a prayer for the soul about to pass away, he recognized with pride the silver pyx which had left his master's shop only a week ago. Perhaps it was hardly out of sight before the street began to

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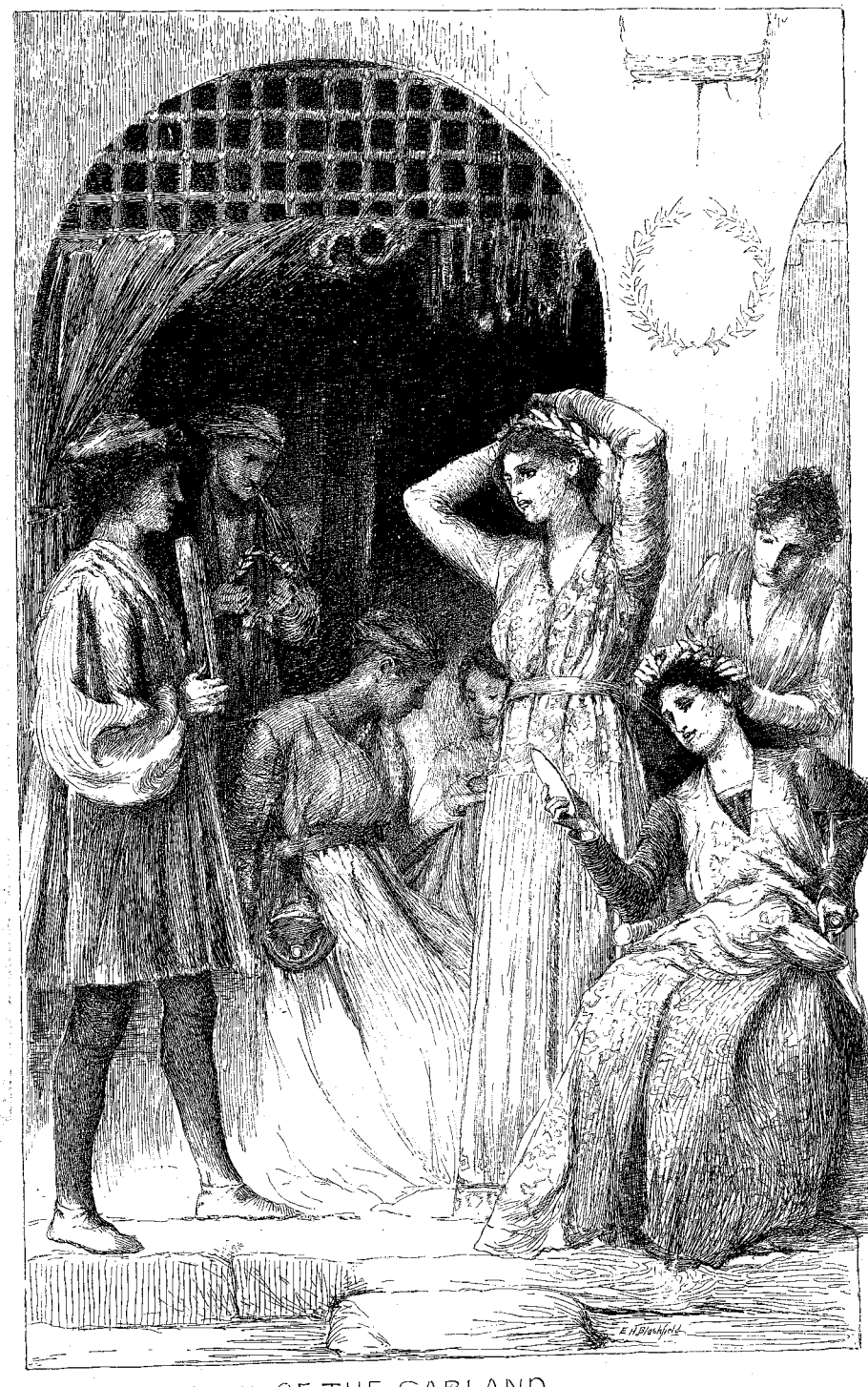

AT THE SIGN OF THE GARLAND

DRAWN BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.

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resound with ringing hoofs and clashing steel, and a company bound on a mission to Sienna, escorted by some thirty lances, clattered past; not so fast but that the workmen from Niccolò Caparra's forges could salute its gallant young captain, whose fine armor—decorated with masques and lions' heads—was their own handiwork. As the soldiers jingled by, the high houses echoing their clangor tenfold, the sculptor modelling a St. George for the armorers, looked long and wistfully after their leader, who rode with shoulders well-squared, and pointed sollerets turned aggressively out, forcing the burgesses to flatten themselves against walls, or to retreat incontinently under loggie, and reminding more than one of that roaring young spark of the Adimari, whose iron elbows and steel toes wrought such havoc on Dante's neighbors.

These vividly costumed people of the Renascence have gone forever from the streets; they have stepped into the gilded frames of altar-pieces, or faded into the frescoed walls of choir and cloister; they have climbed the palace-stairs and vanished into quiet galleries; they sleep in state in the canopied niches of Desiderio and Rossellino, and lie under the pictured stones of Santa Croce. But the background against which they moved is unaltered; the churches and palaces where painter and sculptor worked, the houses where they lodged, the shops where they sold and taught, the beautiful things they created are still there; the palaces of Brunelleschi and Michelozzo and Benedetto are yet drawn up in line. They bear a strange likeness to the mailed ancestors of their builders, as they stand facing each other like duellists with a perpetual menace, holding high their blazoned shields, peering distrustfully through their grated windows barred like the eyeholes of a helmet, thrusting out their torch-holders, defiant gauntlets, into the street, and flaunting their banners over the heads of the passers-by. The deep cornice shades their stern fronts like a hood drawn over a soldier's brows; and as the knight wore a scarf of broidered work, or a collar wrought with jewelled shells and flowers over his steel corselet, each rugged façade is softened into beauty by sculptured shrine or gilded escutcheon, cunningly forged lamp-iron and bridle-ring. Into the grim narrowness of each dark street had come some touch of color, some bit of exquisite ornament; and as the painter hurried to his shop in the morning or strolled at evening with his lute, he could see on every side the work of some brother artist. Close at hand was Donatello's stemma, where the lion of the Martelli ramped upon his azure field; under heavy wreaths of pale-tinted fruit a Robbia Madonna gleamed whitely; the huge *fanale*, or torch-holder, at the corner, bristling with spikes like some tropical cactus, was forged by Nicholas the Bargain-Maker; the rough-hewn palace which darkened the slit of a street, Benedetto of Majano did not live to finish; that window-grating Michael Angelo designed, bending the bars outward in beauty's service to hold the elbow cushion, or the caged nightingale, or the handful of spring flowers in their glazed pot of Faenza-ware; while behind the half-open iron-studded doors Michelozzo's columns rose between the orange-trees.

Who can over-estimate the artistic value of such environment, the unconscious training of the eye, the education of the perceptive faculties, the keen stimulus and the wholesome restraint exercised by the constant presence of a universally recognized standard of excellence. The art student might draw from the antique in the garden of San Marco, or copy the frescos of the Brancacci Chapel in good company, with Michael Angelo and Raphael at his elbow (running the risk of broken bones if he happened to be envied by the studio-bully Torrigiani); and under his master's orders might work up details in a panel, or even follow a cartoon; but the city itself was his real Academy.

All over this city the artists lodged and worked; the places still exist. There are dark arches where, in spite of perpetual twilight, masterpieces grew into being; and there are stairways of heavy gray stone that have been polished and channelled by the shoes of masters who lived long ago.

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In the Melon Street (now Via Ricasoli) the memories thicken. There the long-gowned *trecentisti* have walked; Tafi, who set the solemn mosaic upon the dome of the Baptistery, and with him his roguish pupil, Buffalmacco, whose greatest works of art were his monumental practical jokes. Giotto, too, the chief of them all, caped and hooded as we see him in the Portico of the Uffizi, had come a little later to make the "house of the five lamps" trebly illustrious. The lamps are still on the house-front, glimmering above the little shrine where the old painters often stopped to tell their beads before the image of our Lady, who had been a good friend to their craft ever since the day she sat for its patron, Saint Luke.

Perhaps they passed on thence to that garden of the Gaddi, in the little street not far away, to which the painter's pomegranate-trees gave the name of *Via del Melarancio*, which it wears even to-day. In the Calzaioli, just beyond the Bigallo, and on the same side with it, about a hundred years after Giotto, Donatello, and Michelozzo "worked together like brothers, perfecting the art of sculpture," and hewing that tomb of Pope John in the Baptistery, which was the forerunner of all the lovely Tuscan-Renascence tombal architecture. Later their mallets rang behind the cathedral at the corner of the Via dei Servi, while the minor music of goldsmith's hammer and niellist's tool was heard from the shops of Pollajuolo and Finiguerra, in the Vaccherecia. Monasteries there are too, where famous artists once worked, convents where the sisters painted, like that Plantella Nelli, who had to make Herods and Judases of the novices, since no man might penetrate the walls. The convents are secularized now, but we still find them in all quarters of the city.

Ghiberti cast his gates in the Via Sant' Egidio; to-day the house shelters the quaint foreign grace of Van der Veyden's Flemish Madonna; and geraniums now flame in the garden of the Via della Pergola, where Benvenuto's furnaces once burned fiercely as the molten bronze became Perseus.

We visit Michael Angelo the boy in the Via Anguillara, Michael Angelo the old man in the Via Ghibellina, and in Via Ginori are the stairs down which the young Raphael has often walked with his host. Andrea del Sarto, with Franciabigio, had his shop in that southern angle of the Piazza Or-San-Michele, where a dark vault gives entrance to a street so narrow that lovers might clasp hands across it from the windows corbelled out above, and where, too, the artists were next door to the palace of their arch-patrons, the merchants of the mighty guild of wool, with its blazon and loggia and battlemented parapet. Fra Bartolommeo got his nickname of Baccio della Porta, from the Roman Gate, near which he lived, and when later he took the tonsure and renounced his art for a time, his comrade, Albertinelli, discouraged by his loss, dropped palette and brushes and opened a wine-shop under those old houses of the Alighieri, where "nacque il divino poeta." Il Rosso, with his apprentice Battistino and his ape (whom the chronicles leave nameless), made life merry for the monks of Santa Croce; and Cellini, born near the modern iron markets, and casting his bronze in the Street of the Bower, studied first with Bandini in the Furriers' Quarter, then under the new dispensation of Duke Cosimo, went with the other goldsmiths to that Ponte Vecchio where the apprentice lads were stationed to offer trinkets to the passing ladies, and to the very shop whence his bust now looks down upon his successors. So the tale runs; and the list is endless, for Florence remembers her famous men, and the archives beneath the picture gallery of the Uffizi are crammed with records that give house, date, and name, dry bones to which the chroniclers add life—the life of the crowded, narrow-streeted city, with its art, its industry, its busy hours, its leisure, and even its fun and jokes.

For the hard-worked painters found time for the latter, made time for them indeed. Woe to the man who was conceited, credulous, or lazy; his foible was exploited by a dozen past-masters in the science of tormenting; Florentine tongues were proverbially sharp, and constant practice in the wordy warfare

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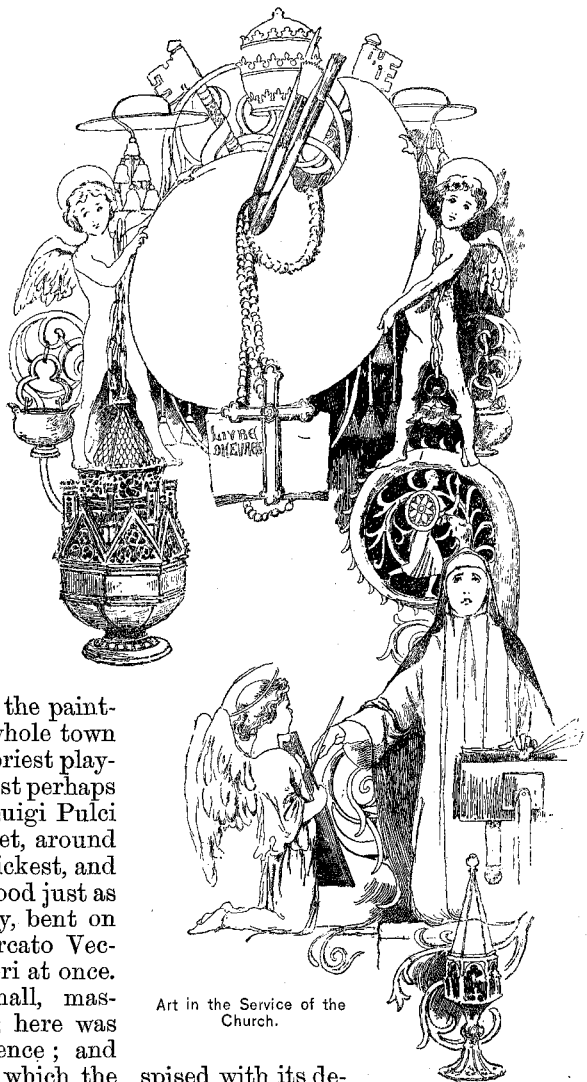
of the studio gave them even a finer edge.

The greatest artists—Donatello, Brunelleschi, and earlier, Buffalmacco — concocted elaborate *beffe* and *burle*, with no pity for their victims; the temptation was great; the ages of faith had not passed away, many good folk accustomed to believe in miracles afforded golden opportunities to the practical joker; and if we may believe Sacchetti, Ser Giovanni, and Boccaccio, the wags were equal to the occasion. There was such a fund of credulity lying idle, it was so easy to make Calandrino believe that he was invisible, to persuade the Doctor that he might sup with Helen and Cleopatra, to convince Il Grasso that he had changed his identity, that we can hardly blame the painters for farces in which the whole town joined, even the good parish priest playing his part. This fun was rifest perhaps at the noonday hour, when Luigi Pulci takes us into that old market, around which the studios were set thickest, and which only three years ago stood just as it was when hungry industry, bent on dining, surged into the Mercato Vecchio, Arte Minori and Maggiori at once. Here artists great and small, masters and apprentices, dined; here was dinner enough for all Florence; and the irregular square, round which the tall, soot-stained houses crowded was a glutton's paradise, in which Margutte would have found all the articles of his *credo*—his tart and tartlet, his stuffed *beccafichi*, and his good wine. There were meals for all tastes and all purses; one could lunch on fruit and eggs and cheese with Donatello, or sup like a Magnifico on the boar that grinned from the butcher's shop, and only two days before was crunching the acorns of Vallombrosa; there was good eating in the grimy, black shops, where before a huge fire a spit revolved loaded with trussed fowls and haunches of venison; and the pastry-cook's was not to be despised with its delicious scent of spices and warm pasties, just off the hot iron plates, set out in dainty white baskets—*ciambelli* and *cialdoni*—buns and wafers, the crisp berlingozzi that poor Visino thought worth all the kings and queens in Hungary, and those light, golden, sugar-sprinkled pastykins which the magnificent Lorenzo sang of. These delicacies were not for the apprentices, they brought their own empty flasks and canakins to the wine-shop, to be filled with white Trebbiano; they patronized the pork-butchers, buying whole strings of sausages, and the poulterers, whose neighborhood gave the famous nick-



Art in the Service of the Church.

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name of Pollajuolo, and where one student at least bought the caged wild birds and set them free, while onlookers wondered at the queer caprices of young Leonardo da Vinci. Wine and bread, onions and sausages once consumed, whether before the shops or on the steps of Santa Maria in Campidoglio, the 'prentices went back to the shop. It was usually in the massive basement of a tall house, fronting some tiny piazza, or narrow street. The heavy iron-barred shutters, which at night closed its four arches, were raised and fastened to the wall, and even the ponderous door stood open, for light was precious to the workers within. The lower half of these arched openings was filled by counters of solid masonry, to which a couple of seats were often added on the outer side. Within the furnishing was meagre enough; a few heavy joint stools, hacked by generations of students, a strong box, a delicately wrought pair of bronze scales for weighing pearls, gold, silver, and precious colors; a carved and gilded triptych frame hanging on the wall waiting to be filled with the patron saints of its future purchaser; on one counter a small anvil, a goldsmith's hammer, graver, and pincers, and a goatskin bellows. A charcoal drawing or two was stuck on the wall; from a peg hung a fine jewelled girdle; and on a bracket over the door were some elaborately chiselled silver trenchers. At the back a door led into the studio lighted from the next street, where the students worked under the master's supervision, drawing, painting, modelling, and carving.

The life of these art students was divided into three sharply defined stages. The child of eight or ten, who was learning the rudiments of the craft, was called an apprentice; the youth who aided in the execution of important commissions an assistant (companion would be the literal translation of the Italian word), and the fully fledged young artist who had begun to fly alone a *maestro*, or master. The whole training was eminently practical; there were no medals, no exhibitions, no public awards. Now and then there was a great competition for some important civic monument like the doors of the Baptistery or the façade of the cathedral, to which not only Italians, but artists from beyond the Alps were invited to send designs; but these were very rare, and by the end of the fifteenth century had practically ceased to exist. There were no academies, no public art schools, and no government appropriations for artistic instruction, no official institutions; but the state, while "ignoring art in the abstract, encouraged the individual artist." To produce something which somebody would want to possess, to turn his knowledge of the beautiful, his mastery of technical processes to some concrete end, was the object of the education of the future artist—a work-a-day genius ignorant of our modern formula of art for art's sake. Pietro Vanucci painted the Florentines on altar-curtains while waiting for the time when, as Perugino, he should work on the walls of the Sistine Chapel; Rodolfo Ghirlandajo "told sad stories of the death of kings" on the baldacchino draperies for All-Souls-Day; and Brunelleschi chased rings and set jewels while dreaming of antique temples and giant domes. Thus were executed not only the masterpieces we admire to-day in the churches and museums of Europe, but a whole series of minor works, which surround the pictures and statues of the Renascence, like the fantastical bordering about the illuminated pages of the missal.

Art did not mean the production of pictures and statues only, it meant a practical application of the knowledge of the beautiful to the needs of daily life. So the bottega hummed and buzzed with the manifold business of the artist. If orders came in his absence the apprentices were to accept them all, even if for insignificant trifles; the master would furnish the design and the pupil would execute; not from greed of gain as with Perugino, but from the pure joy in creative work which made Ghirlandajo willing to decorate "hoops for women's baskets," and at the same time long for a commission "to paint the whole circuit of all the walls of Florence with stories;" and which enabled him, although

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he died at the age of forty-nine, to leave behind him a second population of Florentines in the choirs and chapels of her churches.

And there were constant opportunities for the exercise of this creative faculty. Orders did not cease. Now it was a group of brown Carmelites who called master and men to their church, to be at once scene-setters, costumers, carpenters, and machinists during the Ascension-day ceremonies, and for the angel-filled scaffolding from which various sacred personages should mount to heaven. The Abbess of St. Catherine's came in state to order designs for embroideries to lighten the heavy leisure of the nuns; or some wealthy merchant, just made purveyor of Florentine goods to the most Holy Father, would put the papal escutcheon on the cornice of his house, and wished to know what the master might demand for his drawing, what for the *pietra-serena* or marble, what for the sculpture—where to the keys and tiara surmounting the arms of Rovere or Medici should be added, as supporters, some device of the painter's invention. Sometimes abbot or prior brought a great order for the decoration of a whole chapel or cloister, and the bottega palpitated with expectant enthusiasm, in spite of which the prudent master did not forget to specify in the contract that for the said sum he would furnish the paint, "except the gold and ultramarine," which must be supplied by the monks, for the brethren dearly loved these costly colors, and the painter well knew that without this important clause he should have the prior always at his elbow demanding "more and more of the blue." Even the imagination of a Pope Julius II., equal to the conception of a Saint Peter's and of a mausoleum as big as a church, could not rise above the monastic tradition, and he could say as he stood for the first time beneath the awful prophets and sibyls of the Sistine Chapel, "I don't see any gold in all this!" Again, there would come an embassy in gowns of state from some neighboring city, with armed guards and sealed parchments, bringing a commission for the painting of church or town-hall; or a foreign trader from Milan or Genoa would step in to haggle over a portrait. Most welcome was a bridal party, for its manifold needs gave work to the whole studio, even to the ten-year old apprentices in the back shop.

"Chi prende moglie vuol quattrini" —he who takes a wife needs cash—runs the Florentine proverb, and we do not wonder at it when we realize what a quantity of fine things a bridegroom was expected to supply. There were the dower-chests—carved, gilded, and painted with triumphs of love or chastity; then the shrine with its picture of Madonna flanked by patron saints for the bride's chamber, and if the *sposo* was inclined to do things handsomely the painter could add the portraits of the future husband and wife in the inner side of the gilded shutters; a chased and enamelled holy-water basin, and sprinkler to hang beneath it of course; and for the tiring mirror, just arrived from Venice, the master must design a silver frame; then, while our hand was in, why not add a painted frieze of *puttini* on a blue ground to run between the wainscoting and the beamed ceiling? Next (for the list was a long one) came the *damigella's* book of Hours, wherein the tedium of long prayers was pleasantly enlivened by the contemplation of goodly majuscules and fair miniatures. Important, too, was the plate, no small item in days when a comfit salver or a tankard was signed Verrocchio or Ghiberti. Then, objects of momentous interest and of anxious consultation to the whole party, came the jewels and their settings. The buyers brought the raw material with them, pearls and balas-rubies, the precious convoy of a Venetian galley fresh from the far East; a big turkis engraved with strange characters, torn from the neck of an Algerian pirate by a Genoese sailor, and an antique cameo unearthed in a Roman vineyard only a week before. Each jewel was then examined, weighed, and entered in two account-books—the painter's and the owner's—to prevent any possibility of fraud or mistake. Afterward ensued a most animated and dramatic discussion of designs, details, and prices, during which artist and cus-

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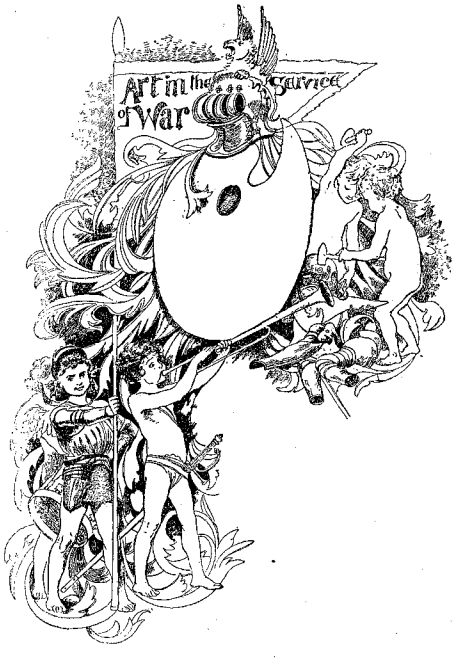
tomers vied with each other in fine histrionic effects, followed in due time by an amicable settlement and more entries in those "diurnal books" which still exist among the domestic archives



of Florentine families to inform posterity how many peacock feathers went to a garland, how many hundredweight of fine pearls to a girdle, and just how many florins Macigni, Strozzi, or Bardi paid for a buckle or a pouch-clasp.

Strange as such varied orders would appear to a modern artist, they seemed natural enough to the painters and patrons of the Renascence, to whom art meant, first of all, the embellishment of daily life. In these days of specialists and perfected processes it is difficult to realize how wide a field was then open to the creative artist, and in how many different directions his personality sought expression. All life was his, and all its forms; nothing was too small or too great, too trivial to be tried, too difficult to be dared; in him the audacity of the revolutionist was united to the infinite patience of the gem-cutter. He attended personally to a thousand details now relegated to trained subordinates. He must answer for his materials, must dabble in the grave art of the apothecaries (that *arte degli speziali e medici* which called Dante member), that the chemicals might be pure for the color his apprentices ground; he must linger in the Pellicceria, or Furriers' Quarter, choosing fair, smooth vellum, and must anxiously test the panel upon which Madonna should appear, lest fine gold and costly ultramarine might be wasted upon unseasoned wood. He must train his model, watch the carving of his picture-frame, and see that the oil was properly clarified. The sculptor went to the quarries to select his blocks of marble, and superintended their removal to the town; he examined the jewel on which cameo or intaglio was to be cut, and planned the scaffolding for his colossal statues. The architect arranged all the practical details for the execution of his designs, invented machines for raising stones and beams, built the bridges and platforms used by the workmen, was his own foreman and master-builder, and of him it might be truly said, "No stone was laid that he did not wish to see," "Non sarebbe murata una pietra, che non l'avesse voluta vedere."

The chisel, the needle, the compass, the burin, the brush, the goldsmith's hammer, the caligraph's pen, even the potter's-clay and the mason's trowel were alike familiar to him. He could fill a dusky Gothic chapel with a frescoed paradise radiant with golden heads and glimmering halos and the sweep of snowy wings, and fashion an ear-ring for a pretty woman; he could design embroidery patterns "in chiaro-oscuro for certain nuns and other people," and build a bridge over Arno that has stood for five centuries against storm and flood, even when the river swollen with rain and laden with wrack tossed its tawny waves high against the piers and battered them with uprooted trees and clods of earth and broken beams. He could set a great cupola on the cathedral walls and write abusive sonnets to those who declared he was tempting God by this achievement; he could, on his way to Carrara to select marble for a monument, casually and as an incident of his errand, survey and

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build a road over the torrent-beds and sharp spurs of the mountain; he could "cramp his hand to fill his lady's missal marge with flowerets;" he could design a cartoon for the tapestry-weavers and crowd heaven's glories into a gilded triptych as well as he could make scaling ladders and "armor warships;" he could decorate a dower-chest, and paint a cathedral apse, and chisel a holy-water basin while fortifying a city; he could write to a Duke of Milan describing his inventions for war-machines, bombs, and field-pieces, his plans for fortifications, canals, and buildings, adding as an after-thought at the end of the list, "in painting also I can do what may be done as well as any, be he who he may."

He could handle a pen as well as a brush, and fill the empty mould of the sonnet with the fiery molten gold of real passion; he could write treatises on art rich in wise precepts, histories of sculpture in which his own works were not slighted, dissertations on domestic economy, and world-famous lives of fellow-craftsmen. Using the style like a chisel, carving character in broad, virile strokes, molding colloquial Italian like wax, he could cast, in the furnace of his own fierce nature, an unequalled full-length portrait of the man of the Renascence in "the best of modern autobiographies."

He could make scientific discoveries, solve mathematical problems, embroider an altar-cloth, invent costumes for a masque, summon the gods of Olympus to the magic circle of the seal ring, engrave buttons in niello, illustrate Dante's Paradise and Petrarch's Triumphs, design moulds for jellies and confections, model statuettes in sugar paste, and make of a banquet as rich a feast for the eye as for the palate. He could damascene a corselet, paint a banner for a procession with rose-crowned, peacock-winged angels and gaunt patron saints, or cast a huge church-bell girdled with many patternings and Gothic letters which still tell us "Franciscus Fiorentinus me fecit;" he could paint and glaze a sweet water-jar, or a cool-toned pavement, or a shrine where under heavy garlands the cherubs clustered close like doves in the shelter of the eaves around some sweet-faced saint.

And in these myriad forms of loveliness he could immortalize his native town; freely as he scattered his riches over Italy it was for Florence that he reserved his most precious gifts; it is to him, the greatest of her sons, that she owes her proud title of "The Beautiful." During long centuries of silent shame when the foreign yoke lay heavy on her neck, the dead artists still served her; she hid her misery and degradation under the splendid mantle of their consummate achievements, which still sanctifies her and will make her a place of pilgrimage as long as art has a single votary.

For creeds decay, and scholarship grows musty, and the wisdom of one century is the foolishness of the next; but beauty endures forever. A sceptical age smiles at the bigotry which condemned Matteo Palmieri's picture, and yet is charmed by the melancholy and mannered graces of Botticelli; the

scholar shudders at the barbarisms of the famous humanists, but the sculptor still takes off his cap to Donatello; the mysticism of the Divine Comedy rings strangely hollow on a modern ear, but

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have the Night and Morning of Michael Angelo no meaning for us? The scientist of to-day looks with reverent pity at Galileo's rude telescope, but the architect counts Brunelleschi's dome among the miracles of his art; Leonardo's fortifications have crumbled away, his inventions are superseded, only the drawings remain of the famous flying machine; but la Gioconda's mysterious smile has not ceased to fascinate an older world.

A MEMORY.

ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

By Edith M. Thomas.

Since through the Dark thy singing soul took flight
(A wistful cadence lingering after thee),
Receding ever, thy young face I see,
Once seen, once only, on a festal night,
Crowned with a tender wreath of green and white.
But now, alas! its leaves droop witheringly,
Its lilies-of-the-valley gathered be
From the pale meadows far from mortal sight.

So dost thou come, so still the memory haunt,
Like Hero, with drown'd eyes and long bright locks,
Tossed up the reedy marge of Hellespont,
Or her who from the steep Leucadian rocks
Sank underneath the waters' seamless weft,
And but a mellow gleam, a remnant music, left.

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"TO HER."

By T. R. Sullivan.

"There cannot be two loves in a man's life; there can be one only, deep as the sea, but without shores."—BALZAC.

IT all began with Moore, who passed the club-window in deep mourning for his wife. I had expressed my sympathy for him, and Arkwright had given inarticulate assent to it; then moving uneasily in his chair—I think to make sure that we were quite alone—he added:

"Everybody pities him. But nobody pities you or me."

"Certainly not on that score, you miserable unmarried Benedick!" I answered, resisting a strong inclination to laugh lest I should frighten him off; for such a speech from Arkwright was unusual, to say the least, and it aroused all my innocent curiosity.

I remind those who know us only by sight that we are bachelors of a certain weight and importance, out-and-out clubmen by long education; coming in regularly at five o'clock, we often stay until the doors are locked and later—or earlier, accurately speaking. Arkwright is fifteen years older than I am, though he does not look it; there is, in fact, something uncannily young about him in spite of his white hairs; he has a very sharp brown eye, and a brilliant hardness as of highly tempered steel that makes him shine in any crowd of men. When you are alone with him, he softens or toughens according to his mood and yours; yet even in his weakest moment keeping his tender side so carefully guarded, that he has never to my knowledge been charged with sensitiveness upon any subject. We two were alone, as it happened, at this twilight hour of the long spring day, having come into the library (our club Sahara so far as frequentation goes) to settle a disputed point in linguistics by reference to the dictionary. He had maintained that the verb "to orient" was not good English, and I was right, as usual, though that is neither here nor there. Then we sat silent for a while in the window, drank once, perhaps twice; and when poor Jim Moore went by in his black clothes our memorable talk began.

"But it is precisely on that score that we deserve pity—presumably," insisted Arkwright. "The miserable old bachelors are not born, but made; in nine cases out of ten from an amatory first cause, so to speak. And I say that the man who loves a woman devotedly and never gets her is more to be pitied than one who loses the best of wives in a year and a day. Jim has his memories at least—lucky devil!"

Of course Arkwright fired into the air. But his shaft happened to graze an old scar of mine which has not troubled me for years. How these trifling injuries will sometimes retain their susceptibility, ready, at a touch, for a sharp, unexpected twinge of pain!

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"Bah!" said I, with instinctive cunning, as artlessly as possible. "If the martyrs to your amatory first cause could be forced to parade in mourning, the world would recognize and pity them, no doubt. But how many of our own acquaintance should we find in the procession?"

"All, to a man—especially including those who remain single from choice! Choice, what humbug! Not a bad idea that, to put us all into distinctive mourning. What a reversal that would bring about in the world's judgment! No more accusations of selfishness! No more envy from the married men who have drawn unlucky numbers!"

"An unlucky number," I argued, reflectively, "being so much better than no number at all."

"Why, of course it is," fiercely rejoined Arkwright. "What are you doing here with your mission unfulfilled? Where are the kith and kin that should be gathering round you? You are alone in the world—old already. A year or two more will bring you to your dotage. Who will care for you then? Who will hold your hand and smooth your pillow? Who——"

"Don't!" I pleaded, having a constitutional dread of any approach to senility in my own case. "Don't go on; unless you want to drive me out into the street to fling myself away upon the first comer—this one, for instance." And I laughed at the thought; for Miss Lancaster (who chanced to pass as I spoke), though still handsome in her rigid way, is no longer young. Moreover, she is so enveloped in the icy atmosphere of her own interests that I have ceased to find her interesting.

Arkwright's laugh had even a more ungallant ring in it than my own, and he scowled upon Miss Lancaster's stately figure until it swept beyond our ken. "Her dancing days are over," said he. "That woman has accomplished all the harm on earth that she is likely to do."

"Harm!" I repeated, all my native chivalry rising to the surface in her defence. "What do you mean by that? She is in all the charities, devoted to good works——"

"Expiation, my dear fellow!" broke in Arkwright, with a sneer. "She ruined one man's life deliberately; one? two! and Heaven knows how many more! you never heard Ludlow's story, perhaps. No; how should you, even if you and he had belonged to the same generation?"

"Ludlow? The man who made a fortune in a single night, out of copper or something? and then turned bibliophile and poet, and——"

"And then died—unmarried. Yes, that's Ludlow. But he never set himself up as a poet. The little book of verses on one of the shelves behind us was published after his death. We ought not to treasure that up against him, for it had a very limited circulation. No one read it. No one in this club, I'll venture to state, has ever taken it down. There! I thought so!" And Arkwright blew the dust from the top of a thin, unpretentious octavo which he had found while he was speaking. Then he put the volume back with something like a sigh.

"Never tell tales out of school, or in a club!" quoted I, from my own social philosophy; "but as we are quite alone behind closed doors, to all intents and purposes, and as the tale is so old that it has been forgotten——"

"I see. You want to hear it. My dear fellow, you might have had it for the asking, without your apologetic preamble. For the thought of that woman brings back the fire of my youth, and makes my chilled blood boil in my veins. I would gladly proclaim her story from the housetops for the benefit of the community. Oh, these good women! The wrong they do is never estimated, simply because it is never so proclaimed and never comes to light. My voice, if I could raise it, might save some prospective victim, or teach all her kind a lesson. Have a cigar and split a soda with me, while I tell you about Ludlow. You'll say I am prejudiced. Well, discount half for prejudice, and charge the rest against that woman's charitable nature. We won't be too hard upon her frailties; eternal limbo with no hope of heaven for her, that will do."

So, when the brandy-and-soda had been set before us and all was quiet again, Arkwright began:

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"Ludlow, you must understand, was an exceptionally good fellow, who in his youth had an exceptionally hard time of it. His name you know, of course; his ancestors were distinguished, rich—social leaders. But the stock seems to have been poorly grafted. At any rate, it frittered itself away and died off. Harry's father came to grief financially, and the boy was turned loose early to shift for himself. He became a clerk somewhere down town, barely able to make both ends meet out of a moderate salary. But he was never down on his luck, never morose; his happy temperament and his sense of humor helped him through. He had studious tastes which he developed under difficulties, pulling out his books in the spare moments of business hours—yet this without a sign of priggishness; on the contrary, he showed great tact in dealing with all sorts of men agreeably on their own ground. He could be firm enough if occasion required it, but he remained courteous always. His secret was the rare gift of unselfishness. I really believe that he thought of himself last in all cases where a question of precedence was involved. There never was a mean streak in him. The worst of us has his secret admiration, if you can only get at it, for somebody most unlike himself, and I had mine for Harry Ludlow, though we were never very intimate; he was an older man, you see, and for the greater part of his life a very busy one; everybody liked him, moreover; if ever a man lived without an enemy, it was surely he.

"Well, about this time, as the almanacs say, Miss Lancaster appeared upon the scene. You can easily imagine how she looked. Her beauty, always of the stately kind, would have assured her success without the other influences. If she was not immediately marked down by the fortune-hunters, it was perhaps because they stood a little in awe of her keen eye and clear head. For she had money in her own right, more money in prospect; money enough to count, for or against, and with one man, at least, it counted against her.

"It was late in her first winter that Miss Lancaster made the acquaintance of Harry Ludlow. They were introduced at a ball. I was standing near, and the circumstance impressed itself upon me because she looked her very best that night, and our little knot of men, gathered as usual about the doorway, remarked that they made a fine combination. They got on famously, and I haven't the smallest doubt now that Harry was bowled over in that first interview. After this, they were in the way of meeting constantly, as was only natural; but I can't remember any gossip of a possible engagement. It probably never got to that, for as the spring came on Harry shied off, cut society, refused to go anywhere, on account of business, he said. It is undoubtedly true that he had been promoted a peg, perhaps even then had made his first small excursion into copper; but he still held only a clerkship, and his real reason for secluding himself was quite different, as I have reason to know. He wanted to avoid Miss Lancaster, or rather Miss Lancaster's money, that was the amount of it—an absurdly morbid scruple, no doubt; but if he had a fault, it was that of over-attentiveness to the world's opinion.

"So, having grown to be intimate friends, they drifted apart. Miss Lancaster passed her summer in Europe, while Harry toiled on here in the heat harder and harder, until at last he broke down. When he began to mend they persuaded him to take a vacation, and on his way home, in good health and spirits, he stopped for a week's visit at a country-house, never dreaming the fates had ordained that Miss Lancaster should return from abroad just in time to meet him there. And there, just what might have been expected occurred, under these favorable influences, in the bright autumn weather. Years afterward, one of the party told me that her interest in him was so marked as to make some sort of understanding between them seem inevitable before the end of the visit. What the lookers-on saw, Harry must have seen, and that, together with the unwonted propinquity, finished him. His scruples melted away; losing his head completely, as he had already lost his heart, on the last day he offered himself to Miss Lancaster, and was accepted. But the party broke up

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without the discovery that they had come to a formal engagement—an engagement never formally discovered by the world at large; for a week or two later, when the time came to announce it, Miss Lancaster changed her mind and concluded to break it off instead. There had been no quarrel; I doubt if the man ever quarrelled with anybody, and I am sure he never did with her; no, she broke her word calmly and deliberately, finding that she had made a little mistake, and that she could not love him enough to marry him—that was all.

"It is safe to assume that Harry Ludlow did not accept this situation without a struggle, though exactly what arguments he brought to bear I can't say, for he never confided in me. One thing is certain, namely, that all his resistance came to nothing. He was shelved, conscientiously if you will, but definitely; and he never forgot it. The change in him was gradual; he dropped one club after another, until you had to go out of your way if you wanted to meet him. It was always pleasant to do so, but you could not help feeling that he had sobered down and grown old, and that he liked to be alone at the end of the day's work. His best friends may have imagined that there was an underlying cause for this, but if so they held their tongues about it; which is equivalent to saying that the true state of the case was never suspected at all.

"We are accustomed to conclude, though the evidence is far from conclusive, that the law of compensation adjusts all our worldly affairs for us sooner or later; and according to this, Ludlow was entitled to the stroke of luck which actually came some time in the course of the next two years. A turn of the wheel made him independent, more than that, rich, for a man of his moderate ideas. As he had never liked business life, he promptly drew out of it and went abroad, where he travelled for a while, collecting books, writing verses, disporting himself generally. Then he came back to us, fitted up apartments, renewed his former friendships, made new ones, and was his old self again, except in one important particular; society, so-called, he had now given up absolutely; certain of its lady-patronesses did their utmost to entice him to their houses, but the pet bird had tried his wings and would not be domesticated any more. He was most amiable with them, laughing at his own laziness, as he called it; there were too many changes of costume in the fashionable day to suit him; he had crystallized, his habits were formed; he had his books to study, his fire to tend, his friends who dropped in at night to entertain, and these pursuits sufficed for a man of his years. He had abandoned all thought of marriage. Why, then, should he pose in the market-place to awaken in the female heart hopes of acquirement that could never be realized?

"The shrewd observer would have hesitated to call Ludlow a happy man, perhaps; but he thus contrived to pass for a contented one, carrying his point, and holding his own course without offence. He was not permitted to hold it long, however; in a year or so the law of compensation interfered again, this time for a final adjustment. He caught cold one day, and died the next without a will, leaving his little property to be distributed among a dozen heirs."

Here Arkwright paused to eye me for a moment; then he drained his glass, and at my suggestion we ordered more of the same.

"So," said I, with a shade of disappointment which my tone no doubt betrayed, "they never met, never came together; and that is all?"

"Not quite," he replied; "though your inference is not unnatural. The story of my life and yours, I suppose, will end with the grave, as most lives do. But Ludlow, you see, was a horse of another color."

"What do you mean?"

"I'll tell you. But, first, let us go back for a moment to that woman."

"Meaning Miss Lancaster?"

"Yes; always reminding you that she is very charitable, and therefore to be dealt with tenderly. In her, all this time, no mental change whatever was apparent. No shadow of Ludlow's unhappiness darkened her life, nor did she become identified with good works then. She simply pursued pleasure and caught

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up with it, in all its rose-colored schemes taking the lead to which she was entitled as a reigning beauty. For, through the four years that intervened before poor Harry's death, she held her own triumphantly so far as looks went, and gained in distinction of manner, in grace, ease, and all that goes to make up what we call charm. Her success was marvellous, and she had the good sense to seem unaware of it. 'If one could only get her!' was in the mind, I'll venture to say, if not upon the lips, of many eligible men. The details of the Ludlow affair had been kept dark; and though she may have rejected subsequently a score of lovers, for aught I know, there was no blame attached to her on their account. She had never committed herself to another engagement, I am sure, when her second Richmond rode into the field. As he is still alive, it would be unfair to tell you his name. We will call him X, if you please, and take his good looks, his virtues, and defects for granted; the fact that she found him worthy of her steel need not force me to establish his identity.

"There can be no harm in stating, though, that X had been an absentee, and therefore had all the effect of a new figure on her wide horizon. He fell into line at once, and soon worked his way to a place in the front rank of her admirers. Now call me, if you like, a barbarous bigot, for the emphatic assertion that from that point she lured him on. A woman, as you must know very well, may encourage a man in divers little ways that severally amount to nothing, but that, summed up together, can only convince him that he is not indifferent to her. These devices Miss Lancaster understood, and she employed them with the happiest results. She kept her eye upon the game, which was decoyed, snared, bagged. In other words, X in his turn became engaged to her. He was desperately in love, and on the dull November afternoon in which she gave him her favorable answer he could not contain himself. It had been arranged, as usual in such cases, I believe, that the news should not get out until certain friends who might feel aggrieved contrariwise could be duly notified—a matter of a week or so. But going home that day, X fell in with me, and poured his happiness into my sympathetic ear, first swearing me to secrecy. In this way, quite by chance, my ear also became the repository of the bitterness that followed.

"All this took place in the year of Ludlow's death. Six weeks after that event it may have been, when this first confidence was thrust upon me. A day or two later I went to the Ludlow book sale. I must explain that since Harry died intestate, the administrator had arranged for the disposal of his library at public auction. A formal advertisement stated that the books would be sold singly after the usual manner, in alphabetical order, according to a numbered catalogue. I wanted a remembrance of him, so I looked in on the first afternoon to see how things stood, and found them dismal to the last degree. A driving storm made the attendance very small; we were scarcely twenty souls all told, and though the dealers ran up prices now and then, the bidding could not have been called lively. The auction-room was intolerably hot and stuffy, and its flaming gaslight in the middle half blinded me until I had moved down beyond it close under the desk; there biding my time, while book after book that I did not want went for a song, in spite of sharp flings at the general sluggishness from our auctioneer, who nearly lost his patience. At last he put up a Sir Thomas Browne in an old edition—1646, I think; this, though not especially valuable, struck my fancy, and I made a motion for it. My bid was raised once, twice, and again, obviously by a signal like my own, for no one had spoken. Glancing over my shoulder I saw that my silent competitor was a woman, the only one present, a late-comer apparently, who stood at the back of the room near the door. Her veil was down, and the gas-flame between us was so dazzling that her figure could scarcely be made out from my advanced position. I neither recognized her, nor had the remotest idea that we had ever met, but I did not bid again. She bought the book, and before her name could be demanded, a clerk, stepping forward, whispered that

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the lady wished to carry off her property at once. As she did so, I saw in mild surprise that I had been crossing swords with Miss Lancaster. Without a look at the small quarto in old calf, which I still coveted, she paid her price hastily and turned to go. But a bit of paper, fluttering out, detained her an instant longer; she caught this up, examined it, and laid it back carefully between the leaves. 'A loose title,' I thought, as the door closed behind her; 'or, perhaps, only a fly-leaf with poor Harry Ludlow's autograph.' My guesses hit wide of the mark; for the loose sheet was not a fly-leaf, not yet a title-page, nor had it anything whatever to do with the quaint discourse upon 'Urn-Burial,' in which by chance it had lain buried. It was merely one of Harry's own manuscripts carelessly left there, no doubt, at the time of its composition. Had I bought the book, I should have treasured always, without fully comprehending it, this scrap of work from Ludlow's brain and hand. For me it would have had great value, but no particular significance. Chance willed otherwise, and gave the document straight into the hands of the one human being who was capable of its interpretation, the very one, in fact, to whom it was addressed. In spite of that, the writer, I am convinced, never meant for a single moment to bring his lines to Miss Lancaster's notice; and, if his own words are to be trusted, the direct result of their disclosure was the last thing on earth he would have desired.

"This result, unexplained at first, was not long delayed. Three nights after my small adventure of the auction-room, when I had entirely forgotten it, X burst in upon me very late, pale as a ghost, with a look most unlike a happy lover's.

"'Good Heavens!' I stammered. 'What has happened? Miss Lancaster——'

"'Miss Lancaster—yes;' he explained incoherently. 'I have been out of town—called away suddenly on business—called back suddenly too, by this!' And he handed me a letter.

"It was hers, begging to be released from her engagement. She did not love him as he deserved to be loved. Her discovery had come too late, but happily in time to prevent its coming to the world's knowledge. He must forgive her, if he could—forget her, at all events. Nothing could alter this determination, into which she had been led reluctantly but irrevocably through no fault of his. She was much to blame, she should never forgive herself; and she implored him to make no attempt to see her. A meeting would bring only deeper pain to both.

"Dumb with astonishment, I turned to X, who had watched me tremulously.

"'What do you say to that?' he gasped in a strange voice, almost unrecognizable. He was like a man standing appalled in the presence of sudden death, for whom one fears that the shock may also prove his death-blow.

"'Say?' I repeated, indignantly. 'Why, this is monstrous! You must insist upon seeing her, insist that she shall give you an explanation!'

"He paced the room for a while, unable to talk, then grew calmer; and we discussed the matter at great length. He left me, promising to see her, to let me know, afterward, what came of it. I waited two days, but had no word. Then I wrote, and received a line in answer requesting me to call upon him.

"The excitement had passed off, and, though very grave and sad, he was self-possession itself. At my inquiring look, he shook his head; then quietly informed me that, according to my advice, he had seen her that very day. She had, at first, refused to explain her letter, but, overcome with his reproaches, had yielded and had confessed to serving Ludlow in the same fashion. She had made a terrible mistake, that never could be set right in this world. Ludlow was the man she had really preferred above all others, the only man on earth she ever could have loved. In vain X urged that two wrongs never made a right, that poor Ludlow was dead and buried, that he, himself, lived and loved her, that she had promised to love him. She was deaf to his logic, deaf to his entreaties. She could not keep her promise. Assured of this herself, she had now but one duty—to make him assured of it. And when, at last, with all his arguments exhausted,

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he stood speechless before this calm, unemotional conviction, she closed their debate forever by handing him the paper found in Ludlow's copy of the 'Urn-Burial.' It was merely the rough draft of some verses. They are not remarkably original, not great in any way. They do not even show the high-water mark of Ludlow's rivulet of talent. And yet, with your permission, I will read them to you."

Night had almost descended upon us, and our lamps had not been lighted. But in the window where we sat it was still possible to make out a line of print. Arkwright turned to the shelf, took down the book again, and stepping nearer to the light found his place in it.

"Listen!" he said. "As I told you before, they are addressed

'TO HER.'

'Though you and I have not met for years,
To-night, I wake in that mist of tears
One thought of old had the force to start—
The thought that never has left my heart.

For love like mine, deny it who can,
Comes once, but once, in the life of man;
And if he triumphs, the skies may fall,
And if he loses, he loses all.

I wonder if you regret; perchance,
Some word of the past, some circumstance
Has proved the worth of that force unseen,
And made you long for what might have been.

Or, in the future, this written word
May plead with notes in my voice unheard,
To make you pause at the broken line
And sigh, and say: "All his life was mine!"

Ah, then, perchance, I shall hear the grass
Pressed softly back, as your footsteps pass
To bring, where my sightless eyes shall see,
The tear for my grave, denied to me.

Nay, do not come; for I think my love
Would burst its cerements, the weight above,
And my fierce arms strive through turf and mould
For you, with that force you feared of old!

No, no; I would not that all the pain
I feel, by you should be felt again.
I would not, though Heaven before me shone,
Bring you to know all that I have known.

Live on, to think that the wound has healed
With never a scar to be revealed;
When we two meet in the coming years,
Peace to your smiles, and to me no tears!'"

Arkwright's low, clear voice had for once a degree of expression in it that surprised and interested me. I should have declared him incapable of so much feeling. He put away the book without comment; then taking his old place, he lighted a cigar and handed one to me. Absorbed in something else, I accepted it mechanically, becoming conscious a moment later that I had sighed in doing so.

Arkwright laughed gently. "Thanks!" said he. "You make a friendly audience. The thing is not worth much, yet I hoped it would touch you."

"Yes," I said, still following my own thought more than his. "So she leads, as you say, a life of expiation?"

"But with no such self-admission, you may be sure," he retorted. "Her regret was like her beauty, skin-deep, as the regret of such a woman must always be. She has drifted into the life she liked best. That's the whole story."

"How you hate her!" said I, thoroughly myself once more. "Upon my soul, I believe you are the unknown quantity. Does your name begin with X?"

"Thank you, no!" said Arkwright, laughing. "I have not soared so high. My hatred is only upon general principles. Do you want proof? A man never hates his own destroying angel. You know that as well as I do."

"You are taking a great deal for granted," I protested. "But your evidence has weight, I admit. They say, the fellow who is blighted always defends his blighter."

"'They say' is good," he insisted.

"But X?" said I, to divert his train of thought a little. "Joking apart, what became of him?"

"Nothing. And that's the mischief of it," replied Arkwright, gravely. "He lives along like the rest of us. Not gifted with Ludlow's tastes and resources, he made no attempt to improve himself. In consequence, he has deteriorated. You meet him here often, so do I. He knows that I know, and he always remembers the fact and regrets it, though he hasn't mentioned it for years. As Sir Thomas Browne would say, he has lain down in Darkness and has his light in Ashes. As I say, all

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the finest possibilities of his nature have shrivelled away for lack of cultivation. You ought to see him pass a friend's child in the street. It gives him, sometimes, a very queer look. All the secret of his life is there. He kills his days off somehow, one by one—and his nights. He sits up too late, plays too many games of cards, eats and drinks more than is good for him, does always a little too much of everything. His process of slow degeneration is not a pleasant one to contemplate. But what would you have? He must do something. He can't go home, you see."

"'Und das hat mit ihrem Singen die Lorelei gethan,'" I suggested.

"Precisely. Good soul that she is!"

I made no answer, and he drummed upon the table in the dark until the electric burners overhead flashed up, making the room a blaze of light. I leaned back for Ludlow's little book which was just within my reach.

"What are you about?" inquired Arkwright, sharply.

"One of those lines was rather good," I replied. "I want to remember it."

"Stop!" said he. "I'll find it for you."

But I had already examined the short table of contents from the beginning to the end.

"Why, the thing is not here!" said I, looking up as I spoke at Arkwright's face, which had suddenly become a study in confusion.

"No," he faltered. "I repeated it from memory. The book kept me in countenance——"

"Fudge!" I cried; "let us have no nonsense. You wrote those verses."

"Well—and if I did?"

"But your story? The lady—X—Ludlow?"

"All true, except the poem-incident which I introduced on the spur of the moment—clumsily, I confess. She never would have given it to X, you know. The white lie was an act of gallantry on my part, for the lady hadn't even that poor excuse; she threw one man over as she did the other, with no excuse at all, unless her purchase at the auction stands for one. In justice to her, I must assure you again that she really did make that small display of feeling."

"She never saw the verses, then?"

"How could she? I wrote them at home, the night before last, looking at my other arm-chair. It suddenly occurred to me, just now, to try the thing, as they say, 'on a dog.' I reaped my reward. One line is 'rather good,' in his opinion. You won't betray my authorship?"

"No," said I, laughing. "On condition that I come in for a copy."

"I see. It will do for you, as Jingle's marriage-license did for Tuppy. No names are mentioned. It is like the poet's 'Any Wife to Any Husband,' with a difference: 'Any Veteran to Any Lost Mistress!' I appreciate the compliment; you shall have your line."

"Brute!" I returned. "Where are you dining? Let us eat together. Pringle has taught the cook a new *sauce Béarnaise*, and old Weston has sent in some early tomatoes from his forcing-house. We can have a bottle of Brut; and there is that new vintage of Burgundy we haven't tried."

"Hum! More or less recoil in that. It depends upon what we are likely to do afterward."

"Well, we have euchre, whist, pool, and poker for a choice. Or we might——"

"Very good, I am with you," said Arkwright, graciously. "Anything, rather than go home!"

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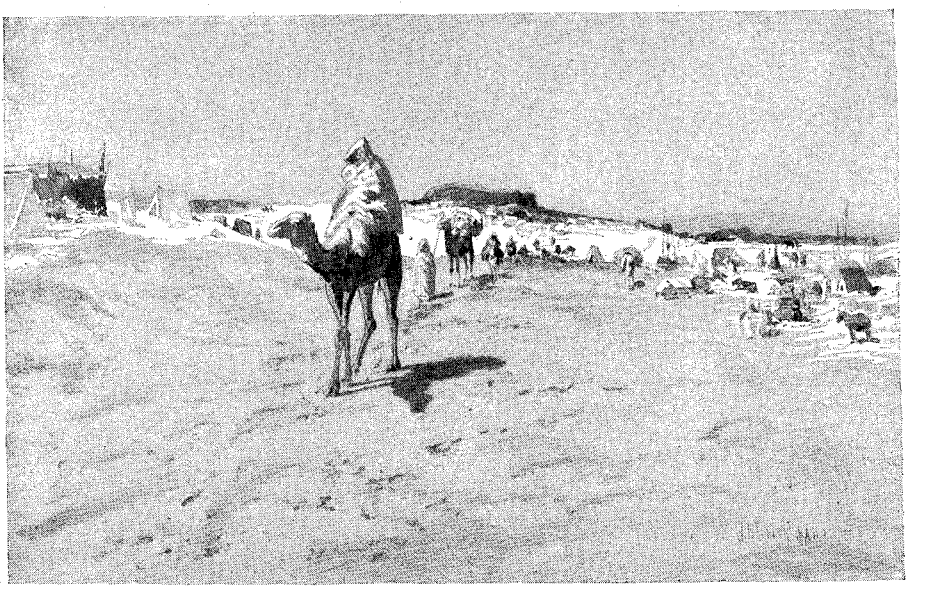

Peasants Coming to Town with Produce.

FROM SPANISH LIGHT TO MOORISH SHADOW.

By Alfred Jerome Weston.

THE Doctor and I were standing, at the time, in the midst of our belongings, at the top of a companion-ladder upon the deck of a little steamship lying at anchor in the harbor of Cadiz, and on the point of sailing for Morocco. We had effected our embarkation with difficulty, after much spirited debating with the Spanish boatmen who had rowed us out from the quays. The wrangle over, and the bundles and budgets safely stowed, our ruffled fur soon resumed its normal position and we were enabled peacefully to drink in the beauties of the splendid panorama around us. We had seen it many times before, but never in the early morning during a May sunrise, and the magnificent beauty of the scene startled and kept us silent, as we leaned upon the taffrail, gazing at the lovely transition from night to day. Around us stretched the black waters of the bay and beyond the inky ocean, while directly before our eyes nestled the "Silver City" at the extremity of its slender peninsular, almost a water city. The glow in the eastern sky at first gave a ruddy tinge to the picture before us, and seemed gently to spread over the dark waters a rich crimson mantle, which, floating upon the bosom of the bay, alternately showed black and red with the rhythmic undulation of the swell. But relentless Phœbus will not check his flying steeds, and, as his flaming chariot nears the horizon, the mantle on the water, gradually changing color, with the steadily deepening blue overhead, and the steadily increasing white light from the approaching sun, becomes alternately pink and blue, while the white walls of the city become silver and pink. The exquisite beauty of the picture is enhanced, less gloomily subdued, brighter and more delicately tinted, while the highlights and outlines become more clearly defined in the now more perfect transparency of the atmosphere. There are but a few moments in which to enjoy this lovely fairy painting, for the rapidly advancing sun is now close to the horizon, the pink tint slowly fades away, the eastern sky becomes saffron, the vault

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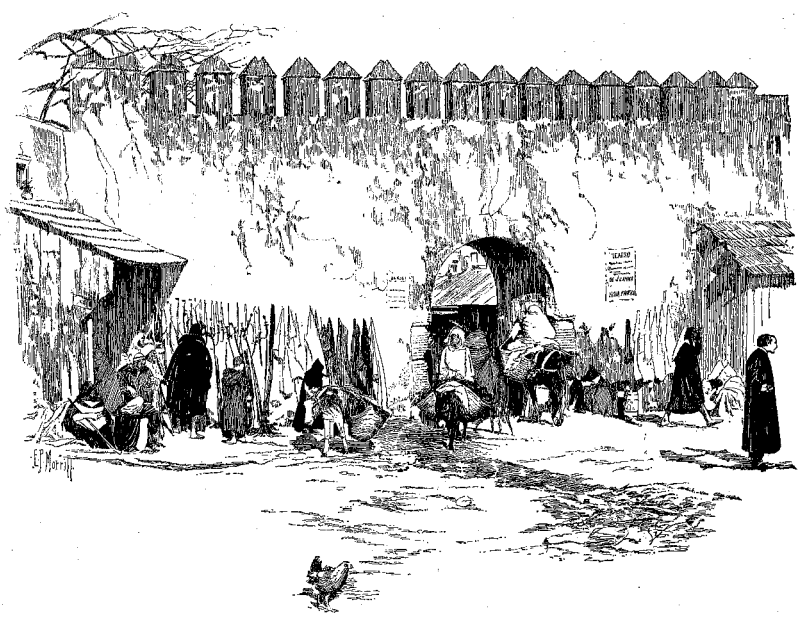
above a purer blue, and the mantle upon the bay, chameleon-like, turns, alternately blue and gold, to the measured tempo of the sea, as the angle of the surface-water, ever changing, at intervals reflects the glittering yellow of the sky. The city, too, for an instant is gilt, when suddenly its steeples and towers catching the first slanting rays of the sun's clear white light, the fairy picture vanishes, and the scene becomes human, mortal, but its mortal loveliness, if perhaps more commonplace, is scarcely less beautiful. The weird, vapory vision is gone, the radiant, blazing light arouses us from a dream, that is all, and now we gaze upon the superb reality of Nature. The flaming sun-disk seems almost to leap the horizon, and, shedding his dazzling white splendor over all, lends beauty, bewildering beauty, to the city and the bay. Auburon has given place to Apollo, and the water is no longer enchanted, the city no longer bewitched. The zenith has become deep azure, gradually fading to a paler blue toward the horizon, where scattered fleecy clouds, gilt-edged, float slowly westward. The bay seems liquid sapphire, white-dotted with the reflection of the clouds, while a breeze laden with the fragrance of Andalusian wild flowers comes out from the land, gently at first, barely ruffling the surface-water into tiny ripples, but presently as it gathers strength from the sun's increasing warmth, the miniature waves begin to comb, and a myriad tiny "white-horses" spring up over the water, hopping and prancing, glittering and sparkling in the ever-increasing brilliancy of the sunlight, until the deep blue of the harbor is shot with toppling little wave-crests. Back of us, almost around us, circles the water-front of Cadiz, the city stretching away in the distance, the long rows of white, terrace-crowned buildings brightly shining in the twofold light, the beautifully limpid atmosphere making even the details of their structure visible from the ship. Looming high above the city rise the lofty towers and dome of the cathedral, the spires of San Antonio, and the Torre de Tavira; around them cluster the less pretentious buildings adorned with pretty azoteas, and sometimes, at the angles, with a turret or a belvedere. Here and there gilt miradores, enclosed with glass, flash back the blinding sun-rays, the bright spots, softened by distance and sparkling from the white setting of the back-



Bab-el-Sok (the Market Gate).

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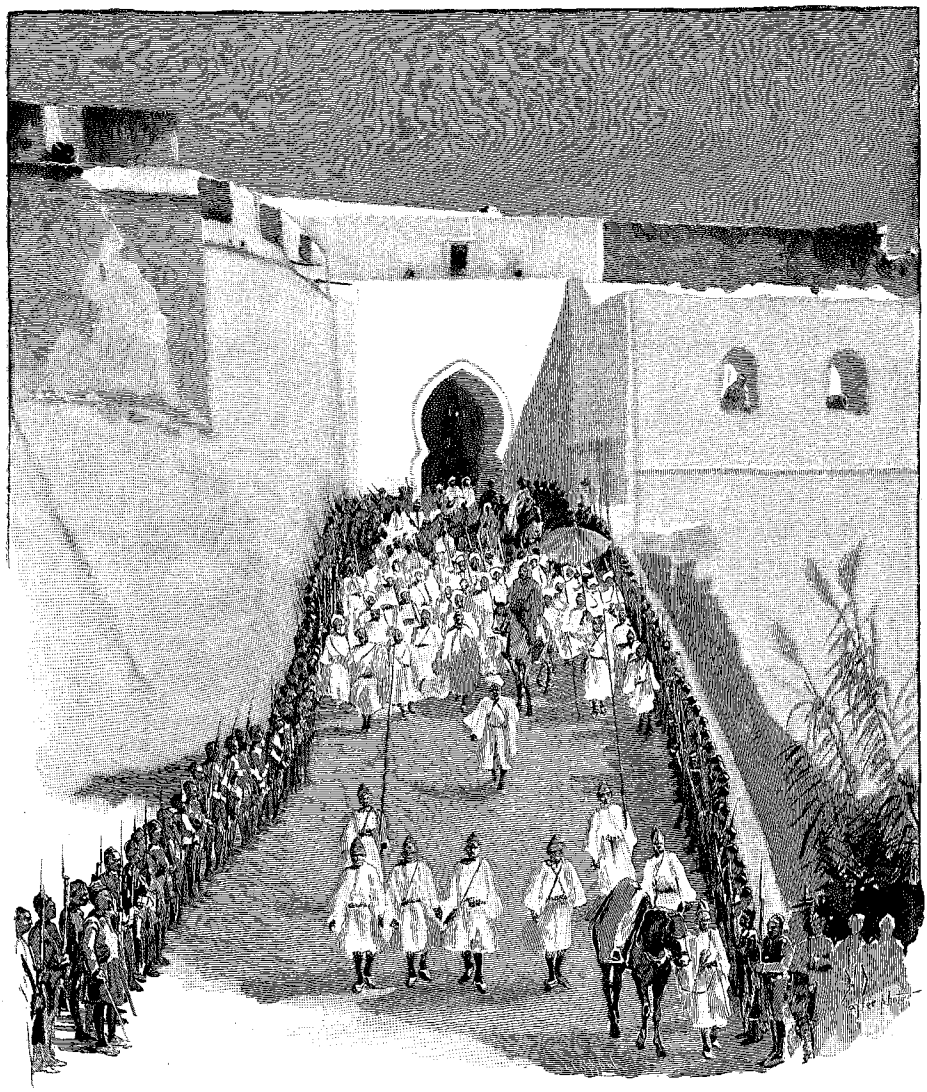

Sultan and Guards Coming through the Bab-el-Caaba.

ground, seeming to stud the city with gigantic yellow gems.

The belated mail finally arrives, and the steamer, turning her prow seaward, slowly steams out of the harbor, carefully picking her way among the various vessels riding at anchor around her. Skimming over the bay in every direction are numerous small craft, moving some of them easily and rapidly, others laboriously and slowly—according to the course they steer, the means of propulsion, and the amount of their little cargoes. A few are under sail, heeled well over by the pressure of the freshening breeze—the white "bone in their teeth" exploding from time to time into glittering spray, as the prows strike squarely into the snappy little head-seas, instead of riding over them. Others are rowed with long, heavy sweeps, sluggishly toiling toward the Muelle against wind and wave—bending oars and brawny backs and arms straining to win each foot of distance, while still others, bound down the wind, easily glide along, their rapidly dipping oars flashing in the sunlight and their more fortunate crews ex-

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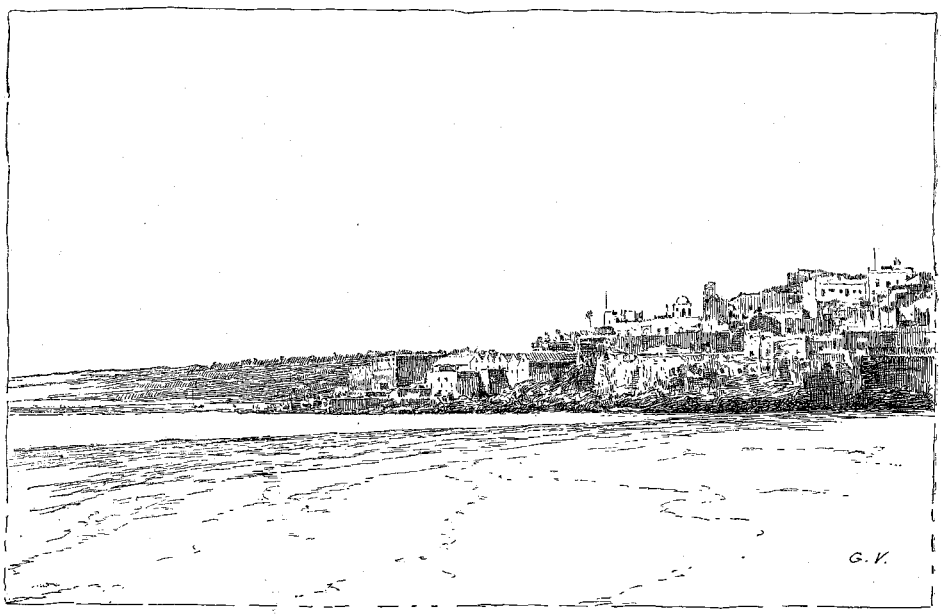
changing friendly banter with the toilers as they swiftly pass.

The whole bay seems peopled with these little vessels and animated by the voices of their crews, as fragments of laughter and chaff, quarrelling and oaths, are borne to us over the surface of the water. In a few moments our own steamer is clear of the harbor and scrambling along at full speed in the ocean swell, rising and falling, as each broad, blue billow gently rolls under her. The beautiful city slowly fades from view, and as at last even its towers, domes, and light-houses become vague and dim, we reluctantly turn away to gaze upon the low-lying, sandy coast and the uprising inland country. Soon Trafalgar Bay comes into view, sterile in natural beauty, but rich in the historic interest so beautifully commemorated by the great square and lion-guarded column in London, perpetually to remind the British youth of his duty to England. Far away to the left towers the huge gray rock of Gibraltar—a monster porcupine bristling with two thousand Armstrong quills, grimly guarding an inland ocean and vividly recalling to the passing world the existence of the little vampire island in the North. Some Frenchman has called it "le luxe et la coquetterie de l'imprenable."

So we bade to Spain farewell, beautiful in all, save her bull-fights and boatmen.

What had been a smoky outline has now developed into the picturesque coast of green—not arid—Africa, and the steamer soon enters the broad, blue bay of Tangier. To the left projects into the sea Cape Malabatte (Ras El Menar), to the right Cape Spartel (Ras-Achakkar), a great mass of hard sandstone, towering nine hundred feet above the sea. Viewed from a distance, the white town creeping from the water's edge up the hillsides behind it, presents the appearance of a toy city, its houses resembling cubes of billiard chalk of various sizes, arranged haphazard. It is not imposing, nor is it very beautiful—only Oriental and picturesque. A veritable flotilla of small boats, far out in the bay, is already awaiting the steamer's arrival at the point where she is expected to anchor; and others, belated ones, are on their way from the shore. The Sultan seems to have abandoned to the watermen of Tangier the luckless voyagers to his



View of Tangier from the Harbor.

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DRAWN BY HERBERT DENMAN.

Moorish Maidens.

ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

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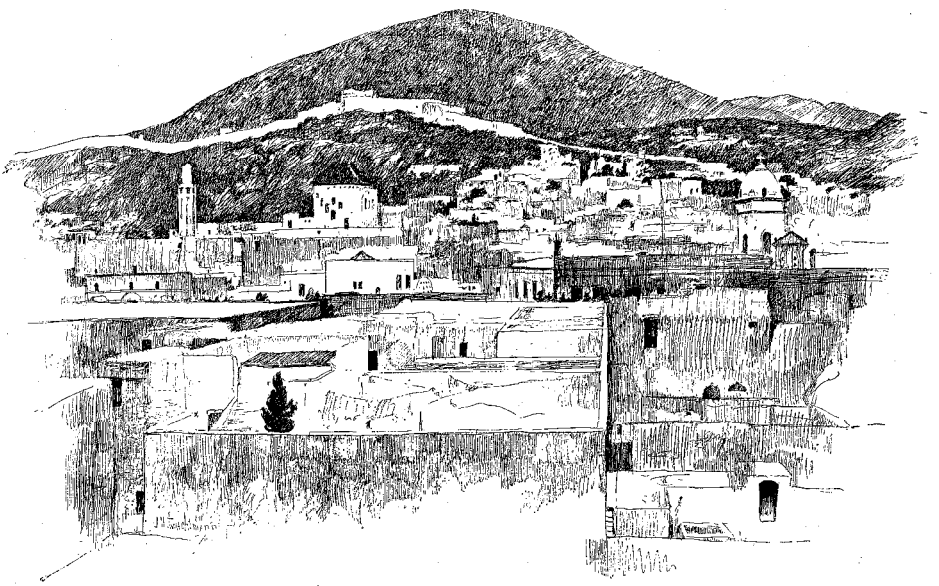
realm, and each arriving steamer successively becomes their prey. It is a curious and by no means an agreeable sensation to feel one's self a "prey," and especially is it unpleasant when manifestly you are not nearly "enough to go round."

The ship is already close to the little fleet whose scowling, black-visaged and white-turbaned crews are rending the air with harsh, guttural yells and unfamiliar but seemingly round and effective Mohammedan curses. They are all fiercely quarrelling among themselves, even members of the same crew, and as the steamer veers to let go her anchor, there is a frantic scramble to keep upon her port side, where the companion-ladder is being lowered. Oars become entangled, boats come into collision, ribs are punched, fingers pinched, and the yelling and cursing redoubled. White teeth and white turbans, black skins and blacker scowls, a mass of jabbering, hungry, excited apes bent upon securing a pitifully limited number of cocoanuts—and, alas, we are the cocoanuts.

Propelled by the lazy Tangerine stroke, the boat, in spite of its six stout rowers, moves but slowly toward the little projecting wharf, and ample time is afforded to enjoy the view of the bay and the shore. The foot of the harbor is girt with a long white beach, back of which rise the dunes, also white, and back of these again the brilliant tropical green of the vegetation—the deep blue of the sea and the green of the land prettily contrasted and emphasized by the intervening line of white.



Walls of the City of Tangier.

The city, shaped like an amphitheatre, lies well to the right, forming a terminus to the beach, its houses, mosques, and fortifications, climbing up and crowning the heights upon which it is built, present the appearance of a great snow-bank, caught in the depression between the hills and still defying the summer sun. Perched upon the opposite hill, and commanding the city, is the ancient and once formidable alcasaba, its prominent position and its crennellated walls lending much to the picturesqueness of the landscape. The scene is truly Oriental, and were it not for a few European-looking villas scattered here and there, and the foreign flags floating from the various embassies (for Tangier is the politico-diplomatic capital of the Empire), one might readily fancy himself in some far-off eastern land, thousands of miles away from the civilization of Europe. It is barely five hours since leaving Spain, and yet here we suddenly

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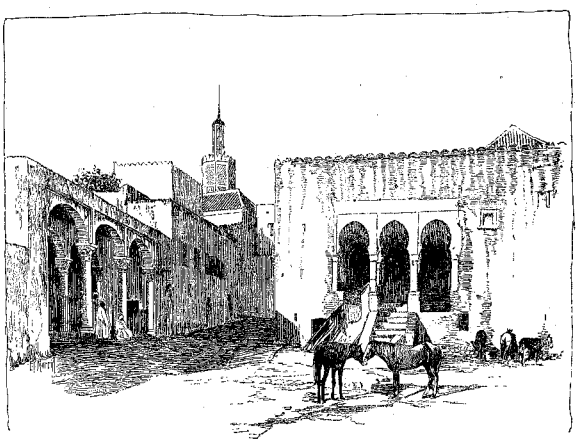
find ourselves in the midst of people totally different from those with whom we breakfasted—in race, religion, and civilization. In the morning we were living in the nineteenth century, surrounded by science, learning, and art, and among a people who, if differing from ourselves in race, still belong to our age and fundamentally are in sympathy with us in aim, religion, and thought. At noon all is changed. White men have become black; trousers have become burnooses; hats, turbans; cathedrals, mosques; crosses, crescents; enlightenment, darkness. Civilization has been left behind, and in five little hours, hardly more than one might pass at the opera, our ship has borne us backward along the path of time as many centuries. It is dreamy, weird, fantastic, and the doctor even thought he smelled brimstone and suggested that "his majesty" had been shifting the scenes. Often have we been requested upon the programme to fancy a lapse of five years between the acts, and we have accomplished it, but never have we experienced the sensation of so suddenly parting with five centuries. There is much, of course, to remind us of our epoch—the villas, the flags, the steamer, ourselves—but it is far too little to disturb the illusion—we and the rest are merely anachronisms, incongruous and out of place. The city is an absurd relic of mediæval life, and it is difficult to take it seriously. It must be, in its homely, every-day life, but little changed from what it was one thousand years ago—for notwithstanding its close proximity to the advancing civilization of Europe, with the indo-



The Palace of Justice, Prison, Bank, and Chief Mosque, Tangier.

Camels near the Market-place.

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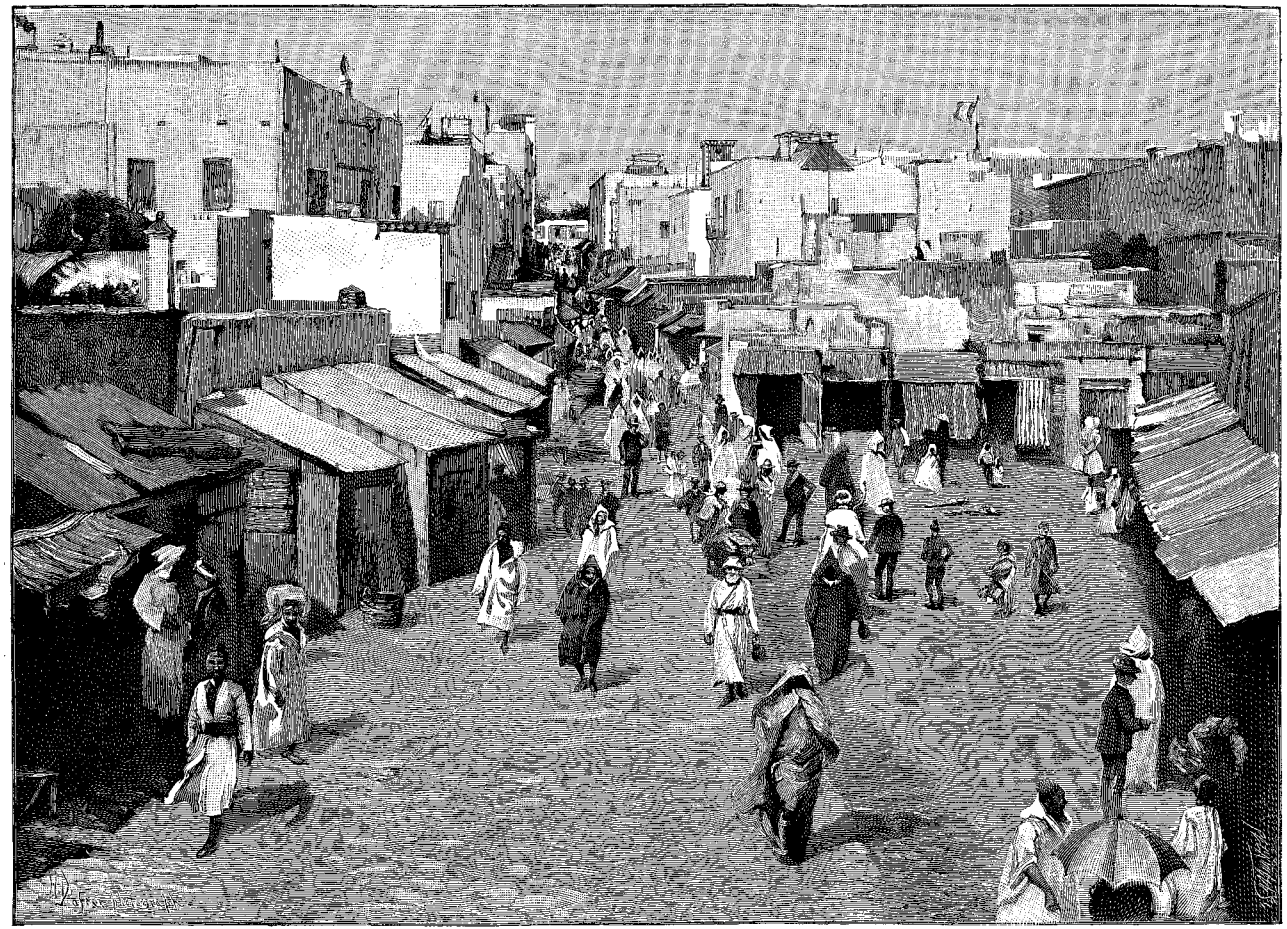

DRAWN BY HERBERT DENMAN.

Soco Chico—the Main Street of Tangier.

ENGRAVED BY H. W. PECKWELL.

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lent contentment of the degenerate Moslem—it has not only declined to be influenced thereby, but, from a total lack of any native inclination to keep abreast of the world, it has failed even to hold its own and is to-day far to leeward of the position it occupied several centuries ago. It is truly a Rip Van Winkle among cities, a wonderfully quaint curiosity of the past, which would seem more appropriately situated within the walls of some mammoth museum than upon the shores of the Straits of Gibraltar, gravely masquerading as a modern city.

Arrived at the landing, we at once engaged a guide, who in turn employs a small boy and a diminutive donkey to transport our luggage to the hotel. With dexterous hands the urchin builds over the donkey a pyramid of satchels, rugs, dress-suit cases, hat-boxes, valises, all lashed together, until nothing is visible of the patient little beast but four tiny black hoofs, each one surmounted by six inches of mouse-colored leg. When all is prepared the legs begin to wiggle and our luggage rapidly to move along the narrow wharf to the Custom House upon the shore. The Custom House at Tangier differs radically from the American institution, both in its structure and officers, but the difference is purely physical in both instances, for so soon as we (donkey and all) enter the low archway, under which are squatted grave and ancient Moors upon wooden deewàns, an "exchange of courtesies" passes between the guide and the most stately among the officers, and the donkey, seeming to understand the unuttered conversation, promptly begins to wiggle his legs again, the luggage once more becomes animated and disappears through the other end of the arch into the street. The walk from the harbor to the hotel is not a pleasant one, for the day is very warm, and the noon sun is pouring down into the narrow streets, heating the rough and uneven paving blocks until they burn the soles of one's feet, while the white-washed walls of the houses reflect the scorching heat and dazzling light, and completely shut out the refreshing breeze. So we clamber along up the hilly streets with heads bowed beneath umbrellas, and with eyes half shut to avoid the painful glare, paying as little heed to objects that are passed as would pedestrians in a heavy rain-storm. Trudging on in silence, hurrying a little in order not to lose sight of the nimble little donkey in front, and urged to increased exertion by refreshing visions of a cold bath, we soon arrive at a particular piece of wall with arched entrance and stained-glass door. The donkey has been relieved of his burden, and Arab porters, clad in picturesque liveries, are busy transferring it to the hotel office within, through a wide, cool corridor, hung upon either side with Moorish weapons, ancient and modern, artistically arranged like trophies—knives with wickedly curved blades, daggers with elaborately ornamented handles and sheaths, rusty scimitars of all sorts, and guns, old flint-locks with absurdly long barrels and stocks inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ivory. At the end of this corridor is a glass-enclosed and covered court, also deliciously cool, furnished with comfortable cane chairs and sofas of generous proportions, and adorned with a profusion of tropical plants in green tubs. From this attractive lounging-place, looking directly down upon the beach and bay two hundred feet below, and revelling in the refreshing breeze blowing steadily in from the sea, one soon forgets the ordeal climb through the sweltering alley-streets to reach it. Here of an evening, and occasionally of a morning, a wandering band of Moorish musicians will be allowed to enter and dispense from prehistoric instruments alleged music for the entertainment of infidel guests in the adjoining dining-room, reaping in return a small harvest of copper—not for the pleasure they have given, but for the curiosity they have amply satisfied. Here, too, gentlemen assemble to discuss the events of the day or to formulate plans for the morrow, reclining in the long cane chairs, enjoying their after-dinner coffee and cigars.

The late afternoon is cool, and the white stone walls and ragged pavements no longer reflect the scorching heat; the glare, too, is greatly lessened, and one may now look about him without

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pain. The multitude of narrow winding, criss-cross streets (so called)—twisting, turning, and intersecting in labyrinthine confusion—are all exactly alike: two long stone walls in which appear from time to time heavy wooden doors, furnished with worn and ancient bolts and knockers, and, high up, occasional heavily barred square holes, which serve as windows—not to provide light and ventilation, for the real windows open upon sunny courts within, but to enable the curious among the inhabitants to observe, apparently from a safe distance, what is passing in the street below. Each house has one of these peep-holes and one door, so that only a native Tangerine can distinguish them. So like is street to street and house to house, so uniform the monotonous white upon all sides, that one might readily imagine the entire city hewn out from some great limestone quarry. The streets are so paved as to serve the double purpose of thoroughfare and gutter—being considerably lower in the middle than upon the sides, and inasmuch as the street-cleaning department chiefly consists of occasional diluvian rain-falls provided by Allah, there are quantities of decaying household refuse, mixed with dust and bits of straw, lying about everywhere, which give rise to most disagreeable odors and make locomotion an art. Thus far the city seems almost devoid of life, and only now and then do we have to move aside to allow a pedestrian or donkey to pass by. Here and there in open door-ways are seated Jewish women, sewing or chatting, and we are enabled to catch a glimpse through the hallways, of the neat and pretty courts within, in which the people really live. Turning a sharp angle, the street comes out upon a miniature square, one corner of which is occupied by the city prison. Somewhat larger than the buildings around it—and constructed of solid masonry, it has, at one end, a triple arched entrance above a short flight of steps which gives access to a rectangular corridor, where, sprawled about upon rugs and mats in very unmilitary disorder, are a dozen lazy Moorish soldiers, armed to the teeth. In the middle of the corridor there is a square opening in the wall, several feet in diameter—guarded by a ponderous, iron-bound door. For a proper consideration one of the soldiers will withdraw the heavy bolts and allow the visitor to look into a large, oblong apartment, entirely devoid of all furniture and empty, save for a score of criminals who flock to the opening, the moment the bolts are withdrawn, to have a word with some one from the outside world, and to gaze upon a new face. The soldier unconcernedly looks on—treating the occurrence precisely as a showman would treat the inspection of his monkey-cage.

Among the strangest peculiarities of Tangier, and one that at once forces itself upon the attention of the new-comer, is the total absence of any kind of wheeled vehicle. In the entire city (which is an example of all the others in the empire) there is not even a donkey-cart, for the streets are much too narrow to admit of their use, and transportation of passengers and merchandise is effected upon the backs of donkeys, horses, mules, and camels—according to the weight and the distance. There are but few streets into which a loaded camel could enter, and not more than three in which he could pass another loaded camel or horse. Some of the smaller streets are so narrow that even the panniers of a donkey would scrape upon either side, so that in the city itself the transportation devolves upon donkeys, for the side streets, and upon horses and mules for the main thoroughfares. Camels are rarely seen in the compact part of the town, and are chiefly used—like our railway trains—to bring produce in bulk from the country to the city gates, whence it is distributed by the smaller animals, which take the place of our trucks and wagons. The great thoroughfare of Tangier traverses the town from the Bab-el-Marsa (Marine Gate) at one end, to the Bab-el-Sok (Market Gate) at the other. This is the Broadway, and yet it cannot be more than a dozen feet wide, except in one portion, where it bulges into a small square. Upon entering this street one instantly becomes aware of a confused noise, entirely unlike the hubbub and din caused by clattering hoofs and rattling wheels.

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It is an odd mixture of sound, caused by rustling burnooses, shuffling, trailing slippers and pattering, unshod hoofs, mingled with the suppressed hum of voices pitched in many keys. Every element of the population is to be seen upon this street of an afternoon — Moors, Arabs, Bedouins, Berbers, Negroes, and Jews — men, women, and children — interspersed here and there with Europeans, chiefly Spaniards. There are shoppers and merchants, sight-seers and idlers, buying, selling, walking, riding, working, loafing. Burnooses, *haïks*, gehab, and gabardine — sashes, turbans, fezes, cowls, and skull-caps—the red, yellow, blue, white, apple-green, and purple of the various garments softly blending, or sharply contrasting, with the bronze, mahogany, or yellow complexions of the moving throng. Upon either side of the street, built out from the houses, are tiny shops from which project clumsy wooden awnings; and in the square, roughly constructed booths. In these shops and booths the retail business of the city is transacted by solemn and sedate Moors, who squat, cross-legged, upon Persian rugs in the midst of their wares, seemingly indifferent to all earthly things. Unlike the bazaars, in which trades are grouped in different quarters; here the brass-worker, the armorer, the silversmith, and embroiderer are all indiscriminately intermingled. The customer stands in the street while making his purchases, and is jostled by the passing crowd, and tormented by filthy beggars who clutch at his coat-tails and display nauseating sores, and red holes, once occupied by eyes now burned out in accordance with the law, in expiation of some crime. From time to time a boyish voice will shout *baleŭk* (make room) as some toddling, overloaded little donkey comes staggering through the street —his two panniers bulging out upon either side—with perhaps a completely shrouded fat woman seated between them. Or the cry may be repeated by a man, in commanding tones this time, as he leads along the crimson-bridled horse or mule of some wealthy Moor, bearing his white-robed, green-turbaned master in the capacious saddle and a closely veiled wife pillion-wise behind. Here is a Jewish money-changer in skull-cap and gabardine, a little to one side in some less crowded portion of the street, sitting upon a low stool, with his strong-box upon the ground between his knees, waiting for business. And here again, seated upon a chair, a beggar-saint, fantastically dressed in red and white turban and crimson robe girt in at the waist with a long white sash. He is aged—ninety at least—wizzened, hollow-eyed, emaciated, and ghastly — his snowy mustache, beard, and bushy eyebrows protruding from his sickly, haggard features. To bestow upon this holy man (already rich) is to purchase godliness from Allah, and the amount received varies directly with the denomination of the coin bestowed. The old gentleman seems exceedingly bored as he sits there like an ancient Ajeeb. Now and then a grave and stately merchant—regardless of business hours—will untie his legs, and climbing upon his knees—with uncovered feet—with head devoutly turned to Mecca—will solemnly perform his gymnastic orisons, careless of customers and the gaze of the world. Everything is in keeping with the surroundings—but all is burlesque, hyperbolic parody of serious, earnest real life; and as we pick our way back to the hotel through the dismal, tortuous little streets—following close in Selim's wake—an indescribable and distinctly unpleasant feeling of complete separation from the actual world, of existing beyond our own lives, and of utter loneliness, takes possession of us. The burlesque seems a mocking tragedy—our brains and bodies are fagged and our minds oppressed with an unaccountable gloom, which is only dispelled, upon our arrival at the hotel, by the sight of cheery European faces, and the comforting odor of French cookery, reminiscent of home and friends.

Tangerine roosters crow all night—and Tangerine cats do not differ from ours. Visions of donkeys, beggars, peris, saints — Aladdins, Ali Babas, camels, turbans, monstrous roosters and mammoth cats, haunt the "spirit of our dreams," until we are aroused from slumber by the squealing, shrieking, squeaking, screaming, rasping, clashing, and booming of some twenty Moorish

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instruments—hideously discordant with the accompanying guttural drone of human voices and with each other—the time sharply accentuated by the intermittent, rattling crash of cymbals—the most offensive deformity of sound. It is a Moorish wedding procession, the music a wedding march—and Selim, in order that it shall not escape unheard, comes—quite unnecessarily—to awaken us, but finds us already perched upon the bureau on tip-toe, vainly struggling to bring our eyes to a level with the lofty window-sill. The music in the hotel office the previous evening, played upon curiously shaped guitars and violins covered with snake-skins, was a dream of melodious harmony compared with this horrid din.

Every portion of Tangier is replete with interest, and yet the sights, so-called, are few. It is the life, customs, costumes which absorb us, and the mediæval atmosphere which pervades all things, seems here—in spite of gayest sunlight, laughing sea, and brilliant skies—to cast an oppressive shadow of bygone days, of distrust and dread upon our own confident and happy century. Nuremberg is counterfeit, or nearly so, and besides Hans Sachs is dead. In Cairo we have polo, balls, races, Italian opera, garden-parties, tennis, and English soldiery. In Constantinople, we have French bouffe, French shops, railways, universities, cafés-chantants and horse-cars. Not so in Morocco—no frivolities of these sorts for men who live to-day the life of the distant past, merely *en route* to the life hereafter—to which their thoughts and activities seem to have flown on before them. They do not concern themselves with mere human existence, all sorrow, all vanity, all pain. Death has no terror, no sadness. "Allah is Great" or "Allah is Bountiful"—that is all—"Let us exist, meditate, and pray until He shall deem us worthy to behold the light of His countenance." Such men cannot create civilization, but it will soon be forced upon their country—if not upon themselves—by conquering——(?) Will it follow Egypt, or Algeria, or Abyssinia?

The "Sok," the wholesale business centre of the city, where caravans arrive and whence they depart, the Great Market, lies just without the ancient walls, and is entered from the main street through the Bab-el-Sok. It consists of a large rectangular field enclosed upon three sides by the city walls and some *fuore mure* houses; the fourth is open, making an enormous entrance and exit from and to the caravan roads leading to the interior. The soil is dark, either of oozy, filthy mud, mixed and mixed again with every kind of foul matter, or of equally disgusting friable clay, according to the locality; for grass has no chance for life under the tread of countless hoofs and slippered or naked feet. The place is filled with men and women of every class and race, all promiscuously mingled together—peddlers, merchants, story-tellers, water-carriers, snake-charmers, jugglers, fortune-tellers, camel-drivers, barbers, and idlers. Roundabout, everywhere are ill-smelling, mangy, moth-eaten camels, some laden, some not, but nearly all of them wearing their curiously woven trappings to which their drivers attach the freight they bear; some are standing, some kneeling, others are lying down or stretched out, and all of them are sleepy and dismally chew their cud with expressions indicative of unutterable ennui. Then there are dirty little donkeys with long coats covered with mud or filled with dust—some contentedly idle, others reluctantly busy, but philosophers all of them. Then there are saddle-horses and pack-horses, saddle-mules and pack-mules, and dogs and chickens, foragers both; and cautious cats, usually asleep upon the tops of booths or upon the walls, waiting for night to come, but sometimes, under favorable circumstances, venturesome ones warily foraging, too. Here are a dozen squatting women, of various ages, enveloped in their white *haïks*, and picturesquly grouped. Behind them are conversing several young Jews in blue and black gabardines, pale, sallow, and round-shouldered, but with the eager, keen intelligence in their brilliant black eyes which contrasts so sharply with the passive, indifferent, almost vacant expression of the Moor. Beyond is a knot of tall Reefians, powerful, wiry-looking men, with brutal, forbidding faces and coldly proud and fearless eyes, which at once attract and

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repel. They are proud of their ancestry, claiming pure descent from the old Berber race, and as they stand together, draped in the hooded gehab, their absurd coiffure, the head close-shaven, save for a single slender lock, is by no means sufficient to make them ridiculous; and the dignified erectness of their carriage and their almost threatening demeanor startlingly emphasize the cringing bearing and the alert, hunted expression of the Jewish young men near by. Yonder is a story-teller conspicuously attired, and surrounded by a crowd of listeners who are completely absorbed in the narrative of his extraordinary adventures. Probably no one believes the monstrous fictions of the daring deeds he has accomplished, but they seem to accept every word with child-like credulity, and gaze open-mouthed as the historian, punctuating his harsh and guttural Maghreb by pounding a drum, reaches some particularly thrilling climax. Close by, there is an opposition entertainment in progress, apparently of the same kind, but upon a much larger scale. This is said to be a "circus," though an American might readily mistake it. The audience is collected in a large circle several rows deep, the first two rows sitting or squatting, the rest standing. In the open space within are two performers upon whom falls the entire burden of the entertainment, which consists first, of a short history of themselves and of the wonderful successes they have met with before distinguished audiences elsewhere; then they begin with various acrobatic performances—turning somersaults—standing upon their own heads and upon each other's — and the like; then they play tag, tripping each other and constantly tumbling heels over head —and then—*da capo*. The audience is only moderately enthusiastic, but it is certainly not in the least exacting; the reigning melancholy of the faces is from time to time dispelled, and the features of the adults become distorted into grim smiles, while the youngsters manifest their delight by hearty laughter and applause. The performers are wily and invariably select such favorable moments to pass the hat. But it is not all Champs Elysées. In other portions of the large square more serious business is carried on. Bales of merchandise are being moved, camels are being unloaded and donkeys loaded, merchants are making inspections, and men on horseback are picking their way hither and thither through the crowd, and the cry "Baleuk" resounds upon all sides. Scattered through the throng are water sellers carrying upon their backs great leaky skins flabbily bulging with water, and ringing small bells or tinkling glasses to attract attention. Here and there, too, are barbers who ply their trade in the open air, and upon market-days grow wealthy upon the uncouth country visitors. Their office is of a double nature, for, as in the old days with us, they bleed as well as shave. In shaving they use no lather, only water, and the customer sitting on the ground in front of them, with keen razors they deftly remove his beard or hair. In bleeding, they make an incision at the base of the skull, cutting down to the bone. Along the walls are constructed ramshackle booths, in some of which are sold curious weapons, ancient and modern, second-hand and new; in others, goods of colored leather, embroidered with gay silk and metal thread, pouches, cushions, and slippers; in others again, tobacco and tobacco pipes, *kief* and *kief* pipes with terra-cotta bowls and plain wooden stems, or with bowls of elaborate Turkish pattern and stems gorgeously ornamented with gilt and beads. Some of these little structures are used as restaurants where one may eat eggs, bread, or small bits of meat roasted upon an iron spit over a charcoal brazier, with perhaps some cows' milk or asses' milk, but generally with water or coffee for drinkables. The service is not good, for one must stand in the mud outside the edifice and eat from a counter within it. Sometimes he may be given a spoon, if the food be of a liquid nature, otherwise his fingers must suffice, for the meat is cut into suitably small pieces by the restaurateur before it is cooked, so that individual knives and forks are dispensed with, and napkins are wanting too. In addition to these humble eating-places there are numerous cook-houses where one may dine still more economically by

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purchasing the raw meat, eggs, or whatever is to be eaten, from the dealer, and having it cooked for a pittance at one of these establishments.

Returning along the dunes and beach one afternoon, after a muleback ride to the ruins of ancient Tingis, when within about a mile of the town, Selim, who had been silently riding ahead, suddenly turned, and pointing toward the city, laconically exclaimed "Powder Play." Following the direction indicated, we perceive a score of horsemen careering down the beach like mad, their horses scampering about like young dogs just unchained. In a moment they are close to us—they seem glued to their horses, so easily and gracefully do they ride—now leaning far over to one side, now throwing themselves backward, flat upon the horse's croup—discharging their long, old-fashioned guns before them, behind them, or into the air; now standing erect in the stirrups, brandishing the ungainly weapons above their heads or tossing them into the air and grasping them again as they fall. Helter-skelter, pell-mell, in "devil-catch-the-hindmost" confusion—their horses with outstretched necks and straining nerves, darting forward, lightly leaping gullies and obstructions, or galloping in the shallow water at the edge of the surf, their beating hoofs dashing it into spray. Suddenly halting, turning, swerving, and off and away again like a startled flock of wild geese—the long, white burnooses of the riders fluttering violently in the wind. This is "play." What must be their "work" in heat of battle and hatred of war?

Tangier at night—not evening, but night, after midnight! It is our last day in the city, and Selim has employed it in making necessary arrangements, and in preparing a surprise for us. Two Arabs have been retained as lantern bearers—for there are no street lamps of any kind—not even the dim, flickering affairs of the villages in Spain, and the houses are so constructed that no single ray from within can penetrate the street. After nightfall the whole city is wrapped in total darkness—unless it be of a moonlight night—and the little narrow streets seem ghostly and dead, so startling is the stillness, so unearthly and vault-like the faint white outlines of the walls. There seems to be a moist chill in the air, although the night is warm and dry, and one experiences the slightly disagreeable alertness of the faculties and senses which is apt to be felt in passing a lonely graveyard late at night—when the snapping of a twig or the cry of some night-bird will excite unpleasant sensations, perhaps even suspicions. Tangier to-night seems a deserted city—no longer the abode of men, but inhabitated only by Djinns and Genii, owls and bats. The swaying lanterns flashing their unsteady, yellow light from beneath one's feet along the white walls of the low houses and the black wall of the gloom beyond, seem only to emphasize and exaggerate the darkling desolation around us. Streets familiar by daylight are strangers now, and the white burnooses of the Moors and our own white flannels jar unpleasantly upon the nerves. Tramping along the echoing, tangled little streets, for the first time in Tangier we feel really cold; and it is with a grateful sensation of relief, that we see the lantern-bearers come to a halt before the arched entrance to a vine-covered arbor leading, through a small yard, to a house, from the open doorway of which cheery lights burst forth—and sounds, too, strongly suggestive of the "Wedding March" which had astonished us a few mornings before. Within, the room is devoid of furniture except for rugs of various sizes and designs, with which both floor and walls are completely covered, and the atmosphere is heavy and fragrant with the spicy aroma of burning *kief* and steaming coffee. Upon the floor of this native café are squatted, cross-legged, a dozen Moors—half stupefied by the narcotic effect of the *kief* they have smoked. After a deal of coaching from Selim, we manage to seat ourselves upon our own feet, which promptly retaliate by "going to sleep," but notwithstanding the infidel positions we are compelled to assume in deference to these rebellious members, the coffee and *kief* pipes are accomplished in manner truly Oriental. The musicians, ranged along the wall on the opposite side of the room, begin

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some wild, barbaric melody, which at least is in harmony with the black faces and the primitive, almost savage, simplicity of the surroundings.

An hour later, after exchanging many *salaams* with our sleepy fellow-revellers, and preceded by the lanterns, we go out into the little cheerless streets once more and soon strike into the narrowest and most wretchedly paved ones in the city. Upon the uneven stones, Moors and negroes, closely wrapped in woollen burnooses, lie sleeping, some of them near the walls, many of them diagonally athwart the street, making it imperative for us carefully to pick our way, in order to avoid treading upon unexpected arms and fingers. Here and there a worn out, cringing dog will sleepily gaze through half-closed eyelids at the passing lanterns and then resume his slumbers. A more creepy, ghoulish scene it would be difficult to imagine. These corpse-like sleepers, wrapped apparently in their winding sheets, strongly suggest unburied bodies and Asiatic cholera.

Arrived at a certain corner, Selim calls another halt, and giving some brief directions in Arabic to the lantern-bearers, and taking one of the lanterns in his own hand, and extinguishing the other, bids us follow him. A short distance from the corner he comes to a house and raps softly upon the door, which is promptly opened, and leads into a narrow, dimly lighted hallway. Selim is not a devout Mussulman, nor a devout anything else, and he had no business to bring us there; but he did, and, if his own statement be trustworthy, he was at great pains to do it. At the end of the hallway there is a comparatively large apartment, piled at one end with cushions and pillows. Two large lamps, shaded with pink tissue-paper and shedding a soft rose-tinted light, are suspended from the ceiling at either end of the room; otherwise it is bare. Ushered into this curious chamber, we comfortably ensconce ourselves upon the luxurious cushions and await the denouement, while Selim respectfully sits on the floor contemplating our prospective astonishment with evident satisfaction. We have not long to wait, for presently an elderly Jewess enters and courteously nodding at the cushions, seats herself on the floor, which apparently was a signal for Selim to depart, for he immediately leaves the room, just as three magnificent Jewish girls, clad like Bluebeard's wives, enter. The venerable lady suddenly became *de trop*, but she persisted in ignoring the fact, and the girls begin their slow, graceful dance at the farther end of the room, themselves supplying the music by softly singing, in perfect harmony and in accurate time, some sweet, wavering Hebrew melody, which seemed to have been especially composed to fit the slow, hesitating, gliding movements of the dance. The rhythm of sound and motion is accurately maintained by the measured clapping of hands. The loose trousers gathered at the ankle, the bare feet incased in retroussé slippers, the short gauze kilts, the small, close-fitting jackets, sleeveless and exposing the arms, and the long filmy and perfectly transparent silk veils—through which sparkled the *khol*-darkened, Jewish eyes, softened and made gentle by the pink light—lend perhaps an exaggerated glamour to the scene. The dance itself is a series of graceful poses rapidly succeeding one another, and so naturally evolving the one from the other, and so prettily joined by the long airy veils floating and intertwining above and around the dancers, as to form a perfect unity. Suddenly to our amazement (not at the fact, but at the dexterous manner in which it was accomplished) one after another their gay outergarments begin to fall behind them as they dance, gently as petals from an overblown rose or bright feathers from tropical birds, until they dance in the pale, pink light clad in the now rapidly fluttering gray silk veils, whose serpentine doublings at intervals blur the moving figures behind them. An instant, and they vanish behind a hanging rug concealing an unsuspected exit, and are gone.

The dance ended and having again collected our little escort, we hasten back to the hotel to snatch a few hours' sleep before leaving this land of shadow, to join the great P. and O. Indiaman due at Gibraltar upon the morrow.

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STORIES OF A WESTERN TOWN.

By Octave Thanet.

VI.—HARRY LOSSING.

THE note-book of Mr. Horatio Armorer, president of our street railways, contained a page of interest to some people in our town, on the occasion of his last visit.

He wrote it while the train creaked over the river, and the porter of his Pullman car was brushing all the dust that had been distributed on the passengers' clothing, into the main aisle.

If you had seen him writing it (with a stubby little pencil that he occasionally brightened with the tip of his tongue), you would not have dreamed that he was more profoundly disturbed than he had been in years. Nor would the page itself have much enlightened you.

"*See abt road M–D–*
See L
See E & M tea set
See abt L."

Translated into long-hand, this reads: "See about the street-car road, Marston (the superintendent) and Dane (the lawyer). See Lossing, see Esther and Maggie, and remember about tea-set. See about Lossing."

His memoranda written, he slipped the book in his pocket, reflecting cynically, "There's habit! I've no need of writing that. It's not pleasant enough to forget!"

Thirty odd years ago, Horatio Armorer—they called him 'Raish, then—had left the town to seek his fortune in Chicago. It was his day-dream to wrestle a hundred thousand dollars out of the world's tight fists, and return to live in pomp on Brady Street hill! He should drive a buggy with two horses, and his wife should keep two girls. Long ago, the hundred thousand limit had been reached and passed, next the million; and still he did not return. His father, the Presbyterian minister, left his parish, or, to be exact, was gently propelled out of his parish by the disaffected, the family had a new home; and the son, struggling to help them out of his scanty resources, went to the new parish and not to the old. He grew rich, he established his brothers and sisters in prosperity, he erected costly monuments and a memorial church to his parents (they were beyond any other gifts from him); he married, and lavished his money on three daughters; but the home of his youth neither saw him nor his money until Margaret Ellis bought a house on Brady Street, far up town, where she could have all the grass that she wanted. Mrs. Ellis was a widow and rich. Not a millionaire like her brother, but the possessor of a handsome property.

She was the best-natured woman in the world, and never guessed how hard her neighbors found it to forgive her for always calling their town of thirty thousand souls, "the country." She said that she had pined for years to live in the country, and have horses, and a Jersey cow and chickens, and "a neat pig." All of which modest cravings she gratified on her little estate; and the gardener was often seen with a scowl and the garden hose, keeping the pig neat.

It was later that Mr. Armorer had bought the street railways, they having had a troublous history and being for sale cheap. Nobody that knows Armorer as a business man, would back his sentiment by so much as an old shoe; yet it was sentiment, and not a good bargain, that had enticed the financier. Once engaged, the instincts of a shrewd trader prompted him to turn it into a good bargain, anyhow. His fancy was pleased by a vision of a return to the home of his childhood and his struggling youth, as a greater per-

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sonage than his hopes had ever dared promise.

But, in the event, there was little enough gratification for his vanity. Not since his wife's death had he been so harassed and anxious; for he came not in order to view his new property, but because his sister had written him her suspicions that Harry Lossing wanted to marry his youngest daughter.

Armorer arrived in the early dawn. Early as it was, a handsome victoria, with horses sleeker of skin, and harness heavier and brighter than one is used to meet outside the great cities, had been in waiting for twenty minutes; while for that space of time a pretty girl had paced up and down the platform. The keenest observer among the crowd, airing its meek impatience on the platform, did not detect any sign of anxiety in her behavior. She walked erect, with a step that left a clean-cut footprint in the dust, as girls are trained to walk nowadays. Her tailor-made gown of fine blue serge had not a wrinkle. It was so simple that only a fashionable woman could guess anywhere near the awful sum total which that plain skirt, that short jacket, and that severe waistcoat had once made on a ruled sheet of paper. When she turned her face toward the low, red station-house and the people, it looked gentle, and the least in the world sad. She had one of those pale, clear olive skins that will easily grow pale; it was pale to-day. Her black hair was fine as spun silk; the coil under her hat-brim shone as she moved. The fine hair, the soft, transparent skin, and the beautiful marking of her brows were responsible for an air of fragile daintiness in her person, just as her almond-shaped, liquid dark eyes and unsmiling mouth made her look sad. It was a most attractive face, in all its moods; sometimes it was a beautiful face; yet it did not have a single perfect feature except the mouth, which —at least so Harry Lossing told his mother—might have been stolen from the Venus of Milo. Even the mouth, some critics called too small for her nose; but it is as easy to call her nose too large for her mouth.

The instant she turned her back on the bustle of the station, all the lines in this face seemed to waver and the eyes to brighten. Finally, when the train rolled up to the platform and a young-looking elderly man swung himself nimbly off the steps, the color flared up in her cheeks, only to sink as suddenly, like a candle flame in a gust of wind.

Mr. Armorer put his two arms and his umbrella and travelling-bag about the charming shape in blue, at the same time exclaiming, "You're a good girl to come out so early, Essie! How's Aunt Meg?"

"Oh, very well. She would have come too, but she hasn't come back from training."

"Training?"

"Yes, dear, she has a regular trainer, like John L. Sullivan, you know. She drives out to the park with Eliza and me, and walks and runs races, and does gymnastics. She has lost ten pounds."

Armorer wagged his head with a grin: "I dare say. I thought so when you began. Meg is always moaning and groaning because she isn't a sylph! She will make her cook's life a burden for about two months and lose ten pounds, and then she will revel in ice-cream! Last time, she was raving about Dr. Salisbury and living on beef-steak sausages, spending a fortune starving herself."

"She had Dr. Salisbury's pamphlet; but Cardigan told her it was a long way out; so she said she hated to have it do no one any good, and she gave it to Maria, one of the maids, who is always fretting because she is so thin."

"But the thing was to cure fat people!"

"Precisely," Esther laughed a little low laugh, at which her father's eyes shone; "but you see she told Martha to exactly reverse the advice and eat everything that was injurious to stout people, and it would be just right for her."

"I perceive," said Armorer, dryly; "very ingenious and feminine scheme. But who is Cardigan?"

"Shuey Cardigan? He is the trainer. He is a fireman in a furniture shop, now; but he used to be the boxing teacher for some Harvard men;

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and he was a distinguished pugilist, once. He said to me, modestly, 'I don't suppose you will have seen my name in the *Police Gazette*, miss?' But he really is a very sober, decent man, notwithstanding."

"Your Aunt Meg always was picking up queer birds! Pray, who introduced this decent pugilist?"

Esther was getting into the carriage; her face was turned from him, but he could see the pink deepen in her ear and the oval of her cheek. She answered that it was a friend of theirs, Mr. Lossing. As if the name had struck them both dumb, neither spoke for a few moments. Armorer bit a sigh in two. "Essie," said he, "I guess it is no use to sidetrack the subject. You know why I came here, don't you?"

"Aunt Meg told me what she wrote to you."

"I knew she would. She had compunctions of conscience letting him hang round you, until she told *me;* and then she had awful gripes because she had told, and had to confess to *you!*"

He continued in a different tone: "Essie, I have missed your mother a long while, and nobody knows how that kind of missing hurts; but it seems to me I never missed her as I do to-day. I need her to advise me about you, Essie. It is like this: I don't want to be a stern parent any more than you want to elope on a rope ladder. We have got to look at this thing together, my dear little girl, and try to—to trust each other."

"Don't you think, papa," said Esther, smiling rather tremulously, "that we had better wait, before we have all these solemn preparations, until we know surely whether Mr. Lossing wants me!"

"Don't you know surely?"

"He has never said anything of—of that—kind."

"Oh, he is in love with you fast enough," growled Armorer; but a smile of intense relief brightened his face. "Now, you see, my dear, all I know about this young man, except that he wants my daughter—which you will admit is not likely to prejudice me in his favor, is that he is mayor of this town and has a furniture store——"

"A manufactory; it is a very large business!"

"All right, manufactory, then; all the same he is not a brilliant match for my daughter, not such a husband as your sisters have." Esther's lip quivered and her color rose again; but she did not speak. "Still I will say that I think a fellow who can make his own fortune is better than a man with twice that fortune made for him. My dear, if Lossing has the right stuff in him and he is a real good fellow, I shan't make you go into a decline by objecting; but you see it is a big shock to me, and you must let me get used to it, and let me size the young man up in my own way. There is another thing, Esther; I am going to Europe Thursday, that will give me just a day in Chicago if I go to-morrow, and I wish you would come with me. Will you mind?"

Either she changed her seat or she started at the proposal. But how could she say that she wanted to stay in America with a man who had not said a formal word of love to her? "I can get ready, I think, papa," said Esther.

They drove on. He felt a crawling pain in his heart, for he loved his daughter Esther as he had loved no other child of his; and he knew that he had hurt her. Naturally, he grew the more angry at the impertinent young man who was the cause of the flitting; for the whole European plan was cooked up after the receipt of Mrs. Ellis's letter. They were on the very street down which he used to walk (for it takes the line of the hills) when he was a poor boy, a struggling, ferociously ambitious young man. He looked at the changed rows of buildings, and other thoughts came uppermost for a moment. "It was here father's church used to stand; it's gone, now," he said. "It was a wood church, painted a kind of gray; mother had a bonnet the same color, and she used to say she matched the church. I bought it with the very first money I earned. Part of it came from weeding and the weather was warm, and I can feel the way my back would sting and creak, now! I would want to stop, often, but I thought of mother in church with that bonnet,

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and I kept on! There's the place where Seeds, the grocer that used to trust us, had his store; it was his children had the scarlet fever, and mother went to nurse them. My! but how dismal it was at home! We always got more whippings when mother was away. Your grandfather was a good man, too honest for this world, and he loved everyone of his seven children; but he brought us up to fear him and the Lord. We feared him the most, because the Lord couldn't whip us! He never whipped us when we did anything, but waited until next day, that he might not punish in anger; so we had all the night to anticipate it. Did I ever tell you of the time he caught me in a lie? I was lame for a week after it. He never caught me in another lie."

"I think he was cruel; I can't help it, papa," cried Esther, with whom this was an old argument, "still it did good, that time!"

"Oh, no, he wasn't cruel, my dear," said Armorer with a queer smile that seemed to take only one-half of his face; "he was too sure of his interpretation of the Scripture, that was all. Why, that man just slaved to educate us children; he'd have gone to the stake rejoicing to have made sure that we should be saved. And of the whole seven only one is a church member. Is that the road?"

They could see a car swinging past, on a parallel street, its bent pole hitching along the trolley-wire.

"Pretty scrubby-looking cars," commented Armorer; "but get our new ordinance through the council, we can save enough to afford some fine new cars. Has Lossing said anything to you about the ordinance and our petition to be allowed to leave off the conductors?"

"He hasn't said anything, but I read about it in the papers. Is it so very important that it should be passed?"

"Saving money is always important, my dear," said Armorer, seriously.

The horses turned again. They were now opposite a fair lawn and a house of wood and stone built after the old colonial pattern, as modern architects see it. Esther pointed, saying:

"Aunt Meg's, papa; isn't it pretty?"

"Very handsome, very fine," said the financier, who knew nothing about architecture except its exceeding expense. "Esther, I've a notion; if that young man of yours has brains and is fond of you, he ought to be able to get my ordinance through his little eight by ten city council. There is our chance to see what stuff he is made of!"

"Oh, he has a great deal of influence," said Esther; "he can do it, unless—unless he thinks the ordinance would be bad for the city, you know."

"Confound the modern way of educating girls!" thought Armorer. "Now, it would be enough for Esther's mother to know that anything was for my interests; it wouldn't have to help all outdoors, too!"

But instead of enlarging on this point, he went into a sketch of the improvements the road could make with the money saved by the change, and was waxing eloquent when a lady of a pleasant and comely face, and a trig though not slender figure, advanced to greet them.

It was after breakfast (and the scene was the neat pig's pen, where Armorer was displaying his ignorance of swine) that he found his first chance to talk with his sister alone. "Oh, first, Sis," said he, "about your birthday, to-day; I telegraphed to Tiffany's for that silver service, you know, that you liked, so you needn't think there's a mistake when it comes."

"Oh, 'Raish, that gorgeous thing! I must kiss you, if Daniel does see me!"

"Oh, that's all right," said Armorer, hastily, and began to talk of the pig. Suddenly, without looking up he dropped into the pig-pen the remark: "I'm very much obliged to you for writing me, Meg."

"I don't know whether to feel more like a virtuous sister or a villainous aunt," sighed Mrs. Ellis; "things seemed to be getting on so rapidly that it didn't seem right, Esther visiting me and all, not to give you a hint; still, I am sure that nothing has been said, and it is horrid for Esther, perfectly *horrid*, discussing her proposals that haven't been proposed!"

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"I don't want them ever to be proposed," said Armorer, gloomily.

"I know you always said you didn't want Esther to marry; but I thought if she fell in love with the right man—*we* know that marriage is a very happy estate, sometimes, Horatio!" She sighed again. In her case it was only the memory of happiness, for Colonel Ellis had been dead these twelve years; but his widow mourned him still.

"If you marry the right one, maybe," answered Armorer, grudgingly; "but see here, Meg, Esther is different from the other girls; they got married when Jenny was alive to look after them, and I knew the men, and they were both big matches, you know. Then, too, I was so busy making money while the other girls grew up that I hadn't time to get real well acquainted with them. I don't think they ever kissed me, except when I gave them a check. But Esther and I——" he drummed with his fingers on the boards, and his thin, keen face wore a look that would have amazed his business acquaintances—"you remember when her mother died, Meg? Only fifteen, and how she took hold of things! And we have been together ever since, and she makes me think of her grandmother and her mother both. She's never had a wish I knew that I haven't granted—why, d—— it! I've bought my clothes to please her——"

"That's why you are become so well-dressed, Horatio; I wondered how you came to spruce up so!" interrupted Mrs. Ellis.

"It has been so blamed lonesome whenever she went to visit you, but yet I wouldn't say a word because I knew what a good time she had; but if I had known that there was a confounded, long-legged, sniffy young idiot all that while trying to steal my daughter away from me!" In an access of wrath at the idea Armorer wrenched off the picket that he clutched, at which he laughed and stuck his hands in his pockets.

"Why, Meg, the papers and magazines are always howling that women won't marry," cried he, with a fresh sense of grievance; "now, two of my girls have married, that's enough, there was no reason for me to expect any more of them would! There isn't one d—— bit of need for Esther to marry!"

"But if she loves the young fellow and he loves her, won't you let them be happy?"

"He won't make her happy."

"He is a very good fellow, truly and really,' Raish. And he comes of a good family——"

"I don't care for his family; and as to his being moral and all that, I know several young fellows that could skin him alive in a bargain that are moral, as you please. I have been a moral man, myself. But the trouble with this Lossing (I told Esther I didn't know anything about him, but I do), the trouble with him is that he is chock full of all kinds of principles! Just as father was. Don't you remember how he lost parish after parish because he couldn't smooth over the big men in them? Lossing is every bit as pig-headed. I am not going to have my daughter lead the kind of life my mother did. I want a son-in-law who ain't going to think himself so much better than I am, and be rowing me for my way of doing business. If Esther *must* marry I'd like her to marry a man with a head on him that I can take into business, and who will be willing to live with the old man. This Lossing has got his notions of making a sort of Highland chief affair of the labor question, and we should get along about as well as the Kilkenny cats!"

Mrs. Ellis knew more than Esther about Armorer's business methods, having the advantage of her husband's point of view; and Colonel Ellis had kept the army standard of honor as well as the army ignorance of business. To counterbalance, she knew more than anyone alive what a good son and brother Horatio had always been. But she could not restrain a smile at the picture of the partnership.

"Precisely, you see yourself," says Armorer, "Meg"—hesitating—"you don't suppose it would be any use to offer Esther a cool hundred thousand to promise to bounce this young fellow?"

"Horatio, *no!*" cries Mrs. Ellis, tossing her pretty gray head indignantly; "you'd insult her!"

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"Take it the same way, eh? Well, perhaps; Essie has high-toned notions. That's all right, it is the thing for women. Mother had them too. Look here, Meg, I'll tell you, I want to see if this young fellow has *any* sense! We have an ordinance that we want passed. If he will get his council to pass it, that will show he can put his grand theories into his pockets sometimes; and I will give him a show with Esther. If he doesn't care enough for my girl to oblige her father, even if he doesn't please a lot of carping roosters that want the earth for their town and would like a street railway to be run to accommodate them and lose money for the stockholders; well then, you can't blame me if I don't want him! Now, will you do one thing for me, Meg, to help me out? I don't want Lossing to persuade Esther to commit herself; you know how, when she was a little mite, if Esther gave her word she kept it. I want you to promise me you won't let Esther be alone one second with young Lossing. She is going to-morrow, but there's your whist-party to-night; I suppose he's coming? And I want you to promise you won't let him have our address. If he treats me square, he won't need to ask you for it. Well?"

He buttoned up his coat and folded his arms, waiting.

Mrs. Ellis's sympathy had gone out to the young people as naturally as water runs down hill; for she is of a romantic temperament, though she doesn't dare to be weighed. But she remembered the silver service, the coffee-pot, the tea-pot, the tray for spoons, the creamer, the hot-water kettle, the sugar-bowl, all on a rich salver, splendid, dazzling; what rank ingratitude it would be to oppose her generous brother! Rather sadly she answered, but she did answer: "I'll do that much for you, 'Raish, but I feel we're risking Esther's happiness, and I can only keep the letter of my promise."

"That's all I ask, my dear," said Armorer, taking out a little shabby notebook from his breast-pocket, and scratching out a line. The line effaced read, "*See E M tea-set.*"

"The silver service was a good muzzle," he thought. He went away for an interview with the corporation lawyer and the superintendent of the road, leaving Mrs. Ellis in a distraction of conscience that made her the wonder of her servants that morning, during all the preparations for the whist-party. She might have felt more remorseful had she known her brother's real plan. He knew enough of Lossing to be assured that he would not yield about the ordinance which he firmly believed to be a dangerous one for the city. He expected, he counted on the mayor refusing his proffers. He hoped that Esther would feel the sympathy which women give, without question generally, to the business plans of those near and dear to them, taking it for granted that the plans are right because they will advantage those so near and dear. That was the beautiful and proper way that Jenny had always reasoned; why should Jenny's daughter do otherwise? When Harry Lossing should oppose her father and refuse to please him and to win her, mustn't any high-spirited woman feel hurt? Certainly she must; and he would take care to whisk her off to Europe before the young man had a chance to make his peace! "Yes, sir," says Armorer, to his only confidant, "you never were a domestic conspirator before, Horatio, but you have got it down fine! You would do for Gaboriau"—Gaboriau's novels being the only fiction that ever Armorer read. Nevertheless, his conscience pricked him almost as sharply as his sister's pricked her. Consciences are queer things; like certain crustaceans, they grow shells in spots; and proof against moral artillery in one part, they may be soft as a baby's cheek in another. Armorer's conscience had two sides, business and domestic; people abused him for a business buccaneer, at the same time his private life was pure, and he was a most tender husband and father. He had never deceived Esther before in her life. Once he had ridden all night in a freight-car to keep a promise that he had made the child. It hurt him to be hoodwinking her now. But he was too angry and too frightened to cry back.

The interview with the lawyer did not take any long time, but he spent two hours with the superintendent of

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the road, who pronounced him "a little nice fellow with no airs about him. Asked a power of questions about Harry Lossing; guess there is something in that story about Lossing going to marry his daughter!"

Marston drove him to Lossing's office and left him there.

He was on the ground and Marston, lifting the whip to touch the horse, when he asked: "Say, before you go—is there any danger in leaving off the conductors?"

Marston was raised on mules, and he could not overcome a vehement distrust of electricity. "Well," said he, "I guess you want the cold facts. The children are almighty thick down on Third Street, and children are always trying to see how near they can come to being killed, you know, sir; and then, the old women like to come and stand on the track and ask questions of the motoneer on the other track, so that the car coming down has a chance to catch 'em. The two together keep the conductors on the jump!"

"Is that so?" said Armorer, musingly; "well, I guess you'd better close with that insurance man and get the papers made out before we run the new way."

"If we ever do run!" muttered the superintendent to himself as he drove away.

Armorer ran his sharp eye over the buildings of the Lossing Art Furniture Manufacturing Company, from the ugly square brick box that was the nucleus —the egg so to speak—from which the great concern had been hatched, to the handsome new structures with their great arched windows and red mortar. "Pretty property, very pretty property," thought Armorer; "wonder if that story Marston tells is true!" The story was to the effect that a few weeks before his last sickness the older Lossing had taken his son to look at the buildings, and said, "Harry, this will all be yours before long. It is a comfort to me to think that every workman I have is the better, not the worse, off for my owning it; there's no blood or dirt on my money; and I leave it to you to keep it clean and to take care of the men as well as the business."

"Now, wasn't he a d—— fool!" said Armorer, cheerfully, taking out his note-book to mark, "*See abt road M D.*"

And he went in. Harry greeted him with exceeding cordiality and a fine blush. Armorer explained that he had come to speak to him about the proposed street-car ordinances; he (Armorer) always liked to deal with principals and without formality; now, couldn't they come, representing the city and the company, to some satisfactory compromise? Thereupon he plunged into the statistics of the earnings and expenses of the road (with the aid of his note-book), and made the absolute necessity of retrenchment plain. Meanwhile, as he talked he studied the attentive listener before him; and Harry, on his part, made quite as good use of his eyes. Armorer saw a tall, athletic, fair young man, very carefully, almost foppishly dressed, with bright, steady blue eyes and a firm chin, but a smile under his mustache like a child's; it was so sunny and so quick. Harry saw a neat little figure in a perfectly fitting gray check travelling suit, with a rose in the buttonhole of the coat lapel. Armorer wore no jewelry except a gold ring on the little finger of his right hand, from which he had taken the glove the better to write. Harry knew that it was his dead wife's wedding-ring; and saw it with a little moving of the heart. The face that he saw was pale but not sickly, delicate and keen. A silky brown mustache shot with gray and a Vandyke beard hid either the strength or the weakness of mouth and chin. He looked at Harry with almond-shaped, pensive dark eyes, so like the eyes that had shone on Harry's waking and sleeping dreams for months that the young fellow felt his heart rise again. Armorer ended by asking Harry (in his most winning manner) to help him pull the ordinance out of the fire. "It would be," he said, impressively, "a favor he should not forget!"

"And you must know, Mr. Armorer," said Harry, in a dismal tone at which the president chuckled within, "that there is no man whose favor I would do so much to win!"

"Well, here's your chance!" said Armorer.

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Harry swung round in his chair, his clenched fists on his knee. He was frowning with eagerness, and his eyes were like blue steel.

"See here, Mr. Armorer," said he, "I am frank with you. I want to please you, because I want to ask you to let me marry your daughter. But I *can't* please you, because I am mayor of this town, and I don't dare to let you dismiss the conductors. I don't *dare*, that's the point. We have had four children killed on this road since electricity was put in."

"We have had forty killed on one street railway I know; what of it? Do you want to give up electricity because it kills children?"

"No, but look here! the conductors lessen the risk. A lady I know, only yesterday, had a little boy going from the kindergarten home, nice little fellow only five years old——"

"She ought to have sent a nurse with a child five years old, a baby!" cried Armorer, warmly.

"That lady," answered Harry, quietly, "goes without any servant at all in order to keep her two children at the kindergarten; and the boy's elder sister was ill at home. The boy got on the car, and when he got off at the crossing above his house, he started to run across; the other train-car was coming, the little fellow didn't notice, and ran to cross; he stumbled and fell right in the path of the coming car!"

"Where was the conductor? He didn't seem much good!"

"They had left off the conductor on that line."

"Well, did they run over the boy? Why haven't I been informed of the accident?"

"There was no accident. A man on the front platform saw the boy fall, made a flying leap off the moving car backward, fell, but scrambled up and pulled the boy off the track. Ah, it was sickening; I thought we were both gone!"

"Oh, you were the man?"

"I was the man; and don't you see, Mr. Armorer, why I feel strongly on the subject? If the conductor had been on, there wouldn't have been any occasion for any accident."

"Well, sir, you may be assured that we will take precautions against any such accidents. It is more for our interest than anyone's to guard against them. And I have explained to you the necessity of cutting down our expense list."

"That is just it, you think you have to risk our lives to cut down expenses; but we get all the risk and none of the benefits. I can't see my way clear to helping you, sir; I wish I could."

"Then there is nothing more to say, Mr. Lossing," said Armorer, coldly. "I'm sorry a mere sentiment that has no real foundation should stand in the way of our arranging a deal that would be for the advantages of both the city and our road." He rose.

Harry rose also, but lifted his hand to stop him. "Pardon me, there is something else; I wouldn't mention it, but I hear you are going to leave tomorrow and go abroad with—Miss Armorer. I am conscious I haven't introduced myself very favorably, by refusing you a favor when I want to ask the greatest one possible; but I hope, sir, you will not think the less of a man because he is not willing to sacrifice the interests of the people who trust him, to please *anyone*. I—I hope you will not object to my asking Miss Armorer to marry me," concluded Harry, very hot and shaky, and forgetting the beginning of his sentences before he came to the end.

"Does my daughter love you, do I understand, Mr. Lossing?"

"I don't know, sir. I wish I did."

"Well, Mr. Lossing," said Armorer, wishing that something in the young man's confusion would not remind him of the awful moment when he asked old Forrester for his Jenny, "I am afraid I can do nothing for you. If you have too nice a conscience to oblige me, I am afraid it will be too nice to let you get on in the world. Good-morning."

"Stop a minute," said Harry; "if it is only my ability to get on in the world that is the trouble, I think——"

"It is your love for my daughter," said Armorer; "if you don't love her enough to give up a sentimental notion for her to win her, I don't see but you

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must lose her. I bid you good-morning, sir."

"Not quite yet, sir"—Harry jumped before the door; "you give me the alternative of being what I call dishonorable or losing the woman I love!" He pronounced the last word with a little effort and his lips closed sharply as his teeth shut under them. "Well, I decline the alternative. I shall try to do my duty and get the wife I want, *both*."

"Well, you give me fair warning, don't you?" said Armorer.

Harry held out his hand, saying, "I am sorry that I detained you. I didn't mean to be rude." There was something boyish and simple about the action and the tone, and Armorer laughed. As Harry attended him through the outer office to the door, he complimented the shops.

"Miss Armorer and Mrs. Ellis have promised to give me the pleasure of showing them to them this afternoon," said Harry; "can't I show them and part of our city to you, also? It has changed a good deal since you left it."

The remark took Armorer off his balance; for a rejected suitor this young man certainly had an even mind. But he had all the helplessness of the average American with regard to his daughter's amusements. The humor in the situation took him; and it cannot be denied he began to have a vivid curiosity about Harry. In less time than it takes to read it, his mind had swung round the circle of these various points of view, and he had blandly accepted Harry's invitation. But he mopped a warm and furrowed brow, outside, and drew a prodigious sigh as he opened the note-book in his hand and crossed out, "*See L.*" "That young fellow ain't all conscience," said he, "not by a long shot."

He found Mrs. Ellis very apologetic about the Lossing engagement. It was made through the telephone; Esther had been anxious to have her father meet Lossing; Lossing was to drive them there, and later show Mr. Armorer the town.

"Mr. Lossing is a very clever young man, very," said Armorer, gravely, as he went out to smoke his cigar after luncheon. He wished he had stayed, however, when he returned to find that a visitor had called, and that this visitor was the mother of the little boy that Harry Lossing had saved from the car. The two women gave him the accident in full, and were lavish of harrowing detail, including the mother's feelings. "So you see, 'Raish," urged Mrs. Ellis, timidly, "there is some reason for opposition to the ordinance."

Esther had red cheeks and her eyes shone, but she had not spoken. Her father put his arm around her waist and kissed her hair. "And what did you say, Essie," he asked, gently, "to all the criticisms?"

"I told her I thought you would find some way to protect the children even if the conductors were taken off; you didn't enjoy the slaughter of children any more than anyone else."

"I guess we can fix it. Here is your young man."

Harry drove a pair of spirited horses. He drove well, and looked both handsome and happy.

"Did you know that lady—the mother of the boy that wasn't run over—was coming to see my sister?" said Armorer, on the way.

"I did," said Harry, "I sent her; I thought she could explain the reason why I shall have to oppose the bill, better than I."

Armorer made no reply.

At the shops he kept his eye on Harry. Harry seemed to know most of his workmen, and had a nod or a word for all the older men. He stopped several moments to talk with one old German who complained of everything, but looked after Harry with a smile, nodding his head. "That man, Lieders, is our best workman, you can't get any better work in the country," said he. "I want you to see an armoire that he has carved, it is up in our exhibition room."

Armorer said, "You seem to get on very well with your working people, Mr. Lossing."

"I think we generally get on well with them, and they do well themselves in these small Western towns. For one thing, we haven't much organization to fight, and for another thing, the individual workman has a better chance to

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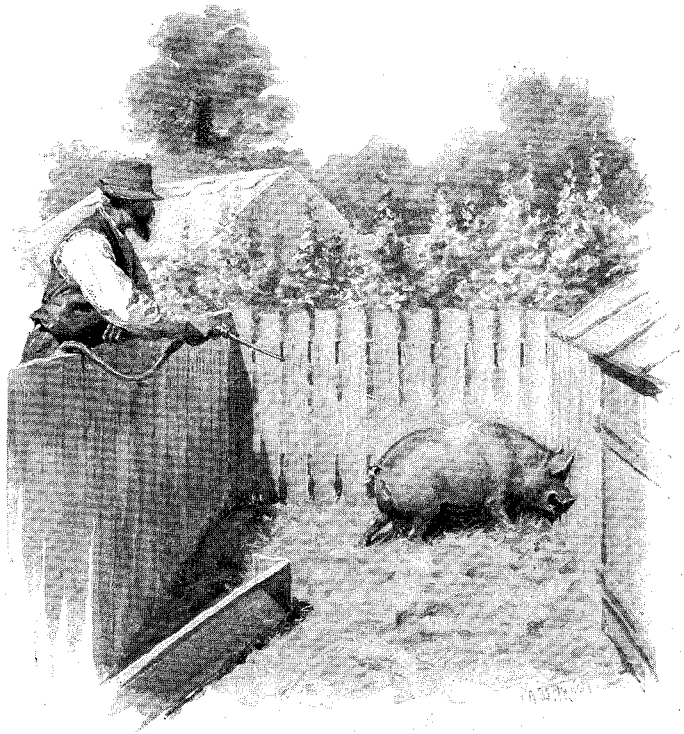
rise. That man, Lieders, whom you saw, is worth a good many thousand dollars; my father invested his savings for him."

"You are one of the philanthropists, aren't you, Mr. Lossing, who are trying to elevate the laboring classes?"



Keeping the pig neat.—Page 208.

"Not a bit of it, sir. I shall never try to elevate the laboring classes; it is too big a contract. But I try as hard as I know how to have every man who has worked for Harry Lossing the better for it. I don't concern myself with any other laboring men."

Just then a murmur of exclamations came from Mrs. Ellis and Esther, whom the superintendent was piloting through the shops. "Oh, no, it is too heavy; oh, don't do it, Mr. Cardigan!" "Oh, we can see it perfectly well from here! *Please* don't, you will break yourself somewhere!" Mrs. Ellis shrieked this; but the shrieks turned to a murmur of admiration as a huge carved sideboard came bobbing and wobbling, like an intoxicated piece of furniture in a haunted house, toward the two gentlewomen. Immediately, a short but powerfully built man, whose red face beamed above his dusty shoulders like a full moon with a mustache, emerged, and waved his hand at the sideboard.

"I could tackle the two of them, begging your pardon, ladies."

"That's Cardigan," explained Harry, "Miss Armorer may have told you about him. Oh, *Shuey!*"

Cardigan approached and was presented. He brought both his heels together and bowed solemnly, bending his head at the same time.

"Pleased to meet you, sir," said Shuey. Then he assumed an attitude of military attention.

"Take us up in the elevator, will you, Shuey?" said Harry. "Step in, Mr. Armorer, please, we will go and see the reproductions of the antique; we have a room upstairs."

Mr. Armorer stepped in, Shuey following; and then, before Harry could

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enter it, the elevator shot upward and —stuck!

"What's the matter?" cried Armorer.

Shuey was tugging at the wire rope. He called in tones that seemed to come from a panting chest: "Take a pull at it yourself, sir! Can you move it?"

Armorer grasped the rope viciously; Shuey was on the seat pulling from above. "We're stuck, sir, fast!"

"Can't you get down either?"

"Divil a bit, saving your presence, sir. Do ye think like the water-works could be busted?"

"Can't you make somebody hear?" panted Armorer.

"Well, you see there's a deal of noise of the machinery," said Shuey, scratching his chin with a thoughtful air, "and they expect we've gone up."

"Best try, anyhow. This infernal machine may take a notion to drop!" said Armorer.

"And that's true, too," acquiesced Shuey. Forthwith he did lift up his voice in a loud wailing: "*Oh—h*, Jimmy! *Oh—h*, Jimmy Ryan!"

Jimmy might have been in Chicago for any response he made; though Armorer shouted with Shuey; and at every pause the whirr of the machinery mocked the shouters. Indescribable moans and gurgles with a continuous malignant hiss floated up to them from the rebel steam below, as from a volcano considering eruption. "They'll be bound to need the elevator some time, if they don't need *us*, and that's one comfort!" said Shuey, philosophically.

"Don't you think if we pulled on her we could get her up to the next floor, by degrees? Now then!"

Armorer gave a dash and Shuey let out his muscles in a giant tug. The elevator responded by an astonishing leap that carried them past three or four floors!

One old German who complained of everything.—Page 216.

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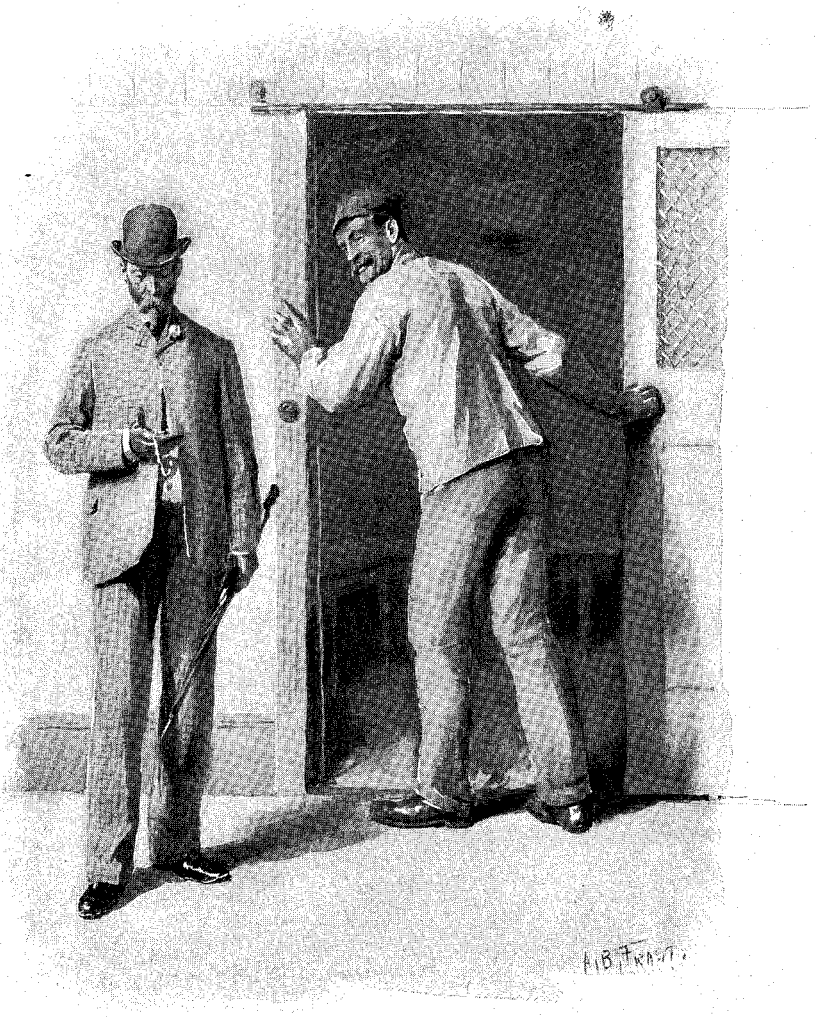

Mr. Armorer got out, and they left the elevator to its fate.

"Stop her! stop her!" bawled Shuey, but in spite of Armorer's pulling himself purple in the face, the elevator did not stop until it bumped with a crash against the joists of the roof.

"Well, do you suppose we're stuck *here?*" said Armorer.

"Well, sir, I'll try. Say, don't be exerting yourself violent. It strikes me she's for all the world like the wimmen, in-exthremes, sir, in exthremes! And it wouldn't be noways so pleasant to go riproaring that gait down cellar! Slow and easy, sir, let me manage her. Hi! she's working."

In fact, by slow degrees and much puffing, Shuey got the erratic box to the next floor, where, disregarding Shuey's protestations that he could "make her mind!" Mr. Armorer got out, and they left the elevator to its fate. It was a long way, through many rooms, downstairs. Shuey would have beguiled the way by describing the rooms, but Armorer was in a raging hurry and urged his guide over the ground. Once they were delayed by a bundle of stuff in front of a door; and after Shuey had laboriously rolled the great roll away, he made a misstep and tumbled over, rolling it back, to a tittering accompaniment from the sewing-

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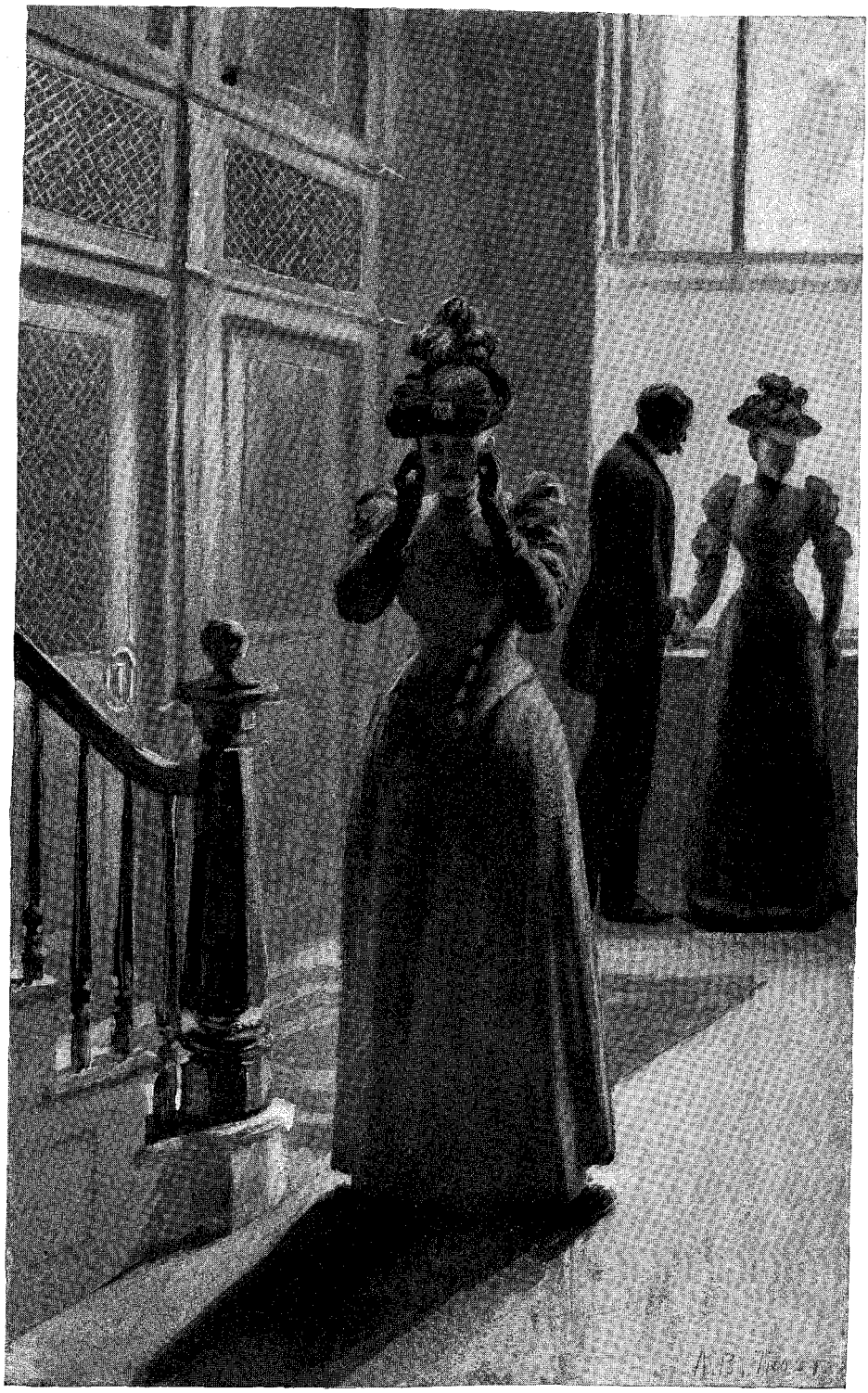

DRAWN BY A. B. FROST.

"Mrs. Ellis was kind enough to put her fingers in her ears and turn her back."—Page 222.

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girls in the room. But he picked himself up in perfect good temper and kicked the roll ten yards. "Girls is silly things," said the philosopher Shuey, "but being born that way it ain't to be expected otherwise!"

He had the friendly freedom of his class in the West. He praised Mrs. Ellis's gymnastics, and urged Armorer to stay over a morning train and see a "real pretty boxing match" between Mr. Lossing and himself.

"Oh, he boxes too, does he?" said Armorer.

"And why on earth should he groan?" inquired Shuey.

"He does that, sir. Didn't Mrs. Ellis ever tell you about the time at the circus? She was there herself, with three children she borrowed and an unreasonable gyurl, with a terrible big screech in her and no sense. Yes, sir, Mr. Lossing he is mighty cliver with his hands! There come a yell of 'Lion loose! lion loose!' at that circus, just as the folks was all crowding out at the end of it, and them that had gone into the menagerie tent came a-tumbling and howling back, and them that was in the circus tent waiting for the concert (which never ain't worth waiting for, between you and me!) was a-scrambling off them seats, making a noise like thunder; and all fighting and pushing and bellowing to get out! I was there with my wife and making for the seats that the fools quit, so's to get under and crawl out under the canvas, when I see Mrs. Ellis holding two of the children, and that fool girl let the other go and I grabbed it. 'Oh, save the baby! save one, anyhow,' cries my wife—the woman is a tinder-hearted crechure! And just then I seen an old lady tumble over on the benches, with her gray hair stringing out of her black bonnet. The crowd was *wild*, hitting and screaming and not caring for anything, and I see a big jack of a man come plunging down right spang on that old lady! His foot was right in the air over her face! Lord, it turned me sick. I yelled. But that minnit I seen an arm shoot out and that fellow shot off as slick! it was Mr. Lossing. He parted that crowd, hitting right and left, and he got up to us and hauled a child from Mrs. Ellis and put it on the seats, all the while shouting: "Keep your seats! it's all right! it's all over! stand back!" I turned and floored a feller that was too pressing, and hollered it was all right too. And some more people hollered too. You see, there is just a minnit at such times when it is a toss up whether folks will quiet down and begin to laugh, or get scared into wild beasts and crush and kill each other. And Mr. Lossing he caught the minnit! The circus folks came up and the police, and it was all over. *Well*, just look here, sir; there's our folks coming out of the elevator!"

They were just landing; and Mrs. Ellis wanted to know where he had gone.

"We run away from ye, shure," said Shuey, grinning; and he related the adventure. Armorer fell back with Mrs. Ellis. "Did you stay with Esther every minute?" said he. Mrs. Ellis nodded. She opened her lips to speak, then closed them and walked ahead to Harry Lossing. Armorer looked—suspicion of a dozen kinds gnawing him and insinuating that the three all seemed agitated, from Harry to Esther, and then to Shuey. But he kept his thoughts to himself and was very agreeable the remainder of the afternoon.

He heard Harry tell Mrs. Ellis that the city council would meet that evening; before, however, Armorer could feel exultant he added, "but may I come late?"

"He is certainly the coolest beggar," Armorer snarled, "but he is sharp as a nigger's razor, confound him!"

Naturally this remark was a confidential one to himself.

He thought it more times than one during the evening, and by consequence played trumps with equal disregard of the laws of the noble game of whist and his partner's feelings. He found a few, a very few elderly people who remembered his parent, and they will never believe ill of Horatio Armorer, who talked so simply and with so much feeling of old times, and who is going to give a memorial window in the new Presbyterian church. He was beginning to think with some interest of supper, the usual dinner of the family having been sacrificed to the demands

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of state; then he saw Harry Lossing. The young mayor's blonde head was bowing before his sister's black velvet. He caught Armorer's eye and followed him out to the lawn and the shadows and the gay lanterns. He looked animated. Evening dress was becoming to him. "One of my daughters married a prince, but I am hanged if he looked it like this fellow," thought Armorer; "but then he was only an Italian. I suppose the council did not pass the ordinance? your committee reported against it?" he said, quite amiably to Harry.

"I wish you could understand how much pain it has given me to oppose you, Mr. Armorer," said Harry, blushing.

"I don't doubt it, under the circumstances, Mr. Lossing." Armorer spoke with suave politeness, but there was a cynical gleam in his eye.

"But Esther understands," says Harry.

"Esther!" repeats Armorer, with an indescribable intonation. "You spoke to her this afternoon? For a man with such high-toned ideas as you carry, I think you took a pretty mean advantage of your guests!"

"You will remember I gave you fair warning, Mr. Armorer."

"It was while I was in the elevator, of course. I guessed it was a put-up job; how did you manage it?"

Harry smiled outright; he is one who cannot keep either his dog or his joke tied up. "It was Shuey did it," said he, "he pulled the opposite way from you, and he has tremendous strength; but he says you were a handful for him."

"You seem to have taken the town into your confidence," said Armorer, bitterly, though he had a sneaking inclination to laugh, himself; "do you need all your workmen to help you court your girl?"

"I'd take the whole United States into my confidence rather than lose her, sir," answered Harry, steadily.

Armorer turned on his heel abruptly; it was to conceal a smile. "How about my sister? did you propose before her? But I don't suppose a little thing like that would stop you."

"I had to speak; Miss Armorer goes away to-morrow. Mrs. Ellis was kind enough to put her fingers in her ears and turn her back."

"And what did my daughter say?"

"I asked her only to give me the chance to show her how I loved her, and she has, God bless her! I don't pretend I'm worthy of her, Mr. Armorer, but I have lived a decent life, and I'll try hard to live a better one for her trust in me."

"I'm glad there is one thing on which we are agreed," jeered Armorer, "but you are more modest than you were this noon. I think it was considerably like bragging, sending that woman to tell of your heroic feats!"

"Oh, I can brag when it is necessary," said Harry, serenely; "what would the West be but for bragging?"

"And what do you intend to do if I take your girl to Europe?"

"Europe is not very far," said Harry.

Armorer was a quick thinker, but he had never thought more quickly in his life. This young fellow had beaten him. There was no doubt of it. He might have principles, but he declined to let his principles hamper him. There was something about Harry's waiving aside defeat so lightly, and so swiftly snatching at every chance to forward his will, that accorded with Armorer's own temperament.

"Tell me, Mr. Armorer," said Harry, suddenly; "in my place wouldn't you have done the same thing?"

Armorer no longer checked his sense of humor. "No, Mr. Lossing," he answered, sedately, "I should have respected the old gentleman's wishes and voted any way he pleased." He held out his hand. "I guess Esther thinks you are the coming young man of the century; and to be honest, I like you a great deal better than I expected to this morning. I'm not cut out for a cruel father, Mr. Lossing; for one thing, I haven't the time for it; for another thing, I can't bear to have my little girl cry. I guess I shall have to go to Europe without Esther. Shan't we go in to the ladies now?"

Harry wrung the president's hand, crying that he should never regret his kindness.

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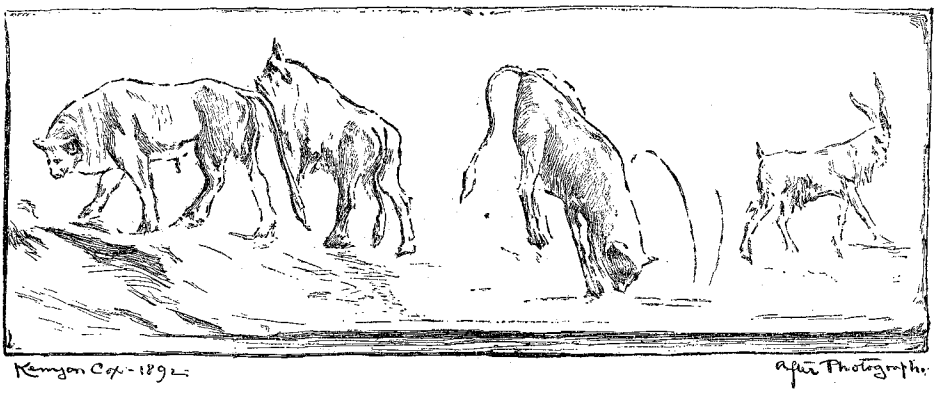
"See that Esther never regrets it, that will be better," said Armorer, with a touch of real and deep feeling. Then, as Harry sprang up the steps like a boy, he took out the note-book, and smiling a smile in which many emotions were blended, he ran a black line through "*See abt L.*"



Stucco from the Ruins of a Roman Villa Excavated in the Farnesina Gardens.

IMPRESSIONS OF A DECORATOR IN ROME.

By Frederic Crowninshield.

SECOND PAPER.

MAY 20, 1891.—To-day I made one of my frequent pilgrimages to the Sistine Chapel and Raphael's "Stanze," more particularly to note the decorative effects and scale of the figures; yet not being in an unreceptive frame of mind, I garnered a goodly store of new sensations and ideas. Entering by the bronze gate, I passed along Bernini's majestic gallery up to the Sistine. What impresses in Rome is the amplitude of the architecture, the stateliness of enclosed space. The architect has neither been awed by the value of land per square foot, nor by the inertia of stone, nor by the costliness of labor. Everything is on a generous, monumental scale. The architectural vistas delight the imaginative eye. Wandering up this endless corridor one dreams of Miltonian art. And how good, yet simple, is the pavement! Alternate lozenges of red terra-cotta and cool gray stone, the whole intersected by larger motives of creamy travertine.

From the monumental point of view there is no better field than the Sistine Chapel for a comparative study of the work by the great frescoists who flourished toward the close of the fifteenth century and the new idea as represented by Michael Angelo. But before making any critical comparisons, or decorative observations, one fact must be noted that often materially mitigates the harshness of our strictures in weighing the mural work of this epoch. When judging the artistic ensemble of the Sistine, as well as the majority of large decorative Roman interiors, it must be borne in mind that we are not dealing with a homogeneous band of artists, working out, in friendly rivalry, a preconcerted scheme. Succeeding patrons and artists showed but little regard for the works of their predecessors. Everyone strove for his own glorification, so that the wall became the palestra where an artist could exhibit his bravura, rather than contribute to the perfection of the whole. A certain unity obtained in the Sistine Chapel until the advent of Michael Angelo, the artists being constrained to work in well-

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defined compartments. Their style, too, had the harmony of contemporaneity. But the godlike, impulsive, devil-may-take-the-rest Florentine considerably disturbed the decorative equilibrium. One more general observation must be offered before descending to particularization, namely, the predominant and often excessive use of the figure. In the best decorative days of the Renaissance (by the best days I mean the latter part of the fifteenth century), the pictures were severely framed by architectural members, highly ornamented with delicate classic details, arabesques, or symmetrically disposed motives from nature. If the figure occurs in these borders it differs either in scale or color from the enclosed composition. There is no confusion. Each is well separated from the other. From a good decorative point of view, figure subjects were, even in these times, often too liberally dispensed on both wall and ceiling. Frequently one feels that either would gain were some architectural, or contrasting scheme, adopted for the other. In justification, however, of this liberal use of the picture it should be remembered that a prince or pontiff had to be immortalized, a lesson inculcated, or a story told; that the brush was the vehicle of expression rather than the pen; that the audience addressed was in the main unlettered; and finally that moral often outweighed artistic considerations. When the decadence set in after Raphael's death, all restraint was thrown off, and the abuse of the figure was shocking. Dados, walls, ceilings, everything was be-sprinkled—no, be-splashed with a chaos of agitated arms, legs, heads, and torsos, almost invariably too big in scale.

Nearly everyone interested in such matters knows that the Sistine Chapel is a long, narrow, and lofty vaulted hall, lighted on either side by six round-headed windows.*

Corresponding to the base of these windows a heavy string-course, supporting an iron balustrade, runs round three sides of the chapel, pretty nearly dividing the walls into two equal portions. Each of these portions is again nearly equally subdivided by projecting mouldings. All above the upper moulding, which corresponds to the spring of the arched windows, including the vault, belongs to Michael Angelo. The second quarter, which is interrupted on the sides by the windows, is covered with portrait frescos of the popes, by Botticelli. The third quarter consists of a beautiful girdle of twelve pictures (not including the two on the eastern wall, which are inferior works of a later epoch), executed by the *élite* of the quattrocento. Of equal length, they are well separated by richly frescoed pilasters with capitals in relief, which are repeated in the divisions immediately above and below. This latter, or the fourth and lowest quarter, is now painted in imitation of drapery where formerly hung on gala days the celebrated tapestries of Raphael. The western wall, with the exception of a low dado, is entirely covered by Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," which discords with everything else, and completely destroys the decorative unity of the chapel. Time and smoke have largely contributed to render it less nocuous; but in eliminating the element of artistic personality, one cannot but regret, for harmony's sake, the destruction of Perugino's frescos that formerly occupied this post of honor. The pavement is of *opus Alexandrinum*, the higher portion, near the entrance, being separated from the body of the chapel by an exquisitely wrought marble screen. Though the great Florentine's "Last Judgment" strikes a discord in the general harmony, it is not so with his ceiling. In spite of adverse criticisms, to me it is not only superbly decorative in itself, but its grander forms contrast pleasingly with the more compact and delicate frescos of the quattrocentisti below, and from which it is not only isolated by a projecting moulding but also by the technique. As Michael Angelo was never known to care a *baiocco* either for the work, or the feelings of a rival, he can scarcely be credited with this pleasing effect of opposition. Whatever might have been beneath he would doubtless have painted the same ceiling. In jotting down the day's experi-

* 131 feet 6 inches long by 45 feet 2⅓ inches wide, east end; 43 feet 2⅓ inches wide, west, or Last Judgment end, and probably over 60 feet high.

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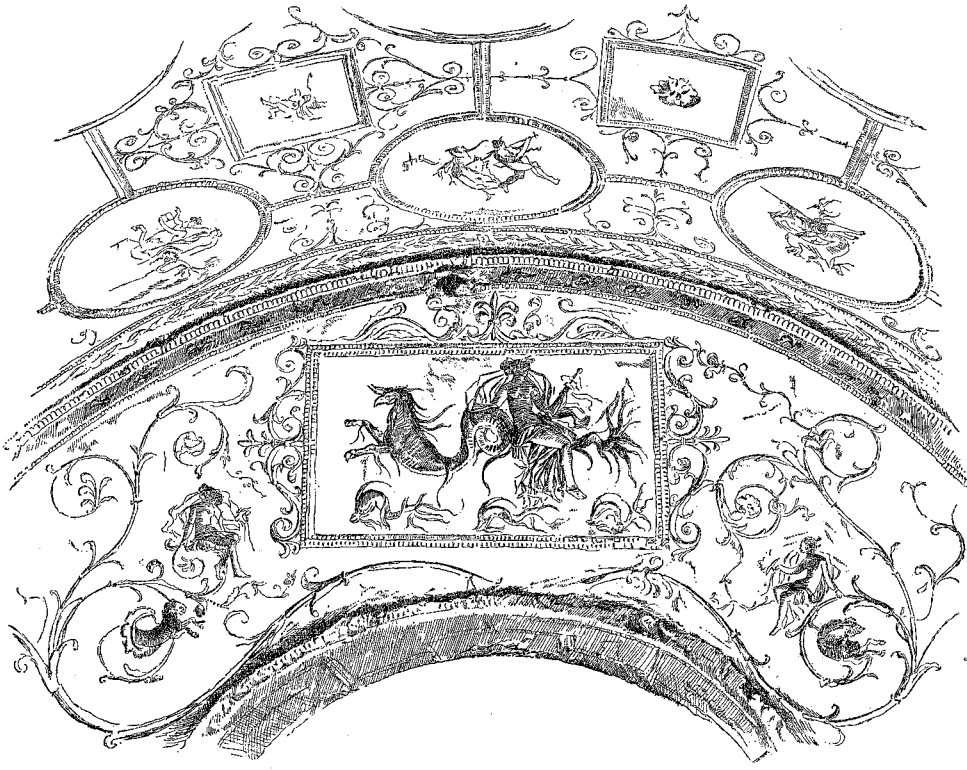
ences I had purposed to refrain as much as possible from purely pictorial appreciations, yet really I cannot help asserting that Michael Angelo's vault, in spite of some patent defects, is the greatest



Stucco-reliefs in the so-called "Tomb of the Valerii," Via Latina.
[Probably second century A.D.]

work of art that has ever been produced. The vault is distributed into compartments of various shapes and sizes, by means of a simulated architecture, with which each picture is firmly framed. This architecture is not an accumulation of violently foreshortened fancies, having a single vanishing point, and consequently a single point of view (a system that culminated with padre Pozzi, 1642–1709), but each half of the nine great sections which span the vault has an independent vanishing point, as have also the pictures therein enclosed. Of what the Italians call the "*di sotto in su*" business—that is, the effort to produce on the spectator *below* the illusion of figures soaring *above*—there is but very little. This aërial foreshortening was initiated by Mantegna and Melozzo da Forli—suggested would be a better term, for they used it with the greatest reserve—developed by Correggio and grotesquely abused by the seventeenth and eighteenth century frescoists. Were Michael Angelo's pictures, or the isolated figures, detached from the ceiling, and hung upon the wall they would not offend perspectively, with the possible exception of the Jonah, a creation immensely admired by Buonarotti's followers, and I may add, unfortunately; for, with our *post factum* knowledge we cannot but see in its bold and skilful foreshortenings the germs of those exaggerations which in later days accelerated the decadence. The general tone of the vault is very pleasant. Of course it is much grayer now than when freshly painted, yet it must always have been light and airy. The "buon fresco" process often gives such a *plein air* effect, that one is frequently struck by the

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modernity of feeling in these old mural paintings. Taking into consideration the lack of precedent and boldness of the experiment, we must congratulate Michael Angelo on the scale of his figures. In the earlier frescos, if one may hazard a generalization, the scale for lofty mural figures was too small. Subsequently it became too large. One might almost determine the epoch of a fresco by the scale alone. Decorative and intellectual lucidity demanded a diversified scale in the various compartments of the ceiling, thus the prophets are larger than the figures in the great central compartments, these again than those in the smaller central sections, et cetera. Following in the old ruts, he made his figures in the background of the Deluge too small. But this was his first and last error, unless we except the unfortunate Jonah, who seems to me decidedly too large. The Adam in the panel of the Creation is, according to Wilson, who measured it, ten feet high, and those adorable young demi-gods at the corners of the central pictures are apparently of the same size; while the prophets and sibyls if erect would average about eighteen feet. The scale of the figures in the zone of quattrocento frescos is much smaller. Those in the immediate foreground may be life-size, though they appear a trifle less. Considering their height from the ground and the importance then attached to biblical illustration, they are too small. This scale-error has fortunately contributed considerably to the general decorative beauty of the chapel and to the enhancement by contrast of Michael Angelo's ceiling, for, there being a very great number of figures, diminishing in size as they recede from the foreground, as well as many opulent accessories, and the tone of the landscapes being bluish-green, the compact, rich effect of tapestry is produced. Perugino's "Christ giving the Keys to Peter" must be excepted. This nobly conceived and decorative fresco is pitched in a lighter key than the others, while the scene takes place on an open, spacious piazza with architectural motives in the background. It is one of the few creations of the epoch which manifest a feeling for space, a quality so highly prized by the men of to-day. Unfortunately it makes a hole in the tapestried line of pictures. But as this tapestry effect was entirely unpremeditated we can scarcely blame Perugino. Dom. Ghirlandajo and Signorelli are here as usual very monumental. Botticelli is a bit too dramatic and agitated for the wall. As I glanced at Michael Angelo's stupendous figures on leaving the chapel, the thought struck me that Milton must have seen them when in Rome, and hence all sorts of suggestive comparisons till I reached the "Stanze."

For years I have duly admired and lauded these lovely, rhythmical creations of the sweet-souled Raphael; and to-day, perhaps more than ever, did homage to the "Mass of Bolsena," the "Parnassus," and "Jurisprudence." And now, without remorse, or the accusation of presumption, I can give vent to an offensive thought or two. Were there ever such degrees of excellence as in these transition days of the Renaissance, such juxtapositions of the stupendous and the second rate—I was on the point of writing the ridiculous! Even the divine Raphael nods occasionally, and by the side of some godlike, imperishable form limns a commonplace figure. And what brutality of constructor's workmanship! Note the curves of the arches in the "Incendio del Borgo," and "Segnatura." They are so false, that the painters have abandoned all attempt to make their designs fit. Everybody seems to have been in a hurry. Popes were impatient and selfish, caring naught for the monumental undertakings of their predecessors or successors. The marvel is that the decorative pictures of this time, when painters conceived and executed their great frescos on the spur of the moment, should have been immortal — models for all succeeding generations. Perchance the very haste, necessitated by the impetuosity of patrons, and the mechanical exigencies of the fresco process, may account for the inspired energy and rhythmic swing. It is sometimes embarrassing, in the "Stanze" of Raphael, to determine what is the master's work and what the pupil's. Many of the shortcomings may be set down to the incompetence of the latter. The greater part

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of the "Segnatura," on which he worked for three years, is by Raphael, and decoratively speaking it is by far the best room. At that time, he had not emancipated himself entirely from quattrocento influence, and was masquerading less in Michael Angelo's toggery, a fact that enters largely into its decorative pre-eminence. Notwithstanding the ravages of time and vandalism of Bourbon's soldiers in 1527, this room is exceedingly beautiful. Ceiling, walls, and *opus Alexandrinum* pavement form a very harmonious ensemble. The ceiling is resplendent with gold and color, and the pictures resonant with Raphaelesque grace. The scale of the four principal figures in the circular compositions is very happy, being apparently life-size. The same correctness of scale is observed in the large frescos on the side-walls, and below on the dado. In the latter the size of the figures has been greatly diminished, and browns or "grisaille" substituted for color, thus separating sharply the lower part of the wall from the pictures above, and avoiding a feeling of overloaded confusion. Possibly, had the figure been altogether omitted from the dado, there would have been a decorative gain. Now, if you walk quickly from this stanza into that of "Heliodorus," you will at once experience the sensation of having entered a smaller room, though actually it is a trifle larger. This sensation I verified by questioning a lay companion. The feeling of diminution is entirely caused by the increment of scale, and especially by that of the dado, on which are painted eleven large caryatides and four statues in "grisaille." The ceiling of this room is not a success. It is an older work, probably by Baldassare Peruzzi, vamped up by Raphael. In the "Incendio" stanza the scale is still unhappier. The figures of the mural compositions are frequently over life-size, as are also the monochromes on the dado. The room being relatively small (about thirty-eight feet by twenty-eight) and the pictures just above the level of the eye, there is no warrant for the increment of scale, unless it be the ambition to cope with Michael Angelo's Sistine vault. As before remarked, this illogical expansion of scale for some time kept pace with the incoming years. Perugino's ceiling in this stanza is pretty much all that escaped the general destruction of frescos executed by the older men, to make room for Raphael and his school. It was spared by the pupil out of respect to the master. Let us be grateful. It is very beautiful, beautiful because so simple. The arrises of the groined vault are emphasized by rich Renaissance borders, and in each of the four triangular spaces is inscribed a circle inclosing a sacred subject; the remainder of the field being filled with graceful arabesques. It is less rich than the "Segnatura" ceiling (of which the ornament, and decorative distribution, are said to be by Sodoma), but on the other hand it is less confused. The scale of Raphael's figures on the "Segnatura" vault is happier. Here they are a trifle too small.

Passing through the Sala dei Chiaroscuri—a chamber of decorative horrors by the successors of Sanzio—one enters the chapel of Nicholas V., covered with frescos illustrating the lives of Saints Lawrence and Stephen, by Beato Angelico, in 1447. These paintings are remarkably well preserved. Their stories are clearly and sweetly told—the calm figures, scarcely ruffled by the breath of dramatic action, form a reposeful contrast to the fluttering, melodramatic forms of Vasari over the altar, and the stilted productions of the preceding hall.

June 27, 1891.—At noon I went to the Vatican by appointment to meet Count Vespigniani, who did the honors of the Borgia apartment, now closed to the public, preparatory to its conversion into a museum under the intelligent patronage of Leo XIII. The books and book-cases had just been removed, revealing beneath the vaults and lunettes, rich with gold and precious ultramarine, chilly, white surfaces. The walls have been whitewashed, perhaps, for less than half a century. Beneath the coat of white there are traces here and there of ornamental painting, but as yet no figure work. The beautiful marble frieze that girdles every stanza has also been bedaubed with whitewash, which is to be carefully removed both

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from frieze and wall, under the supervision of Professor Seitz. Fragments of the ancient pavement are still extant, though time has worn away the glaze on most of the tiles. Those that remain intact have been carefully copied by Vespigniani's assistants, and are to be reproduced in Naples. From these and other data new pavements are to be constructed that will, as nearly as possible, be facsimiles of the old. An atmosphere of mystery has always shrouded these rooms, which have been so jealously guarded that a prolonged study of their pictorial riches has been very difficult, and, without much red-tape, or influence, next to impossible. Shortly they will be open to the public. At the present moment ingress is more difficult than ever. Inasmuch as my guide was a man of many affairs, I could do little more than get a good impression of the whole. Even for this glimpse I am very grateful; for the apartment is absolutely unique and of a decorative gorgeousness impossible to exaggerate, a sort of Aladdin's cave, not barbaric, but composed and controlled by Renaissance genius. We entered by the spacious "Hall of the Guards," decorated by Pierino del Vaga and Giovanni da Udine, containing a rich chimney piece by Sansovino, or his school. Passing through this saloon we found ourselves in one of the three sumptuous chambers decorated by Pinturicchio, which are the chief attractions of the apartment. The rooms are situated beneath the "Stanze" of Raphael, to which, I conjecture, they correspond in size. Each room is divided in its centre by an arch—presumably to give greater strength to the story above—of which the supporting pilasters project but slightly from the wall. The vaults on either side are groined. The ceiling of the first room is not dissimilar in composition to Perugino's in the "Incendio del Borgo." The arrises formed by the intersection of the arches are ornamented with the rope pattern in gilded relief. Circular compositions are inscribed in the triangles, of which the ground is deep blue enlivened with gold arabesques. The lunettes on the wall below the ceiling and above the frieze are frescoed with incidents from the life of the Virgin. It is not within the scope of these notes to describe the pictures. The mere assertion that they are exquisite specimens of Umbrian art must suffice. The scale of the figures, considering their moderate height from the pavement, is felicitous—those in the foreground being just under life-size. The tapestry-like tonality of the paintings is very agreeable, and contrasts happily with the blue-gold vault, on which red has been sparingly used. Gilded relief, both on the ceiling and accessories of the pictures, has been freely employed. Tapestries are said to have hung below the frieze of this stanza. If the imagination can also supply the gay, lustrous, tiled pavement, the spectator will form a correct idea of its former splendor. Perhaps the actual condition of vault and frescos is to the practised eye, the eye that can pardon the blemishes of time, more agreeable than they ever were. When fresh, the blue of the ceiling must have been a trifle harsh. To-day it is low-toned and quiet. The frescos, too, have been glazed with the lovely patina of age. These paintings were, I believe, restored in the latter part of the sixteenth century, though the restorations must have been very slight. Constable Bourbon's hirelings made sad havoc of the apartment, but the ceiling and paintings escaped their vandalisms. This stanza is less gorgeous than the remaining two. On the other hand, while sufficiently splendid, it is more temperate and in better taste. These remaining rooms, the first illustrating events in the lives of St. Catherine of Alexandria and other saints, the second representing the Liberal Arts, are sumptuous to an excessive degree. The use of gilded and painted basso-relievo is pushed to an extreme. Nor is this relief confined to the vault and decorative portions, where the golden Borgia bulls gleam conspicuously. It is employed also in combination with the mural paintings. Architectural accessories, flowers of the field, and even draperies of the figures, are raised from the ground and vibrate with pigment and metal. The sky of some of the pictures is nothing but a mass of thickly-set golden studs. Since this last visit to

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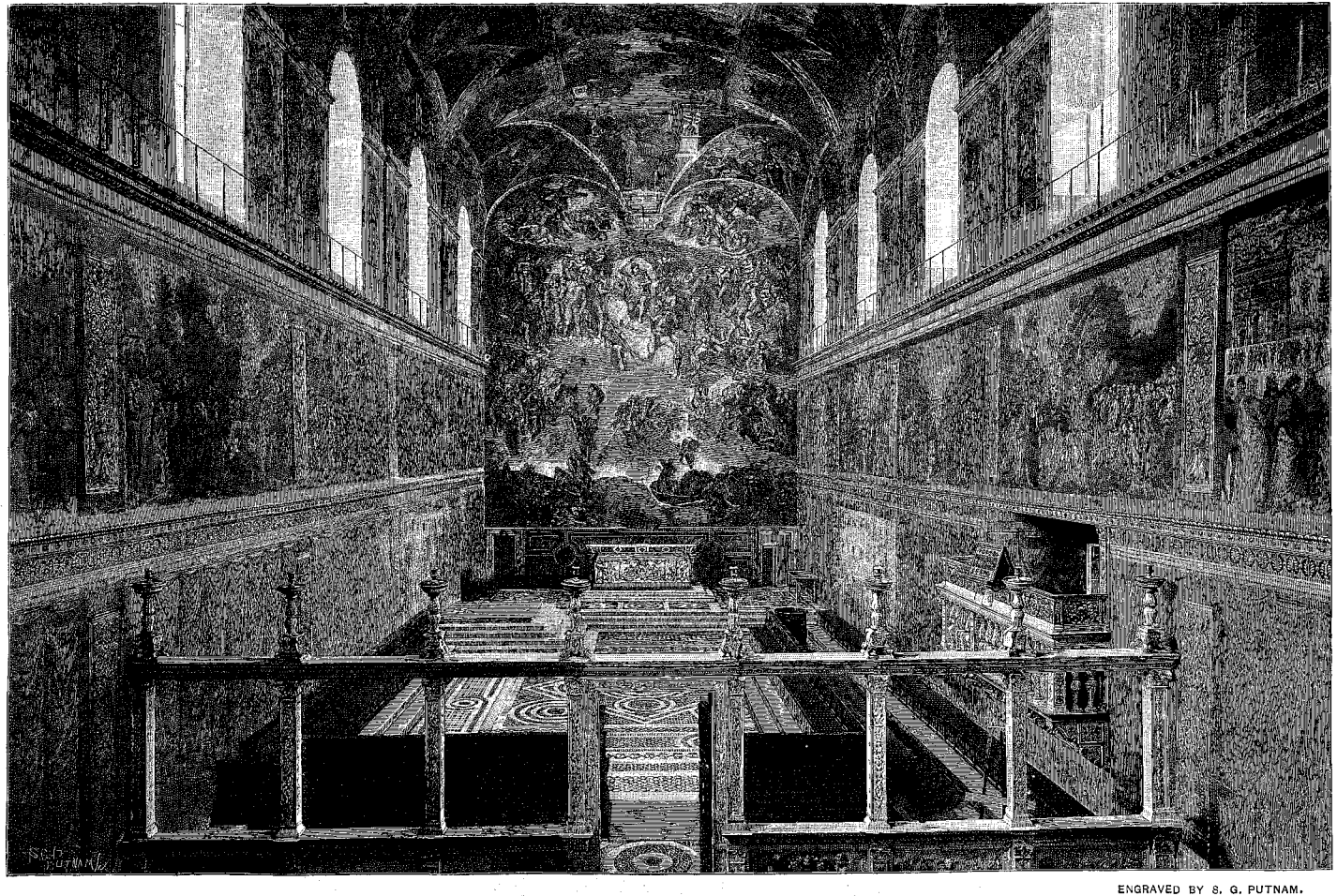

General View of the Sistine Chapel, facing the "Last Judgment."

ENGRAVED BY S. G. PUTNAM.

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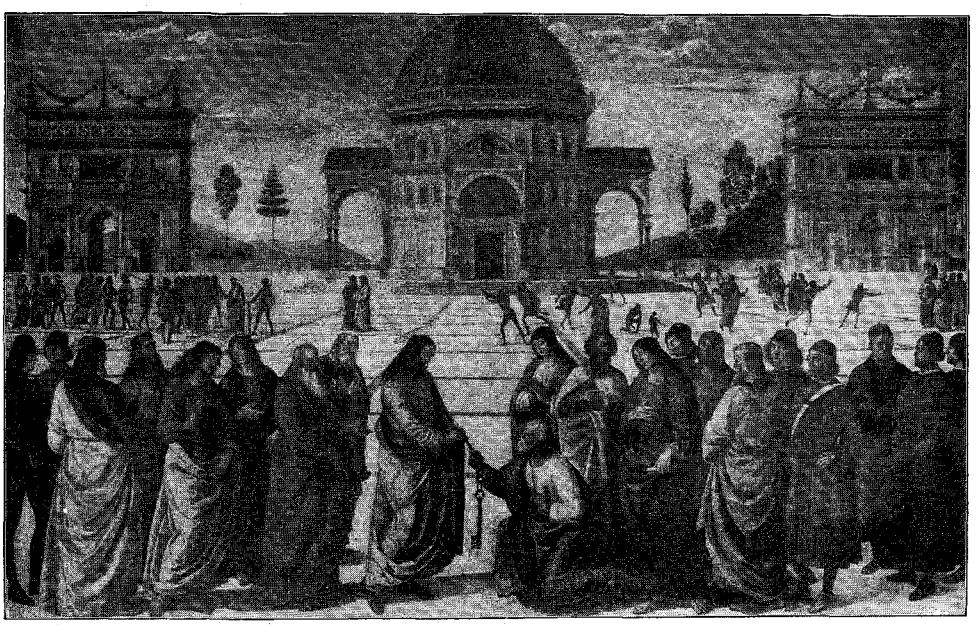
Rome, Pinturicchio has risen vastly in my estimation. Not only has he proved himself an admirable artist in these Borgia rooms (where the ultra splendor may have been enforced), but likewise in the church of S. Maria del Popolo he shows himself a great decorative and religious painter. His beautiful frescoed vault in the choir, admirably preserved, is a masterpiece of ornamental distribution, not to mention its lovely tones and refined sentiment, with which, too, his altar-piece, the "Nativity," in the "della Rovere" Chapel, is replete.

Odious as they are, comparisons are unavoidable in Rome. The remains of antiquity and the derived renaissance are juxtaposed. Willy nilly we compare. As I thought of the little painted tomb on the Via Latina, which probably dates from the second century A.D., I said to myself: "Eliminating the pictorial element, and considering purely the decorative, neither the sumptuous Borgia rooms, nor the "Stanze" of Raphael, nor the exuberant fancies of the Villas Madama and Papa Giulio, can quite cope with this relic of antiquity for pure, reserved, yet gay and unfettered loveliness."

After locking the Borgia apartment, Vespigniani, who with his colossal keys seemed to be a sort of vicarious St. Peter, took me into the old library of Sixtus IV., now used as a store-room, to show me the remnants of the glazed-tiled pavements, which are being carefully copied. Not only is there a great variety of tiles in each chamber, but the variety is still further emphasized by the diversified arrangement of tiles having the same design. With the exception of the pavements the rooms are not decoratively interesting. The white walls are in part covered with rude paintings, probably in "tempera," as they have "scaled" considerably.

MUSEO NAZIONALE.

November 26, 1890—May 21, 1891.—This is a new museum, established in the Baths of Diocletian, partly composed of antiques from the Museo Kircheriano and other collections, and partly of the more recent "finds," such as the lovely headless and armless statue discovered three years ago in Nero's Villa at Subiaco (attributed with reason by some to the age of Scopas), the formidable bronze athletes, excavated in 1885 on



Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter; fresco by Perugino, Sistine Chapel.

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One of the Angels by Melozzo da Forli [1438–1494], now in the Sacristy of St. Peter's.
(These frescos were formerly in the Church of SS. Apostoli.)

the site of Aurelian's Temple of the Sun, the Bacchus fished up from the Tiber's bed, and the incomparably decorative "stucchi" from the Roman residence unearthed in the Farnesina gardens during the works on the Tiber embankment in 1879–80. Executed free-hand on the wet plaster (into which marble dust largely entered as an ingredient), here with a bold telling incision, there with an equally bold low relief, they are marvels of elegant composition, liberty of invention, and refinement of detail. They offer the characteristics of the best classic times, and indeed of all times, namely, freedom of thought and hand, guided, not restrained, by the lawful exigencies of architectural conditions. Some of the motives in these "stucchi," as well as their treatment, are sufficiently naturalistic to do credit to a modern realist. The ground floor of the museum, including Michael Angelo's beautiful cloister, with its one hundred Doric columns, inclosing an attractive garden filled with antiquities, grouped about the famous cypresses, is not yet open to the public. One of the galleries contains the frescos from the same Teverine house in which the "stucchi" were found. Lanciani tells me that they were executed in the Augustan age, certainly not later than the reign of Tiberius. Many years have elapsed since I last saw the Pompeian frescos, and it is therefore with a certain diffidence that I make comparisons, yet trusting to somewhat fallacious memory these Teverine frescos seem to me, as a whole, superior to those of

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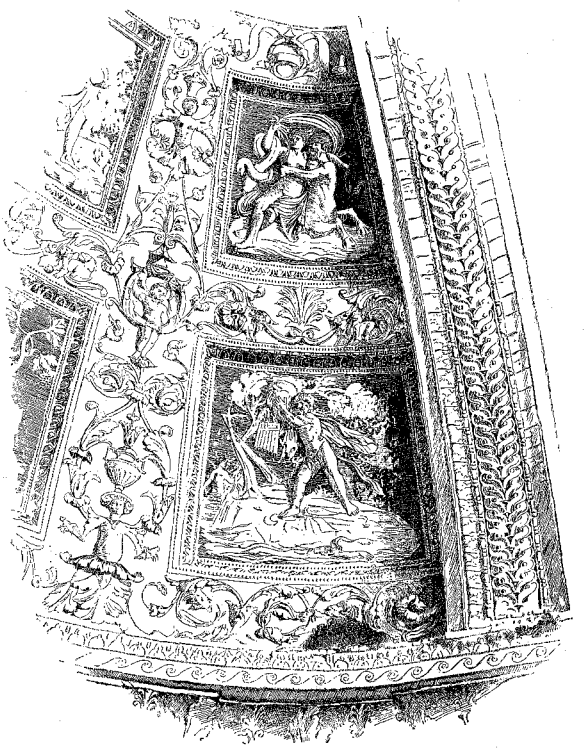
Pompeii, both in artistic conception and delicacy of handling; and this is natural, seeing that the latter place was relatively unimportant. Unfortunately the Roman frescos are not so well preserved, the conditions being less favorable. Those of the southern town were incased in the absorbing pumice and ashes of Vesuvius, rarely moistened by rain during the summer months, while the Farnesina frescos were constantly exposed to the waters of the Tiber. Their general decorative scheme can easily be deciphered, while portions are almost as fresh as the day they were painted. In one room black is used for the ground of the wall, with great effect. Graceful colonnettes intersect it at regular intervals from which depend pale green garlands of vine-leaves, their graceful curves breaking the rectangular monotony. Above is the usual frieze of figures. These figures are very small as well as the ornament, but the vine-



Colored Stucco-ornament, Villa Madama.

leaves are about the size of nature. The scale of the frescos is much smaller than those of the house on the Palatine, popularly called the "House of Livia," of which the architectural motives are unusually large considering the modest dimensions of the rooms. In this patrician abode on the imperial hill one hardly finds the expected pictorial superiority, though no one can withhold his praise from the magnificent inter-columnar festoons of fruits and flowers in the "room on the right."

In contrasting these mural paintings with modern work, it should be remembered that they were painted free-hand and *au premier coup*, frequently without a pictorial background, on a previously prepared monochrome field, that permitted no corrections of outline. The drawing of the figures was similar to that on the painted vases, which necessarily admitted of no after-thoughts. The artist first drew them in with a firm line, often incorrect, but always elegant, and then filled the inclosed space with color, which in mural compositions generally encroached upon and covered the line. In the Teverine frescos, where the superficial color has been washed off in places, this preliminary outline is distinctly visible. It is also partially visible in the Palatine pictures, where the color has remained firm. It must not be supposed that these figure compositions are merely outlined flat-tints. On the contrary, they are thoroughly modelled, and some of them evince an aërial perspective worthy of modern art.

Relying, perhaps, too much on the testimony of others, and the opportunity of personal investigation being denied me, I have hitherto accepted all these antique mural paintings as "buon fresco." Donner, after careful investigations at Pompeii, authoritatively pronounced the decorative pictures there to be frescos, and very likely they are; for not having examined them technically I have no right to dispute his verdict. Yet this much it is

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Heads of Two Disciples of Plato, from Raphael's fresco "The School of Athens." *

safe to maintain, that unless the investigator meet with a virgin wall-painting or fragment thereof, the result of his observations is next to *nil*. A careful examination of the Palatine frescos revealed to me no fresco-joints, nor did those of the Teverine villa. But they have been so tampered with by the restorers, and scarred by time, that no unbiassed mind would be willing to asseverate that such joints did not exist. Innumerable coats of varnish on the Palatine paintings, and a preservative coat of some lustrous preparation on the Teverine frescos, render any superficial analysis of their technique out of the question. The same is true of pretty much all the well-known mural paintings of antiquity, if not all. It used to be the custom at Pompeii to cover the paintings with a preparation of wax. Whether or not that custom still

* This photograph by Alniari distinctly shows and, owing to the angle of incidence of the rays of light, exaggerates the indentations made by passing the style over the outlines of the cartoon when it was applied to the soft, wet plaster, for the purpose of transferring its forms to the wall. This was the usual, though not invariable, method in Raphael's time. It was very expeditious and enabled the painter to work freely without losing his original outline by the superposition of colors. Another method of transferrence, and one much used for delicate work, was to prick the lines of the cartoon with a large pin, or needle, and then "pounce" it, *i.e.*, pass a

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The Calling of St. Peter and St. Andrew; fresco by Dom. Ghirlandajo.

obtains I cannot say. At various times and in various places I have found bits of antique mural paintings that were certainly virgin. The color on many of these was easily removed by the combination of water and gentle friction—not violent enough to disturb the superficial particles of plaster. On others the color remained intact. Especially was the color soluble on the applied ornaments, the ground remaining firm, though frequently the ground yielded too. It should be stated parenthetically that superficial insolubility is the test of "buon," or true fresco on wet plaster. By this process the colors, applied with a medium of pure water, are protected when dry by a film of carbonate of lime which is not dissolved by water.

On the Teverine frescos, which were much exposed to moisture, the applied figures and ornaments have in places been washed away where the ground has remained fast. Hence I am forced to believe that while the fresco process was unquestionably employed, as Vitruvius hints, and tradition confirms, it was neither universally used nor uniformly on the same work; and at all events was quite a different method from that of the Renaissance. The antique plaster was considerably thicker and more compact than that of the latter, and retained its moisture longer—for several days probably, as against one day. The artist likely worked on it "a buon fresco" till the plaster lost its moisture, and the crust of carbonate of lime ceased to form. He then finished "a tempera." Tempera was also used in the first instance on dry plaster, and doubtless on older walls that were to be repainted.

One cannot dismiss the lovely frescos and "stucchi" of the Teverine villa, without expressing the regret that we do not see them under their original conditions, as we see, for instance, those of the tombs on the Via Latina, or the room in Livia's villa at Prima Porta.

May 25, 1891.—Drove to Livia's villa at Prima Porta with Lanciani and S. An invigorating fresh day; trees and meadows glistening with yesterday's rain. Packed like sardines with our sketching impedimenta in a *botte* driven by a self-

small bag of black powder over its surface. When the cartoon is removed black dots, corresponding to the pinholes, will be visible on the wall. According to Wilson, Michael Angelo pounced the heads of his figures on the Sistine vault, but emphasized at times the muscles and forms of the draperies, etc., with a sharp instrument after the cartoon had been removed. Never having detected any marks of the style on the classic frescos, I infer that the ancients either pounced their cartoons or worked free-hand on the wall without any.

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assertive *bottaro* and propelled by a strenuous little black nag, we bowled out of the Porta Pia, over Monte Parioli by the new road to Ponte Molle, then turning to the right we continued on our way by the modern Via Flaminia till we reached the precipitous tufa hills. Here we stopped for a moment and clambered up the steep slopes to take a glimpse of certain caverns on the face of the cliff above, which a closer inspection proved to be carefully plastered, offering material for future investigations. Then we moved on again. What light-bedrenched meadows! Here and there in the foreground the ruins of an unrecorded tomb (which Lanciani duly jotted down on his chart), accentuated the pale mowed grass. Lines of delicate willows shimmered on the plain of the gleaming Tiber, beyond which rose low green hills, and still farther the pale blue mountains—all saturated with ringing light. We came to a halt at Prima Porta, nine miles from the Campidoglio, and then ascended the eminence on which Livia's villa is perched. It commands a fine view of Soracte, the territory of Veii, Monte Gennaro, the Alban hills, the valley of the Tiber, and Fidenæ (now Castel Giubileo). The interest of the villa centres in the so-called dining-room, where the admirable statue of Augustus, now in the Vatican, was discovered in 1863. The room is oblong, with a barrel vault. But little of the original ceiling remains, the rest being reconstructed, though not redecorated. Whether fragments were found to justify the apertures in the vault, and at either extremity, we could not say, but they certainly were interesting. The decoration of the ceiling is not dissimilar in treatment to that of the painted tomb on the Via Latina, namely, low stucco relief combined with color, of which the predominating tones are blue and white—if white can be called a tone—with touches of red, et cetera. Unfortunately very little of the ancient decoration has been preserved. Below the spring of the arch the walls have re-

Stucco from the Roman Villa in the Farnesina Gardens.

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"Poetry;" fresco by Raphael on the Ceiling of the Stanza Della Segnatura.

mained intact, and are very novel in their pictorial treatment, being quite different from those of the Teverine house, or the Palatine buildings. It is that sort of decorative painting which Vitruvius regrets, while berating the grotesque and impossible architectural forms then in vogue—forms that were very charming all the same if one may be permitted to differ from so august an authority. The four walls are covered with a continuous subject, representing a luxuriant Roman garden, inclosed by a low trellis, in front of which there is a gravel walk. Within the inclosure there is a great variety of flowers, shrubs, and trees that almost mask the pale-blue sky of which but a strip is visible above, while white doves and gay plumed birds flit hither and thither. A fringe of cloth depends from the cornice, painted to represent the edge of an awning. The general tone of the picture is bluish-green, heightened and enlivened by the brilliant oranges, the rich pomegranates, the vivid flowers, and bright birds. The aërial perspective is good. As compared with the trellis and other objects in the immediate foreground, the fruits and flowers are exaggerated in scale, a realistic loss, but a decorative gain. Before speaking of the technique, it should be stated that the walls at the time of their discovery were covered with a protective varnish—probably a preparation of wax. At present the paintings are somewhat clouded by an efflorescence of white mould that can be removed by friction with a damp cloth. The execution is free and broad, though every object is sufficiently detailed to declare itself. While the treatment of the whole is anything but "impressionistic," being analytic rather than

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synthetic, the handling of certain bits, such as the fruit-laden branches of the orange and pomegranate trees is very modern. These are vigorously painted with considerable impasto, of which the modern coat of wax prevented an analysis. If it be legitimate to hazard an opinion, I should say that the medium was "tempera." In a neighboring room I picked up a fragment of painted ornament among the rubbish, of which the color quickly yielded to friction with the moistened finger. The decoration of this country room seemed to me very successful, especially seeing that the apertures were so high, and so guarded by stone, or wood lattices that the painted nature within could never be seen simultaneously with nature herself without. Lanciani thinks that the floor of the villa must have been depressed a few feet below the level of the ground. This precaution, together with the additional safeguards of mosaic pavements and thick walls, must have warded off the excessive heat of a summer's sun.

After a modest lunch of omelette, ham, and peas, cheese with large vicious-looking raw beans in the pod (L. ate of them plentifully) for dessert, shared in the society of a gendarme, the parish priest (big with a wasp-bite), a sportsman, and two coachmen, we trudged down to the plain of the Tiber with our sketching traps. Here we made an aquarelle of the ancient Fidenæ, rising suddenly from those fields where Roman and Tuscan pommelled each other in the days of yore, and then surrendered ourselves to our alert little nag and *bottaro*, both of them doubly strenuous after their wine and fodder—yes, both of them; for the horse, too, was addicted to alcohol.

SHALL I COMPLAIN?

By Louise Chandler Moulton.

Shall I complain because the feast is o'er,
And all the banquet lights have ceased to shine?
For Joy that was, and is no longer mine;
For Love that came and went, and comes no more;
For Hopes and Dreams that left my open door;
Shall I, who hold the Past in fee, repine? . . .
Nay! there are those who never quaffed Life's wine—
That were the unblest fate one might deplore.

To sit alone and dream, at set of sun,
When all the world is vague with coming night—
To hear old voices whisper, sweet and low,
And see dear faces steal back, one by one,
And thrill anew to each long-past delight—
Shall I complain, who still this Bliss may know?

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THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL.

A MEMORY OF THE MIND OF A CHILD.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

CHAPTER V.

ISLINGTON SQUARE.

IT was one of those rather interesting places which one finds in all large English towns—places which have seen better days. They are only interesting on this account. Their early picturesqueness has usually been destroyed by the fact that a railroad has forced its way into their neighborhood, or factories, and their accompanying cottages for operatives have sprung up around them. Both these things had happened to Islington Square, and only the fact that it was an enclosed space shut in by a large and quite imposing iron gateway, aided it to retain its atmosphere of faded gentility. Such places are often full of story, though they have no air of romance about them. The people who live in them have themselves usually seen better days. They are oftenest widowed ladies with small incomes, and *un*widowed gentlemen with large families—people who not having been used to cramped quarters, are glad to find houses of good size at a reduced rent.

Some of the houses in the Square were quite stately in proportion, and in their better days must have been fine enough places. But that halcyon period was far in the past. Islington Hall—the most imposing structure—was a "Select Seminary for young ladies and gentlemen;" its companion house stood empty and deserted, as also did several others of the largest ones, probably because the widowed ladies and unwidowed gentlemen could not afford the corps of servants which would have been necessary to keep them in order.

In the centre of the Square was a Lamp Post. I write it with capital letters because it was not an ordinary lamp post. It was a very big one, and had a solid base of stone which all the children thought had been put there for a seat. Four or five little girls could sit on it, and four or five little girls usually did when the day was fine.

Ah! the things which were talked over under the Lamp Post, the secrets that were whispered, and the wrongs that were discussed! In the winter, when the gas was lighted at four o'clock, there could be no more delightfully secluded spot for friendly conversation than the stone base of the lamp which cast its yellow light from above.

Was it worldly pride and haughtiness of spirit which gave rise, in the little girls who lived in the Square, to a sense of exclusiveness which caused them to resent an outside little girl's entering the iron gates and sitting "on the Lamp Post." They always spoke of it as "sitting on the Lamp Post."

"Who is that sitting on the Lamp Post?" would be said, disapprovingly. "She is not a Square girl, we don't want Street children sitting on our Lamp Post."

"Street children" were those who lived in the streets surrounding the Square, and as they were in most cases not desirable young persons, they were not considered eligible for the society of "Square children" and the Lamp Post.

When the Small Person was introduced to her first copy of the stories of Hans Christian Andersen, she found a sketch which had a special charm for her. It was called "The Old Street Lamp," and it seemed to be the story of the Lamp in the middle of the Square. It seemed to explain a feeling of affection she had always had for it—a feeling that it was not quite an inanimate object. She had played about it and sat on the stone, and had seen it lighted so often that she loved it, though she had never said so even to herself. She slept in a front

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room with her mamma, in the very four-post bed which had been a feature in the first remembered episode of her life. Her house exactly faced the Lamp Post, and at night its light shone in at her bedroom window and made a bright patch on the wall. She used to lie and think about things by the gleam of it, and somehow she never felt quite alone. She would have missed it very much if it had not watched over her. At that time street lamps were not lighted in an instant by a magic wand. A lamplighter came with a ladder over his shoulder. He placed the ladder against the post and ran up it with what seemed astonishing rapidity, and after lighting the gas ran down again, shouldered his ladder, and walked off.

How the Small Person adored the novel called "The Lamplighter;" how familiar the friendly lamp seemed to her, and how she loved old Uncle True! Was there ever such a lovable old man—were there ever sufferings that moved one to such tears as Gerty's?

The Street children, as I have said, were not considered desirable companions for the "Square children." The Square was at that time a sort of oasis in the midst of small thoroughfares and back streets, where factory operatives lived and where the broadest Lancashire dialect throve. It was difficult enough to preserve to children any purity of enunciation in a neighborhood of broadest vowels, and as manner of speech is in England a mark of breeding, association with the Street children was not encouraged.

But the Small Person adored Street children. She adored above all things the dialect they spoke, and the queer things they said. To stray into a forbidden back street and lure a dirty little factory child into conversation was a delight. To stand at the iron gateway at twelve o'clock and see the factory people streaming past, and hear the young women in tied-back aprons and with shawls over their heads, shouting friendly or derisive chaff to the young men and boys in corduroys, was as good as a play—in fact a great deal better than most plays.

She learned to speak the dialect as well as any of them, though it was a furtively indulged in accomplishment. She had two or three clever little girl friends who were fluent in it, and who used it with a rich sense of humor. They used to tell each other stories in it, and carry on animated conversations without losing a shade of its flavor. They said, "Wilt tha" and "Wheer art goin'," and "Sithee lass," and "Eh! tha young besom, tha!" with an easy familiarity which they did not display in the matter of geography. There was a very dirty little boy whose family lived rent free, as care-takers in one of the deserted big houses, and this dirty little boy was a fount of joy. He had a disreputable old grandfather who was perennially drunk, and to draw forth from Tommy, in broadest Lancashire dialect, a cheerfully realistic description of "Granfeyther" in his cups, was an entertainment not to be despised. Granfeyther's weakness was regarded by Tommy in the light of an amiable solecism, and his philosophical good spirits over the matter presented a point of view picturesquely novel to the Small Person and her friends. "Eh! tha should heer my Granfeyther sweer when he's drunk," Tommy would remark with an air of triumph suggesting a decent family pride. "Tha shouldst just heer him. *Tha* never heerd nothin' loike it—*tha* didn't!" with an evident sense of the limited opportunities of good society.

It was the habit of the Small Person to sit upon the floor before one of the drawing-room windows each evening, and learn her lessons for the next day; and on one of these occasions she saw a creature who somehow puzzled and interested her intensely, though she could not have explained why.

It was part of an unwritten law that people who did not occupy houses in the Square should not come into it, unless they had business. This possibly arose from the fact that it was not a thoroughfare, and there was really no reason why outsiders should pass the iron gates.

When they did they were always regarded with curiosity until one knew what they wanted. This limitation, in fact, gave the gravelled enclosure surrounded by factories and small streets,

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something the social atmosphere of a tiny, rather gossipy, country town. Each household knew the other, and had a knowledge of its affairs only limited by the characteristics and curiosities of the members.

So, on this particular evening, when the Small Person, hearing voices, looked up from her geography to see a group of stranger children gathered about the Lamp Post, she put her elbows on the window sill and her cheeks on her hands, and looked out at them with interest.

They were evidently not only "Street children," but they were "Back Street children," a race more exciting to regard as objects, because their customs and language were, as it were, exotic. "Back Street children" *always* spoke the dialect, and the adult members of their families almost invariably worked in the factories—often, indeed, the children worked there themselves. In that locality the atmosphere of the *foyer* was frequently of a lively nature, generally the heads of the families evinced a marked partiality for beer, and spent their leisure moments in consuming "pots" of it at "th' Public." This not uncommonly resulted in argument of a spirited nature, entered into, quite probably, in the street, carried on incoherently, but with vigor, on the doorsteps, and settled—with the fire irons or portable domestic articles—in the home circle. Frequently these differences of opinion were terminated with the assistance of one or more policemen; and while the discussions were being carried on the street was always filled with a mob of delighted and eagerly sympathetic neighbors. Feeling always ran high among the ladies, who usually stood and regarded the scene with arms akimbo.

"A noice chap he is!" it would be said sometimes. "He broke th' beer jug ower 'er 'ed two week sin', an' now he's give her a graidely black eye. He out to be put i'th the Lock-ups."

Or—

"No wonder he gi'es her a hidin'. Her spends all his wage at th' Black Pig i' beer. She wus drunk o' Thursday, an' drunk o' Friday, an' now she's gettin' ready fur Saturday neet."

"A row in Islington Court!" or, "A row in Back Sydney Street. Man beating his wife with a shovel!" was a cry which thrilled the bolder juvenile spirits of the Square with awsome delight. There were even fair little persons who hovered shudderingly about the big gates, or even passed them, in the shocked hope of seeing a policeman march by with somebody in custody.

And the strangers gathered about the Lamp Post were of this world.

They were half a dozen girls or more. Most of them factory girls in print frocks, covered by the big coarse linen apron, which was tied all the way down the back to confine their skirts, and keep them from being caught by the machinery. They had no bonnets on, and they wore clogs on their feet. They were all the ordinary type of small factory girl — all but one. Why did the Small Person find her eyes fixed upon that one, and following her movements? She was bigger than the others, and seemed more mature, though a child could not have explained why. She was dressed exactly as they were—print frock, tied-back apron, clogs, and bare head, and she held a coarse blue worsted stocking, which she was knitting as she talked. It did not occur to the Small Person that she was beautiful. At that age beauty meant to her something with pink cheeks and sparkling blue or black eyes, and sweetly curled hair, and a charming frock. Not a strange-looking, colorless factory girl, knitting a worsted stocking and wearing wooden clogs. Certainly not.

And yet at that girl she stared, quite forgetting her geography.

The other girls were the ordinary rough lot, talking loudly, bouncing about and pushing each other. But this one was not playing at all. She stood or moved about a little, with a rather measured movement, knitting all the time her blue worsted stocking. She was about sixteen, but of rather massive and somehow majestic mould. The Small Person would have said she was "big and slow," if she had been trying to describe her. She had a clear, colorless face, deep, large gray eyes, slender, but strong, straight black brows, and a rather square chin with a

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cleft in it. Her hair was dark and had a slight large wave, it was thick and drawn into a heavy knot on the nape of her neck, which was fine and full like a pillar, and held her head in a peculiar stately way.

The Small Person, as she watched her, came to the decision that there was "something the matter with her."

"What is it?" she said, mentally, with a puzzled and impressed feeling. "She's not a bit like the others. She does not look like a Back Street girl at all, though she has got clogs on. Somehow she's different."

That was it. She was different. That was why one could not return to one's geography while one could watch her.

Her companions seemed to appeal to her as if she were a sort of power and influence. She seemed to control them when they made too much noise, though she went on knitting her stocking. The windows were closed, and it was not possible to hear what was said, but occasional loudly spoken dialect words or phrases reached the Small Person. The group did not stay long, and when it went the one who was "different" led it, and the looker-on watched her out of sight, and pondered a moment or so with her nose flattened against the glass, before she went back to her geography.

One evening the next week, at about the same time, the same group appeared again. The Small Person was again on the floor with her lessons on her knee, the factory girls were still laughing and boisterous, and the one who was different was again knitting.

The Small Person shuffled all her books off her knee and let them drop in a heap on the carpet. She put her elbows on the window-sill again, and gave herself up to absorbed contemplation.

That the other girls shouted and giggled was not interesting, but it was interesting to see how, in the midst of the giggles and shouts, the big one seemed a stately, self-contained creature who belonged to another world. Somehow she seemed strangely to suggest a story which one could not read, and of which one could not guess at the plot.

When she grew older and knew more of people and lives and characters, the Small Person guessed that she *was* a story—this strong, pale creature with the stately head and square-cleft chin. She was that saddest story of all, which is beauty and fineness and power — a splendid human thing born into a world to which she does not belong by any kinship, and in which she must stand alone and struggle in silence and suffer. This was what was the matter with her, this was why a ten-year-old child, bearing in her own breast a thermometer of the emotions, dropped her lesson-books to look at her, and gazed restless and dissatisfied because she could not explain to herself why this one was "different."

This evening the group did not leave the place as they had done before.

Some girl, turning round toward the entrance, caught sight of an approaching figure, and hastily, and evidently in some consternation, elbowed a companion. Then they all looked.

A man was coming toward them—an ill-looking brute in corduroys, with his hands in his pockets and a moleskin cap pulled over his brows. He slouched forward as if he were in a bad temper.

"Here's thy feyther!" cried one of the girls. And she said it to the one who was knitting. She looked at the advancing man and went on knitting as if nothing was occurring. The Small Person would have given all her lesson-books—particularly the arithmetic—to know what he had come for. She knew the kind of man. He usually drank a great deal of beer and danced on his wife in his clogs when depressed or irritated. Sometimes he "punsed" her to death if he had been greatly annoyed, and females were rather afraid of him.

But the girl with the deep eyes and straight black brows evidently was not. She was also evidently used to him. He went up to her and addressed her with paternal blasphemy. He seemed to be ordering her to go home. He growled and bullied her, and threatened her with his fist.

The Small Person had a horrible fear that he would knock her down and kick her, as was the custom of his class. She felt she could not bear it, and had a wild idea of dashing out somewhere for a policeman,

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But the girl *was* different. She looked him straight in the brutal face and went on knitting. Then she turned and walked slowly out of the Square. He walked behind her, threatening her at intervals with his fist and his lifted clog.

"Dom tha brazent impidence!" the Small Person heard him say once.

But the girl walked calmly before him without a word or a hurried movement. She went on knitting the stocking until she turned the corner and disappeared for the last time from the Small Person's sympathetic gaze. She also disappeared from her life, for the little girl never saw her again.

But she thought of her often and pondered her over, and felt her a power and a mystery. Not until she had given some contemplative thought to various antique marbles, and had wondered "what was the matter" with the Venus of Milo, did it dawn upon her mind that in this girl in the clogs and apron she had seen and been overpowered by Beauty such as goddesses were worshipped for, and strength such as should belong to one who ruled. She always wanted to know what happened afterward, but there was no end to the story that she ever saw. So it was that some years later she wrote a beginning, a middle, and an end herself. She made the factory operative a Pit girl, and she called her Joan Lowrie.

There was such food for the imagination in thus living surrounded by the lives of streets full of people who belonged to another world than one's own —a world whose customs, manners, and language were wholly foreign in one sense—where even children got up before daylight and went to their work in the big, whirring, oil-smelling factories —where there was a possibility of being caught by the machinery and carried afterward to the Infirmary, followed by a staring, pitying crowd — a broken, bleeding heap of human suffering lying decently covered on a stretcher. Such accidents were such horrors that to a child mind they seemed always impending, though their occurrence was not frequent. But the mere possibility of them made one regard these people—who lived among the ghastly wheels—with awe.

On the same floor with the Nursery was a room where the governess slept, presiding over an extra bed which contained two little girls. There was a period when for some reason the Small Person was one of them. The window of this room, which was at the back, looked down upon the back of the row of cottages in which operatives lived. When one glanced downward it was easy to see into their tiny kitchens and watch them prepare their breakfasts, and eat them too, if one were curious.

Imagine, then, the interest of waking very early one dark winter's morning and seeing a light reflected on the ceiling of the Nursery bedroom from somewhere far below.

The Small Person did this once, and after watching a little, discovered that not only the light and the window itself were reflected, but two figures which seemed to pass before it or stand near it.

It was too exciting to watch alone, so she spoke to her sister, who slept at her side.

"Edith!" she whispered, cautiously, for fear of disturbing the governess, "Edith, do wake up. I want to show you something." The prospect of being shown something in what appeared to be the middle of the night, was a thing to break any slumbers.

Edith turned and rubbed her eyes.

"What is it?" she asked, sleepily.

"It's a man and a woman," whispered the Small Person, half under the bedclothes, "Back Street people in their kitchen. You can see them on our ceiling. *This* ceiling; just look."

Edith looked. Back Street people always awakened curiosity.

"So we can," she said, with a carefully smothered giggle. "There the woman is now!"

"She's got something in her hand," said the Small Person. "It looks like a loaf."

"It's a piece of *something*," whispered Edith.

"It must be a loaf," said the Small Person. "They're factory people, and the man's wife must be getting his breakfast before he goes to work. I wonder what poor people have for breakfast.

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"There's the man!" exclaimed Edith, with so much animation that the governess turned in her sleep.

"Hush," warned the Small Person; "she'll wake up and scold us for making a noise."

"The man is washing his face on the dresser," said Edith, in more discreet tones. "We can see what they do when they are near the window. I can see him rubbing and wiggling his head."

"So can I," said the Small Person. "Isn't it fun? I hope the roller-towel is near the window."

The little whispers, cautious as they were, penetrated the drowsy ears of the governess. She half awakened.

"Children," she said, "what are you whispering about? Don't be so naughty. Go to sleep!" All very well for a sleepy governess, but for two little persons awake at four o'clock, and with front seats at a Back Street panorama on their own bedroom ceiling, ridiculously out of the question.

Ah, the charm of it! The sense of mystery and unusualness. It seemed the middle of the night. In all the bedrooms through the house, everyone was asleep—the servants, the brothers, mamma, the very Doll had had her wire pulled and her wax eyelids drawn down. Being awake had the charms of nursery guilt in it. It was naughty to be awake, and it was breaking rules to talk. But how could one go to sleep with the rest when the Back Street woman was awake and getting her husband's breakfast. One's own ceiling reflected it and seemed to include one in the family circle.

"If they had a fight," whispered Edith, "we could see it."

There was no end of speculation to be indulged in. What each figure was really doing when it was near enough to the window to be reflected, what it did when it moved away out of the range of reflection, and what it was possible they said to each other, were all things to be excitedly guessed at, and to endanger the repose of the governess.

"Edith, you are a naughty girl," she said. "Frances, I shall speak to your mamma. Edith would not be whispering if you were not with her. Go to sleep this instant!" As if going to sleep was a thing done by touching an electric button.

How they longed to creep out of bed, and peep through the window down into the Back Street people's kitchen itself. But that was out of the question. Neither of them would have dared such an insubordination—that first morning, at least.

But there were other such mornings. It became a habit to waken at that delightful and uncanny hour, just for the pleasure of lying awake and watching the Woman and the Man. That was what they called them. They never knew what their names were, or anything about them, except what was reflected during that early breakfast hour upon the ceiling.

But the Small Person was privately attached to them, and continually tried to imagine what they said. She had a fancy that they were a decent couple, who were rather fond of each other, and it was a great comfort to her that they never had a fight.

CHAPTER VI.

A CONFIDENCE BETRAYED.

Is the age of seven years an age of special development, or an age which attracts incidents interesting, and having an effect on life, and the formation of character? As I look back I remember so many things which seemed to happen to the Small Person when she was seven years old. She was seven, or thereabouts, when she discovered the Secrétaire; seven when she began to learn the Lancashire dialect, and study Back Street people; seven when she first saw Death, with solemn, asking eyes, and awe in her soul; seven when she wrote her first inarticulate story, which was a poem; and seven when she was first brought face to face with the enormity of a betrayed confidence.

Thank God, she did not quite realize what had happened to her, and that her innocence gave every reason for hope disappointed, but the true one, that she had been trifled with and deceived; and thank Heaven, also, that the point involved was not one cruel enough to leave a deep wound. In fact, though

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it was quite a serious matter with her, she was more mystified and disappointed than hurt, and for some time did not realize that she had been the subject of one of maturity's jokes.

She had a passion for babies. She seldom pretended that the Doll was a baby, but a baby—a new baby—was an object of rapturous delight to her. She liked them very new, indeed—quite red, and with little lace caps on, and disproportionately long clothes. She never found them so delightful as when they wore long clothes. When their frocks were made short, and one could see their little red or white shoes kicking, the bloom seemed to have gone off—they were no longer real babies. But when the nurse seemed to be obliged to move them carefully lest they should fall into minute fragments, when their mouths always opened when one kissed them, and when they were fragrant of warm flannel, warm milk, and violet powder, they were the loves of her yearning little soul.

There were one or two ladies in the Square who were given to new babies, and when one of their number honored the neighborhood, the Small Person was always one of the first to hear of it.

"Did you know," it would be said by some little individual, "that Mrs. Roberts has got a new baby?"

Then joy would reign unconfined in the Small Person's breast. The Doll would be given a day's holiday. Her sawdust interior somehow seemed such an evident thing. She would be left in her chair to stare, while her proprietor hovered about the Roberts house, and walked with friends past it, looking up at the windows, and discussing, with bated breath, as to whether the new baby was a girl or a boy. I think she had a predilection for girls, feeling somehow that they tended to long clothes for the greater length of time.

Then some day, having had her hair neatly curled, and a clean tucker put in her frock, she would repair to the Roberts establishment, stand on her tiptoes, cautiously ring the bell, and await with beating heart the arrival of the housemaid, to whom she would say, with the utmost politeness of which she was capable:

"If you please, Mamma's compliments, and how is Mrs. Roberts—And if she is as well as can be expected, do you think I might see the new baby?"

And then if fortune favored her, which it usually did, she would be led up the staircase and into a shaded room, which seemed pervaded by a solemn but beautiful stillness which made her feel as if she wanted to be a good little girl always. And Mrs. Roberts, who perhaps was not really a specially handsome person at all, but who looked somehow rather angelic, would hold out her hand and say gently:

"How do you do, my dear? Have you come to see the new baby?"

And she would answer, in a voice full of respectful emotion:

"Yes, if you please, Mrs. Roberts. Mamma said I might ask you if I could see it—if you are as well as can be expected—and I may only stay a few minutes for fear I should bother you."

"Give my regards to your Mamma, love, and say I am getting on very nicely, and the baby is a little boy. Nurse will let you look at him."

Oh, to stand beside that lovely bundle and look down at it reverently, as it lay upon the nurse's knee! Reverence and adoration mingled with awe were the pervading emotions in her small mind. Reverence for Mrs. Roberts and awe of a stately mystery in the shaded room, which made it feel rather like a church, reverence for the Nurse who knew all about new babies, reverence for the new baby, whose newness made him seem such a potentate, and adoration—pure, deep *adoration* of him as a Baby.

As years before she had known thoughts which even her mind could not have known words to frame, so in these days I well remember that she felt emotions her child-thoughts could give no shape to, and which were still feelings which deeply moved her. She was only a child, who had been kept a child by those who loved her, who had been treated always as a child, and who was not in any sense old beyond her brief years. And yet my memory brings clearly to me that by the atmosphere of these shaded rooms she was moved and awed as she was by the at-

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mosphere of other rooms shaded by blinds drawn down—and by the mystery of another stillness—a more awful stillness—a colder one, in which people always stood weeping as they looked down at Something which was not a life beginning, but a life's end.

She was too much a little girl to know then that before the shaded stillness of both chambers the human nature of her stood hushed and reverent, confronting Mystery, and the Unanswered Question before which ages have stood hushed just as she did, just as she did though she was only seven years old. She knew no less than all the world.

If the nurse was a kind one she was allowed to look at the baby's feet, and perhaps to kiss them. Such tiny feet, and so pink and tender, and so given to curling up and squirming!

"Aren't they weenty," she would say, clasping her hands, "and isn't he beautiful! Oh, *I wish* he was mine!"

The unbiassed opinion of maturer years leads me to a tardy conviction that the new babies were *not* beautiful, that they were painfully creased and grievously red, and had frequently a weird air of eld combined with annoyance; that they had no hair and no noses, and no individuality except to the Mrs. Roberts of the occasion, who saw in them the gifts and graces of the gods. (This being the lovely boon of Nature, whom all women of earth may kneel and bless that she, in some strange, gentle moment, has given them this thing.)

But it was the serious belief of the Small Person that a new baby was always Beautiful, and she could not possibly have understood the creature who insinuated, even with the most cautious and diplomatic mildness, that it was not. No, that would have been striking at the foundations of the universe.

And there were Nurses who let her *hold* the new baby. She was so careful and so full of tender respect that I think anyone might have trusted her—even with twins. When she sat on a low chair and held the white draperied, faintly moving bundle which was a new-born human thing, she was an unformed, yearning Mother-creature, her little breast as warm with brooding instincts as a small bird-mother covering her first nest. She did not know this—she was too young—but it was true.

She was walking slowly round the Square one lovely Summer evening, just after tea (Nursery breakfasts were at eight, dinners at one, tea at six), and she had as her companion the little girl who was known as her "Best Friend." One had a best Doll, a best frock, and a best friend. Her best friend was a very sensitive, shy little girl with lovely brown velvet eyes. Her name was Annie, and their souls were one.

As they walked they saw at length a respectable elderly person dressed in black, and carrying something in her arms. It was something white and with long drapery depending from it. She was walking slowly up and down as if taking the air.

"There is a lady with a baby," exclaimed the Small Person. "And it looks like a new one."

"It is a new one," said Annie. "She isn't a Square lady, I wonder who she is."

It was not easy to tell. She was no one they knew, and yet there she was walking quietly up and down, giving a promenade to a new baby.

There was no doubt about the matter, she must be approached. They eyed her wistfully askance, and then looked at each other with the same thought in their eyes.

"Would she think we were rude if we spoke to her?" suggested the Small Person, almost in a whisper.

"Oh, we don't know her," said the little Best Friend. "She might think it very rude."

"Do you think she would?" said the Small Person. "She looks kind," examining her with anxiety.

"Let us walk past her," said the Best Friend. So they walked past her slowly, respectfully regarding the new baby. The elderly lady who carried it did not look vicious, in fact, she looked amiable, and after they had walked past her twice she began to smile at them. This was so encouraging that they slackened their pace and the Best Friend gave the companion of her soul a little "nudge" with her elbow.

"Let's ask her," she said. "You do it."

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"No, you."

"I daren't."

"I daren't, either."

"Oh, *do*. It's a perfectly new one."

"Oh, *you* do it. See, how nice she looks."

They were quite near her, and just at that juncture she smiled again so encouragingly that the Small Person stopped before her.

"If you please," she said, "isn't that a new baby?"

She felt herself quite red in the face at her temerity, and there was no doubt an honest imploring in her eyes, for the lady smiled again.

"Yes," she answered. "Do you want to look at it?"

"Oh, yes, please," they both chimed at once. "We do so love them."

The baby's face was covered with a white lace veil. The lady bent toward them, and lifting it, revealed the charms beneath.

"There," she said.

And they gasped with joy and cried together:

"Oh, isn't it a *beautiful* one!" though it was exactly like all the others, having neither hair, features, nor complexion.

"Is it a *very* new one?" they asked. "*How* new?" And their hearts were rejoiced with the information that it was as new as could possibly be compatible with its being allowed to breathe the air of Heaven.

In reflecting upon the conduct of this elderly person—who was probably a sort of superior monthly nurse—I have always felt obliged to class her with the jocular Park policeman who, in the buoyancy of his spirits, caused the blood of the Small Person to congeal in her infancy by the sprightly information that she would be taken to prison if she fell on the grass through the back of the seat.

This lady also regarded the innocence of tender years as an amusing thing. Though how—with the adoring velvet eyes of the Best Friend fixed trustingly on her, and with the round face of the Small Person burning with excited delight as she talked—it was quite possible to play her comedy with entire composure, I do not find it easy to explain.

"Are you so very fond of babies?" she inquired.

"We love them better than anything in the world."

"Better than dolls?"

"Oh, thousands better!" exclaimed the Small Person.

"But dolls don't cry," said the stranger.

"If I had a baby," the Small Person protested, "it wouldn't cry, because I should take such care of it."

"Would you like a baby of your own?"

I feel sure the round face must have become scarlet.

"I would give worlds and worlds for one!" with a lavishness quite unbiassed by the limits of possession.

The stranger was allowing the friends to walk slowly by her, one on either side. In this way there seemed to be established some relationship with the baby.

"Would you like me to give you this one?" she asked, quite seriously.

"*Give* it to me?" breathless. "Oh, you *couldn't*."

"I think I could, if you would be sure to take care of it."

"Oh, oh!" with rapturous incredulity. "But its mamma wouldn't let you!"

"Yes, I think she would," said the lady, with reflective composure. "You see, she has enough of them!"

The Small Person gasped! Enough of new babies? There was a riotous splendor in such a suggestion which seemed incredible. She could not help being guilty of the rudeness of regarding the strange lady, in private, with doubt. She was capable of believing almost anything else—but not that.

"Ah!" she sighed, "you—you're making fun of me."

"No," replied this unprincipled elderly person, "I am not at all. They are very tiresome when there are a great many of them." She spoke as if they were fleas. "What would you do with this one if I gave it to you?"

At this thrilling suggestion the Small Person quite lost her head.

"I would wash it every morning," she said, her words tumbling over each other in her desire to prove her fitness

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for the boon. "I would wash it in warm water in a little bath and with a big soft sponge and Windsor soap—and I would puff it all over with powder—and dress it and undress it—and put it to sleep and walk it about the room—and trot it on my knees—and give it milk."

"It takes a great deal of milk," said the wicked elderly person, who was revelling in an orgy of jocular crime.

"I would ask Mamma to let me take it from the milkman. I'm sure she would, I would give it as much as it wanted, and it would sleep with me, and I would buy it a rattle, and——"

"I see you know how to take care of it," said the respectable criminal. "You shall have it!"

"But can its Mamma *spare* it?" asked the small victim, fearfully. "Are you *sure* she could spare it?"

"Oh, yes, she can spare it. Of course I must take it back to her to-night and tell her you want it and I have promised it to you; but to-morrow evening you can have it."

Since the dawning of the Children's Century, young things have become much better able to defend themselves, in the sense of being less easily imposed on. I believe that only an English child, and a child brought up in the English nursery of that period, could have been sufficiently unsophisticated to believe this Machiavelian Monthly Nurse. In that day one's private reverence for and confidence in the grown-up person were things which dominated existence. A grown-up person represented such knowledge and dignity and power. People who could crush you to the earth by telling you that you were "a rude little girl," or "an impertinent child," and who could send you to bed, or give you extra lessons, or deprive you of your pudding at dinner, wore an air of omnipotence. To suggest that a grown-up person—"a grown-up lady" or gentleman, could "tell a story," would have been sheer iconoclasm. And to doubt the veracity of a respectable elderly person entrusted with a new baby would have been worse than sacrilegious. The two friends did not leave her side until she left the Square to take the baby home, and when she went all details had been arranged between them, and Heaven itself seemed to have opened.

The next evening, at precisely a quarter-past seven, the two were to go to the corner of a certain street, and there they would find the elderly person with the new baby and a bundle of its clothes, which were to be handed over with ceremony to the new proprietor.

It was to the Small Person the baby was to be given, though in the glow of generous joy and affection it was an understood thing between them that the Best Friend was to be a partner in the blissful enterprise.

How did they live through the next day? How did they learn their lessons? How could they pin themselves down to geography and grammar and the multiplication table? The Small Person's brain reeled, and new babies swam before her eyes. She felt as if the wooden form she sat on were a species of throne.

Momentarily she had been brought down to earth by the fact that, when she had gone to her Mamma, glowing and exalted from the interview with the elderly person, she had found herself confronting doubt as to the seriousness of that lady's intentions.

"My dear child," said her Mamma, smiling at her radiant little countenance, "she did not *mean* it! she was only joking!"

"Oh, *no!*" the Small Person insisted. "She was *quite* in earnest, Mamma! She really was! She did not laugh the least bit. And she was such a nice lady—and the baby was such a beautiful little new one! I asked her if she was laughing at me, and she said, "No, she was not. And I asked her if the baby's mamma could spare it, and she said she thought she could, because she had enough of them. She was such a *kind* lady."

Somehow she felt that her Mamma and the governess were not convinced, but she was too much excited and there was too much exaltation in her mood to allow of her being really discouraged, at least until *after* the fateful hour of appointment. Before that hour arrived she and her friend were at the corner of the street which had been named.

"It's rather a common street, isn't it,"

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the two said to each other. "It was funny that she should tell us to come to a back street. That baby could not live here, of course, and neither could she. I wonder why she didn't bring it back into the Square."

It was decidedly a back street—being a sort of continuation of the one whose row of cottages the Small Person could see from the Nursery window. It was out of the question that the baby could belong to such a neighborhood. The houses were factory people's cottages—the kind of houses where domestic differences were settled with the fire-irons.

The two children walked up and down, talking in excited under-tones. Perhaps she had mentioned this street because it was near the Square; perhaps she lived on the Crescent, which was not far off; perhaps she was afraid it would be troublesome to carry the baby and the bundle at the same time, and this corner was nearer than the Square itself.

They walked up and down in earnest faith. Nothing would have induced them to lose sight of the corner for a second. They confined themselves and their promenade to a distance of about ten yards. They went backward and forward like squirrels in a cage.

Every ten minutes they consulted together as to who could pluck up the courage to ask some passer-by the time. The passers-by were all back street people. Sometimes they did not know the time, but at last the children found out that the quarter-past seven was passed.

"Perhaps the baby was asleep," said one of them. "And she had to wait until it wakened up before she could put on its bonnet and cloak."

So they walked up and down again.

"Mamma said she wasn't in earnest," said the Small Person; "but she *was*, wasn't she, Annie?"

"Oh! yes," said Annie. "She didn't laugh the least bit when she talked."

"The house at the corner is a *little* nicer than the others," the Small Person suggested. "Perhaps it is very nice inside. Do you think she *might* live there? If she did we could knock at the door and tell her we are here."

But the house was really not possible. She must live somewhere else—with that baby.

It seemed as if they had walked for hours, and talked for months, and reasoned for years, when they were startled by the booming, regular sound of a church clock.

"That's St. Philip's bell," exclaimed the Small Person. "What is it striking?"

They stood still and counted.

"One-two-three-four-five-six-seven-eight."

The two friends looked at each other blankly.

"Do you think," they exclaimed, simultaneously, "she isn't coming?"

"But—but she *said* she would," said the Small Person, with desperate hopefulness. "If she didn't come it would be a *story!*"

"Yes," said the Best Friend, "she would have told a *story!*"

This seemed an infamy impossible and disrespectful to contemplate. It was so impossible that they braced themselves and began to walk up and down again. Perhaps they had made some mistake—there had been some misunderstanding about the time—the corner—the street—anything but the honorable intentions of the elderly person.

They tried to comfort each other—to be sustained. They talked, they walked, they watched—until St. Philip's clock boomed half-past eight. Their bedtime was really eight o'clock. They had stayed out half an hour beyond it. They dare stay no longer. They stopped their walk on the fated corner itself and looked into each other's eyes.

"She *hasn't* come!" they said, unconscious of the obviousness of the remark.

"She *said* she would," repeated the Small Person.

"It must be the wrong corner," said the Best Friend.

"It must be," replied the Small Person, desolately. "Or the baby's mamma couldn't spare it. It was such a beautiful baby—perhaps she *could not!*"

"And the lady did not like to come and tell us," said the Best Friend. "Perhaps we shall see her in the Square again some time."

"Perhaps we shall," said the Small

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Person, dolefully. "It's too late to stay out any longer. Let us go home."

They went home sadder but not much wiser little girls. They did not realize that the respectable elderly person had had a delightful, relatable joke at the expense of their innocent little maternal souls.

Evening after evening they walked the Square together watching. But they never saw the new baby again, or the sardonic elderly female who carried it.

It is only a thing not far away from Paradise—not yet acclimatized to earth—who can so trustingly believe and be so far befooled.

CHAPTER VII.

THE SECRÉTAIRE.

I WONDER why it was called the Secrétaire? Perhaps it had resources the Small Person never knew of. It looked like a large old-fashioned mahogany book-case, with a big drawer which formed a ledge, and with a cupboard below. Until she was seven or eight years old she did not "discover" the Secrétaire. She knew that it existed, of course, but she did not know what its values were. She used to look at its rows and rows of books and sigh, because she knew they were "grown-up books" and she thought there was nothing in them which could interest her.

They were such substantially bound and serious-looking books. No one could have suspected them of containing stories—at least, no inexperienced inspector. There were rows of volumes called "The Encyclopædia," rows of stout volumes of *Blackwood's Magazine*, a row of poets, a row of miscellaneous things with unprepossessing bindings, and two rows of exceedingly ugly brown books, which might easily have been suspected of being arithmetics, only that it was of course incredible that any human creature, however lost, could have been guilty of the unseemly brutality of buying arithmetics by the dozen.

The Small Person used to look at them sometimes with hopeless, hungry eyes. It seemed so horribly wicked that there should be shelves of books—shelves full of them—which offered nothing to a starving creature. She was a starving creature in those days, with a positively wolfish appetite for books, though no one knew about it or understood the anguish of its gnawings. It must be plainly stated that her longings were not for "improving" books. The cultivation she gained in those days was gained quite unconsciously, through the workings of a sort of rabies with which she had been infected from birth. At three years old she had begun a life-long chase after the Story. She may have begun it earlier, but my clear recollections seem to date from Herod, the King, to whom her third year introduced her through the medium of the speckled Testament.

In those days, I think, the Children's Century had not begun. Children were not regarded as embryo intellects, whose growth it is the pleasure and duty of intelligent maturity to foster and protect. Morals and manners were attended to, desperate efforts were made to conquer their natural disinclination to wash their hands and faces, it was a time-honored custom to tell them to "make less noise," and I think everybody knelt down in his night-gown and said his prayers every night and morning. I wish I knew who was the originator of the nursery verse which was a kind of creed:

> "Speak when you're spoken to,
> Come when you're called,
> Shut the door after you,
> And do as you're told."

The rhyme and metre were, perhaps, not faultless, but the sentiments were without a flaw.

A perfectly normal child knew what happened in its own nursery and the nurseries of its cousins and juvenile friends; it knew something of the romances of Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth, and the adventures related in Peter Parley's "Annual." Religious aunts possibly gave it horrible little books containing memoirs of dreadful children who died early of complicated diseases, whose lingering developments they enlivened by giving unlimited moral advice and instruction to their parents and immediate relatives, seeming, figuratively speaking, to implore

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them to "go and do likewise," and perishing to appropriate texts. The Small Person suffered keen private pangs of conscience, and thought she was a wicked child, because she did not like those books and had a vague feeling of disbelief in the children. It seemed probable that she might be sent to perdition and devoured by fire and brimstone because of this irreligious indifference, but she could not overcome it. But I am afraid the Small Person was not a normal child. Still she really could not help it, and she has been sufficiently punished, poor thing, even while she has been unduly rewarded. She happened to be born, as a clever but revoltingly candid and practical medical man once told her, with a cerebral tumor of the Imagination.

Little girls did not revel in sumptuous libraries then. Books were birthday or Christmas presents, and were read and re-read, and lent to other little girls as a great favor.

The Small Person's chase after the Story was thought to assume the proportions of a crime.

"Have you any books you could lend me?" she always ended by asking a new acquaintance.

"That child has a book again!" she used to hear annoyed voices exclaim, when being sent up or down stairs, on some errand, she found something to read on the way, and fell through the tempter. It was so positively unavoidable and inevitable, that one should forget and sink down on the stairs somewhere to tear the contents out of the heart of a few pages, and it was so horrible, and made one's heart leap and thump so guiltily, when one heard the voice, and realized how bad, and idle, and thoughtless, and disobedient one was.

It was like being conquered by a craving for drink or opium. It was being a story-maniac.

It made her rude, too, and it was an awful thing to be rude! She was a well-mannered enough child, but when she went to play with a friend in a strange nursery, or sitting-room, how was it possible to resist just *looking* at a book lying on a table? Figure to yourself a beautiful, violently crimson, or purple, or green book, ornamented with gorgeous, flaring designs in gilt, and with a seductive title in gilt letters on the back, and imagine how it could be possible that it should not fill one's veins with fever.

If people had just understood and had allowed her to take such books and gallop through them without restraint. (She always galloped through her books, she could not read them with reasonable calmness.) But it was rude to want to read when people wanted to talk or play with you, and so one could only breathlessly lift a corner of a leaf and devour half a dozen words during some momentary relief from the other person's eye. And it was torment. And notwithstanding her sufferings, she knew that it was her fate to be frequently discussed among her friends as a little girl who was rude enough "to read when she comes to see you."

As she did not develop with years into an entirely unintelligent or unthinking person, there may lie a shade of encouragement to anxious parents in the fact that she was not conscious of any thirst for "improving" reading. She wanted stories—any kind of stories—every kind—anything from a romance to a newspaper anecdote. She was a simple, omnivorous creature. She had no precocious views about her mind or her intellectual condition. She reflected no more on her mind than she did on her plump legs and arms—not so much, because they were frequently made red and smarting by the English east winds—and it did not occur to her that she had an intellectual condition. She went to school because all little girls did, and she learned her lessons because only in that manner could she obtain release at twelve in the morning and four in the afternoon. She seemed always to know how to read, and spelling had no difficulties for her; she rather liked geography, she thought grammar dull, and she abhorred arithmetic. Roman and Grecian and English history, up to the times of the Georges, she was very fond of. They were the Story she was in chase of. Gods and goddesses, legends and wars, Druids and ancient Britons, painted blue, worshipping in their groves, and fighting with their clubs and spears

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against the splendid Romans in their chariots—these fed the wolf which gnawed her innocent vitals. The poor, half-savage Briton, walking in wonder through the marvellous city of his captors, and saying mournfully, "How could you who have all this splendor wish to conquer and take from me such a poor country as mine"—this touched her heart. Boadicea the Queen was somehow a wild, beautiful, majestic figure—Canute upon the sea-shore, commanding the sea to recede, provided the drama—and Alfred, wandering in the forest, and burning the cakes in the neatherd's hut, was comedy and tragedy at once, as his kinghood stood rebuked before the scolding woman, ignorant of his power. Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth and Bloody Mary, Richard Cœur de Lion, Richard the Third, and the poor little Princes in the Tower—one could read their stories again and again; but where the Georges began romance seemed to fade away, and the Small Person was guilty of the base treason of being very slightly interested in the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

"I don't care about the coal and cotton reigns," she said. "They are not interesting. Nothing happens." Lemprière's "Classical Dictionary" was a treasure to be clutched at any moment—to keep in a convenient corner of the desk, so that, when one put one's head under the lid to look for pens or pencils, one could snatch just one scrap of a legend about a god or goddess changed into something as a punishment or to escape somebody or other.

Remembering these ill-satisfied hungers, her own childhood being a thing of the past, and the childhood of young things of her own waiting for its future, she gave them books as she gave them food, and found it worthy of note that, having literature as daily bread and all within reach before them, they chose the "improving" things of their own free will. It interested her to ponder on the question of whether it was because they were never starving and ravenous, or that instruction of to-day is made interesting, or whether they were by nature more intelligent than herself.

It was an indescribably dreary day when she discovered the gold mine in the Secrétaire. I have a theory that no one can really know how dreary a rainy day can be until they have spent one in an English manufacturing town. She did not live at Seedley at that time, and as in her recollections of the Back Garden of Eden the sun always seemed to have been shining on roses and apple-blossoms, in Islington Square it seemed always to be raining on stone pavements and slate roofs shining with the wet. One did not judge of the weather by looking at the sky. The sky was generally gray when it was not filled with dirty but beautiful woolly-white clouds, with small patches of deep blue between. It was the custom to judge what was happening by looking at the slates on the roofs. There seemed to be such lots of slates to look out at when one went to a window.

"The slates are quite wet!" was the awful sentence which doomed to despair many a plan of pleasure. They were always wet on the days when one was to be taken somewhere to do something interesting.

Everything was wet on the day when she found the gold mine. When she went to the Nursery window (the Nursery being a back room on the third story) she looked down on the flags of wet back yards—her own back yard and those of the neighbors. Manchester back yards are never beautiful or enlivening, but when the flagstones are dark and shining, when moisture makes dingier the always dingy whitewashed walls, and the rain splashes on their coping, they wear an aspect to discourage the soul. The back yards of the houses of the Square were divided by a long flagged passage from the back yards of the smaller houses in what was called a "back street." From the Nursery one looked down on their roofs and chimneys and was provided with a depressing area of wet slates. It was not a cheering outlook.

The view from the Sitting-room was no more inspiring and was more limited. It was on the ground floor and at the back also, and only saw the wet flagstones. She tried it and retired. The drawing-room looked out on a large square expanse of gravel enclosed by

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houses whose smoke-grimed faces stared at one with blank, wet window eyes which made one low-spirited beyond compare. She tried that also, and breaking down under it, crept upstairs. It was in a room above the drawing-room that the Secrétaire had its place, and it was on turning in despair from the window there, that her eye fell upon its rows of uninviting-looking books.

Before that particular window there was a chair, and it was a habit of hers to go and kneel by it with her elbows on its seat and her chin on her hands while she looked at the clouds.

This was because through all her earlier years she had a queer sense of nearness to the sky and of companionship with the clouds when she looked up at them. When they were fleecy and beautiful and floated in the blue, she imagined them part of a wonderful country, and fancied herself running and climbing over them. When there was only a dull lead-colored expanse, she used to talk to it in a whisper, expostulating, arguing, imploring. And this she did that day.

"Oh!" she whispered, "do open and let me see some blue, please do! If you *please*. You can do it if you like. You *might* do it! I would do it for you if I was a sky. Just a piece of blue and some sun—just an island of blue! Do! Do! Do!"

But it would not and did not. The rain came drizzling down and the slates became wetter and wetter. It was deadly—deadly dull.

The Nursery Sofa, the Green Armchair, the very Doll itself seemed to have the life taken out of them. The Doll sat in her chair in the Nursery and glared in a glassy-eyed way into space. She was nobody at all but a Doll. Mary Queen of Scots, Evangeline, and the Aztec royalties seemed myriads of miles away from her. They were in the Fourth Dimension of Space. She was stuffed with sawdust, her nose was a blunt dab of wax, her arms were green kid, her legs dangled, her toes turned in, and she wore an idiotic wig. How could a Small Person "pretend" with a thing like that! And the slates were wet—wet—wet! She rose from her kneeling posture before the chair and wandered across the room toward the Secrétaire, to stare up at the books.

"I wish I had something to read!" she said, wofully. "I wish there was something for me to read in the Secrétaire. But they are just a lot of fat, grown-up books."

The bound volumes of *Blackwood's Magazine* always seemed specially annoying to her, because there were bits of red in the binding which might have suggested liveliness. But "Blackwood's Magazine!" What a title! Not a hope of a story in that. At that period cheerfulness in binding seemed to promise something, and the title did the rest.

But she had reached the climax of childish *ennui*. Something must be done to help her to endure it.

She stared for a few moments, and then went to another part of the room for a chair. It must have been heavy for her, because English chairs of mahogany were not trifles. She dragged, or pulled, or carried it over to the Secrétaire. She climbed on it, and from there climbed on to the ledge, which seemed at a serious enough distance from the floor. Her short legs hung dangling as she sat, and she was very conscious that she should tumble off if she were not careful. But at last she managed to open one of the glass doors, and then, with the aid of cautious movement, the other one. And then she began to examine the books. There were a few—just a few—with lively bindings, and of course these were the first she took down. There was one in most alluring pale blue and gold. It was called, "The Keepsake," or "The Garland," or "The Floral Tribute," or something of that order. When she opened it she found it contained verses and pictures. The verses were beautifully printed plaints about ladies' eyes and people's hearts. There were references to "marble brows," and "snowy bosoms," and "ruby lips," but somehow these charms seemed to ramble aimlessly through the lines, and never collect themselves together and form a person one could be interested or see a story in. The Small Person feverishly chased the Story through pages of them, but she never came within hailing distance of it. Even the pictures did not seem

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real. They were engravings of wonderful ladies with smooth shoulders, from which rather boisterous zephyrs seemed to be snatching airily flying scarves. They all had large eyes, high foreheads, exceedingly arched eyebrows, and ringlets, and the gentleman who wrote the verses about them mentioned an ardent wish to "touch his lute" in their praise. Their Christian names were always written under them, and nobody ever was guilty of anything less Byronic than Leonora, or Zulieka, or Haidee, or Ione, or Irene. This seemed quite natural to the Small Person, as it would really have been impossible to imagine anyone of them being called Jane, or Sarah, or Mary Anne. They did not look like it. But, also, they did not look like a story.

The Small Person simply hated them as she realized what fraudulent pretences they were. They filled her with loathing and rage.

She was capable of strange, silent, uncontrollable rages over certain things. The baffled chase after the Story was one of them. She felt red and hot when she thrust back the blue and gold book into its place.

"You are a Beast!" she muttered. "A Beast—Beast—Beast! You look as if you were something to read—and you're nothing!"

It would have been a pleasure to her to kick the Keepsake all over the room, and dance on it. But it was her Mamma's book. The next pretty binding contained something of the same kind. It enclosed the "Countess of Blessington," the "Hon. Mrs. Norton," and "L. E. L." The first two ladies did not interest her, because they looked too much like the Eudoras and Irenes, but somehow L. E. L. caused her to pause. It seemed curious that a young lady should be called L. E. L., but there was something attractive in her picture. She was a slender little young lady in a white muslin frock and a very big belt and buckle, and there was something soft and prettily dreamy in her small face. The Small Person did not know why she looked like a real creature, and made one feel vaguely sad, but it was very thrilling to discover later that she was like Alice Benbolt—that she also had been part of a sort of story—and that, like Alice, she

"lay under the stone."

It was when she had been put back on the shelf that the Small Person was driven to take down a volume of *Blackwood's*.

I wonder how much depended upon her taking down that particular volume. I am more than inclined to think that it was absolutely necessary that she should have things to read. I am also aware that no one knew how fierce her childish longings were, and it would have occurred to nobody about her that she had any longings unfulfilled at all, unless it was a desire for more "sweeties" than would have been good for her. The kindly, gentle people who loved her and took care of her, thought Peter Parley's "Annual" enough for any little boy or girl.

Why not? It was the juvenile literature provided for that day, and many children throve on it. She was not an intellectually fevered-looking Small Person at all. She was a plump, red-cheeked little girl, who played vigorously, and had a perfect appetite for oatmeal porridge, roast mutton, and rice pudding.

And yet I can imagine that, under some circumstances, a small, imperfect, growing thing, devoured by some rage of hunger it cannot reason about or understand, and which is forever unsatisfied, might, through its cravings, develop some physical fever which might end by stilling the ever-working brain. But this may only be the fancy of an imaginative mind.

The *Blackwood* was a big book and heavy. She opened it on her knee—and it opened at a Story!

She knew it was a story, because there were so many short lines. That meant conversation—she called it "talking." If you saw solid blocks of printed lines, it was not very promising, but if you saw short lines and broken spaces, that meant "talking"—and you had your Story.

Why do I remember no more of that story than that it was about a desolate moorland with an unused, half-forgotten well on it, and that a gentleman—

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(who cannot have been a very interesting character, as he is not remembered clearly)—being considered superfluous by somebody, was disposed of and thrown into it in the rôle of a Body. It was his body which was interesting, and not himself, and my impression is that the story was not specially fascinating—but it was a Story, and if there was one in the fat volumes there must be others—and the explorer looked with gloating eyes at the *rows* of fat volumes—two whole rows of them!

She took down others, and opening them, saw with joy more "talking." There were stories in all of them—some which seemed to be continued from month to month. There was a long one called "The Diary of a Physician," another called "Ten Thousand a Year"—this last, she gathered in a few glances, contained the history of a person called Tittlebat Titmouse—and was about a beautiful Kate Aubrey, and her virtuous but unfortunate family—and about a certain Lady Cecilia—and, oh! the rapture of it!

Her cheeks grew hotter and hotter, she read fast and furiously. She forgot that she was perched on the ledge, and that her legs dangled, and that she might fall. She was perched in Paradise—she had no legs—she could not fall. No one could fall from a Secrétaire filled with books, which might all of them contain Stories!

Before long she climbed up and knelt upon the ledge so that she could be face to face with her treasures, and reach even to the upper shelves. With beating heart she took down volumes that were not *Blackwood's*, in the wild hope that even they might contain riches also. She was an excitable creature, and her hands trembled as she opened them. Across a lifetime I remember that her breath came quickly, and she had a queer feeling in her chest. There were books full of poetry, and, oh, Heaven, the poems seemed to be stories too! There was a thing about an Ancient Mariner with a glittering eye, another about St. Agnes's Eve, another about a Scotch gentleman called Marmion, others about some Fire Worshippers, a Peri at the gate of Eden, a Veiled Prophet, a Corsair, and a splendid long one about a young man whose name was Don Juan. And then a very stout book with plays in it, in queer old-fashioned English. Plays were stories. There were stories about persons called "Othello," "The Merchant of Venice," "Two Gentlemen of Verona," "Romeo and Juliet," and a world of others. She gasped with joy. It would take *months* to finish them!

It was so tragic to finish a book.

"I wish I had something to read," she used to say often.

"Where is that book I saw you with yesterday?"

"I've finished it," she used to answer, rather sheepishly, because she knew they would reply,

"Then you can't have read it properly. You couldn't have finished it in such a short time. You must skip. Read it again."

Who wanted to read a thing again when a hunger for novelty was in them?

The top row of the shelves looked so unpromising that she was almost afraid to spoil the happiness by touching the books.

They looked ancient and very like arithmetics. They were bound in ugly grayish boards with a strip of brown down the back.

She pulled herself up to read the titles. They all seemed to belong to one edition. The one her eyes seized on first was quite a shabby one.

"The Fair Maid of Perth," she read. "Waverley Novels."

Novels were stories! "The Fair Maid of Perth." She snatched it from its place, she sat on the ledge once more with her feet dangling. "The Fair Maid of Perth." And all the rest were like it! Why, one might read *forever!*

Were the slates still wet? Was the gravelled Square still sopping? Did the flagged pavement still shine? Was the Doll still staring in her chair—nothing but a Sawdust Thing?

She knew nothing about any of them. Her feet dangled, her small face burned, she bounded to Perth with the Fair Maid. How long afterward a certain big bell rang, she did not know. She did not hear it. She heard nothing

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until a nursery maid came in and brought her back to earth.

"You naughty girl, Miss Frances. The tea-bell's rung and you sitting here on your ma's Secretary—with a book!"

She gathered herself together and scrambled off the ledge. She went down to the tea, and the slices of thick bread and butter deemed suitable to early youth—but she had the gray and brown volume under her arm.

The governess looked at her with the cold eye of dignity and displeasure.

"You have a book," she said. "Put it down. You are not allowed to read at table. It is very rude."

(To be continued.)

HOW THE BATTLE WAS LOST.

By Lloyd Osbourne.

ONCE upon a time fear came knocking at the gates of a great city; disorder and revolt thickened without her broad mud walls, and consternation fell upon those appointed to rule and guard her. The quiet, painstaking, elderly official, grizzled by years of public service, who was governor of that city, began to sink beneath the weight of worry and responsibility. He had not always feared responsibility: once he had paved a mountain-pass with the bones of his fellow-countrymen. From that day his self-confidence vanished, and, though his genius for organization remained unimpaired, he shrank from independence as some from the sight of blood.

Such was the man who, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, with a large fort in indifferent repair, a thousand white troops, and a fussy old gentleman, called Brigadier Bolton, had to overawe a city of three hundred thousand souls and a teeming country of thirty-three millions. True to the education of his life, the lieutenant-governor did not falter in his duty. In peaceful times he conducted his government by means of pen and ink despatches, reports, special reports, statements, and that great pen and ink engine that lay by his hand like an electric bell—subordinate officialdom. To obtain the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, had been the business of his career. Then to embody it with wide margins and let the authorities decide for themselves. So when mutiny swept into his province, and men's hearts stood still within them, the lieutenant-governor was found sedulous at his desk; his telegraph humming and clicking day and night with the passage of exact information. Late wayfarers in the street used to gaze at his ever-lighted windows and say: "See, he never sleeps;" which was true and somehow comforting.

Now, it happened that while the man at the desk sat dying by inches and flashing incessant facts to headquarters, Monsieur Alcide Jaboulet made entry into that great city. The unobtrusive portmanteau and hat-box style of the tourist was not M. Jaboulet's way; though he was an unassuming person, and stood but five feet four in his highly varnished boots. In fact, he marched in to the beat of drums and with all the pomp and circumstance of the "Grand Hippodrome Oriental," of which he was sole proprietor. Right gallant and gay was the procession of elephants and prancing horses, tigers in gilt cages, the giraffe-drawn carriage of the clown, and the mounted guard of glittering Frenchwomen, all smiles and pink tights. The crowded streets looked on and marvelled, and for a moment the circus usurped the ever-flowing talk of red murder and insurrection. The noise of it all flew swift through the heated air and knocked at the heart of the man at the desk.

"Only a French circus passing the bazaars," said the pallid secretary, re-

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turning to his labors. "If your lordship will refer to my despatch of the 2d ult.——"

For many nights the Grand Hippodrome filled its tent to overflowing, and the rupees rolled thickly into the coffers of M. Jaboulet. The trick horses fired their pistols and found their handkerchiefs; the young French ladies burst night by night through paper hoops; the elephants paraded, the trained poodles performed their evolutions, and the whole city rejoiced in the circus as the only spot where apprehension might be forgotten. And the lieutenant-governor, whose telegraph was cut, and his outlet for penmanship blocked by armed thousands, and yet who would sit for hours at his desk in a sort of catalepsy, pen in hand and blank reams before him, went to the circus, "for the moral effect," and sat beneath the trophy of French and English bunting. He gazed upon it all with vacant eyes and a deathly mask.

When the brown troops had been turned out of the citadel by one of those transformation scene parades that cannot be thought of without a catch at the heart, a tension of fear, uncertainty, and exasperation fell upon everyone; the streets were patrolled nightly by volunteers, and supernumeraries were enrolled and armed. The day of the circus was over, and debt settled like dew upon M. Jaboulet and his belongings. The government now owned the trained elephants, which carried water all day up to the fort, the poodles were mortgaged, and a brown gentleman in a linen ephod (like the Infant Samuel) bought the giraffes, with an eye to British beef.

"If I can keep my 'orses I shally be locky," said Jaboulet, with fatalistic calm.

To save expense the circus people gave up their various lodgings and lived in the tent, a motley, happy crowd of Bohemians who bore their reverses with Gallic gayety and fortitude. For care sat lightly on Jaboulet's shoulders; life and he were well acquainted, and he made every fresh catastrophe in his affairs the occasion for a *petit verre* all around, from Mlle Suzanne, the Star of the Arena, to Paul, the half-witted boy.

At the Fort things were going badly, the lieutenant-governor sinking into his grave, and his authority now feeble as his frame. Men wrangled by his bedside and met his orders with sullen acquiescence or insolent refusal. Most were impatient for his death, but many went further and proposed forcible deposition. There was open mutiny without, disguised mutiny within. More than once the lieutenant-governor roused himself from his deathly lethargy and made the rounds of the citadel, but his kindly greetings were met with formal politeness or open disrespect.

"*Nec patriam antiquam nunc est spes ulla videndi*," he quoted to his secretary on their last walk together, and when it was translated to him the honest fellow burst into tears. But Latin was not the only tongue that had troubled the secretary. English was widely known in the revolted provinces, and many an officer, fearful of giving his information to the enemy, had to recall the French or Greek he had forgotten for twenty years. The secretary had wept before over little scraps of French, little compositions in dog Greek, that had brought to the Fort God knows what stories of murder and treachery, and agonized appeals for help.

A certain, indefinable bustle began to be manifest in the Fort and gave color to the rumor of a sortie. The whisper of it ran among the bungalows by that mysterious human telegraph, swift as electricity. Men saw the news in each other's faces written like print. A patrol flashed it into where Jaboulet sat drinking his sundown absinthe, and it stirred and shook the little man until he called for his horse and galloped off to see the brigadier.

The brigadier was a large, dull, heavy man, who, like some unnoticed garden-weed, had mounted the army list by seniority and sheer force of growth. Having the sense to grow quietly, he had been completely forgotten by the authorities until the bewildering days of 1857, when he was discovered in military command of a great and important province.

"My general," said the little Frenchman, "I am Jaboulet, of the circus; I am 'ere to consult you."

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"I shall be pleased to hear what you have to say," said the brigadier, suavely, for so great was the wether of authorities that he was not a little flattered to have been the one selected.

"I see you faight 'ere against immense odds," continued Jaboulet. "I cannot stand by; I am Frenchman, sar. My Emperor" (here he touched his hat) "is bound in alliance to your Queen. Our compatriots have bled on the same fields of battle; my spirit besides is military. I am, sar, grandson of brave soldiers. I bring you the little wat I can; a small kernel of loyal 'earts, a few French swords, and—my 'orses—ah, my general, wat 'orses!"

"Well, and about the price?" queried the brigadier.

"Der is no price," returned Jaboulet, "*C'est pour l'honneur de l'Alliance!*"

"Eh, what's that?" demanded the brigadier, whose little stock of French was not equal to the strain.

"For the honor of the Alliance," translated Jaboulet. "Ze French and ze English is bruzzers—wat's my 'orse is your 'orse. Remember Inkermann, Malakoff, the Alma."

"Very right and proper feeling," observed the brigadier, almost with warmth. "It does you credit, Mosoo. Your offer is accepted with thanks."

The next day, after his first drill with the volunteers, Jaboulet smoked a cigar with his commanding officer while watching the circus-horses washed down.

"It's a shame to take that little Arab into action," said Captain Harper.

"Sheap at two hundred guineas," remarked Jaboulet, with pathos.

"I'm not so squeamish about men," said Harper; "but it hurts me to see a good horse bowled over."

"Perhaps bofe man and 'orse," interjected Jaboulet, with gloom. "But do I place myself and 'orse against the honor of my country? No, sar."

"You're a brick," said Harper.

"Ah, we're all bricks here," returned the little Frenchman, with conviction. "Ze very h'atmosphere is 'eroic. I feel like ze 'orse when ze band begins to play."

Jaboulet and his people had been enrolled some four days, and yet the eagerly debated sortie had not been made. Men chafed and grew sick with apprehension and distrust, and none more than Colonel Stafford and Captain Felix, of the engineers. These two lived together, or I might rather say, kept awake together, and passed the night hours in sleepless expectancy. The village of Mazzik-gunj, that straggled across the highroad some two miles from the city, was the keystone of their position, and the engineers had posted the road in front with several of their own servants on good mounts. For it is a peculiarity of men like Stafford to possess servants as trustworthy as their own right hand. It was a standard joke at mess that Stafford's servants worshipped him daily at family prayers.

On July 5th, at half-past four in the morning, a solitary horseman drew rein at the engineers' quarters, his streaming chestnut all lathered with sweat and mud and foam.

"What is thy news, oh thou lion-hearted ravager of hillsides?" demanded Stafford, coming to the door lamp in hand, Captain Felix peering close behind him.

"Father of the fatherless," returned the Afghan, "they be within six hours march of Mazzik-gunj, horse, guns, and foot innumerable. If this servant were to hazard an opinion, he would say four thousand black-souled sons of Shitan."

"The Jelapore rebels at last!" cried Captain Felix, with sparkling eyes; and began to hurry into his shoes.

"Thou hast done well," said Stafford, after putting some further questions. "Here be things to eat ready laid out for thee, and strong wine to make merry thy heart."

At a quarter to five the two engineers were awakening the brigadier and laying their plans before him. The strong little village of Mazzik-gunj must be held in force, and the fate of the city decided by a battle.

"Let them get here unopposed, and the city will flare up like so much tinder," said Stafford. "We are only keeping it now by moral effect. Mazzik-gunj will decide whether or not we all get jammed into the Fort."

"Then good-by to the nine lacs in the treasury," said Felix. "That the

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governor's having there 'to show confidence.'"

But man is a reasoning animal. The brigadier was adamant to these suggestions, because:

1. Colonel Stafford was an engineer officer.

2. Colonel Stafford was second in command.

3. Colonel Stafford was rated highly as a soldier and was justly popular.

4. Brigadier Bolton wasn't.

5. The proposal was a good one. It would have occurred to him quite naturally if he had only been left alone; the insubordinate interference of the engineers made it appear as though the plan was theirs, whereas it was really his own, or would have been.

The engineers were vehement, explanatory, argumentative. A Sunday-school child could not have heard them without conviction. They would have gone on their knees to that resentful, stubborn, ignorant old man, if such humiliation could have availed. But of tact they had not a particle. They had no thought to make a bridge of gold for an out-reasoned brigadier, yet how gladly would he have crossed it had it been there. Temper went; high words passed, which in the piping times of peace would have resulted in a court-martial.

At six the brigadier was re-awakened by a servant bringing him tea and toast. He sat up in his bed, hot and sullen, with an overwhelming feeling that he had passed through evil dreams. He took his first sip of tea before he recalled Colonel Stafford's visit.

"Damn insubordinate devils," he said. "I'd like to break 'm for this. Give orders to *me*, hey?"

At seven o'clock a new post came galloping in; the news the same, but the rebels nearer. The brigadier grew uneasy. "If those fellows hadn't been so opinionated, we might have talked this thing out," he said.

At eight: "My original plan was the right one—seize the village and fight. Hang it, those fellows mustn't get into the city. But I'm not going to be hectored into raw haste by any pair of engineers. Send off the men without breakfast, hey? Is that the coolness of a general officer?"

At nine the force was paraded in the square, eight hundred men, two guns, and the volunteer cavalry under Captain Harper, sixty strong. In all it was a forlorn little party for the work intended, though by such handfuls has India been won. But on this occasion the god of battles was against Brigadier Bolton and the seniority system.

The brigadier was in a red heat of fluster, rage, and indignation, his face was purple, his flabby hand shook upon the bridle; he darted and buzzed through the ranks and formations like some human hornet, in a flurry of haste and temper. His peevish, hoarse voice vociferated oaths and complaints. His orders had been ignored, thwarted, disobeyed; a more disgraceful force of British troops had never been paraded. The officers who suffered at his hands (and there were few who escaped) passed on darkening faces to their men and a furious, sullen exasperation. There was not a man there but knew the meaning of delay—save one.

In the course of one of his rounds of vituperation, the brigadier met Colonel Stafford face to face, who stopped and saluted. The engineer was an erect, handsome man, very pale and very calm.

"I must ask leave to accompany the force as a volunteer," he said.

"As you are second in command," returned the brigadier, "I suppose I cannot well refuse you."

"I don't think you very well can," said Stafford, and strode across the square to join his company.

Hour after hour passed and still the force was on parade—precious and irrevocable hours only to be redeemed in human lives. The remorseless furnace of the sky added fresh suffering. Men, who in the morning would have done good service with musket and bayonet, now sank beneath the sun and were carried in to die. The four thousand non-combatants who had crowded the square at nine o'clock to see their lads march out and give them God-speed, melted silently into the dark corners of the fort. Thus passed five heart-breaking hours before the order was given to march, and the men who had paraded so gayly at nine, filed out at the merciless hour

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of two, silent, gloomy, and without a cheer.

Though grown gray in the service, the brigadier had never been in action. His personal courage was an unknown quantity. As he gazed round the dark, fierce, unfriendly faces of his staff, and heard the tramp of men before him, and the tramp of men behind him, he realized, with an icy chill, that this was none of the soldiering to which he had been accustomed.

"Great God!" he thought, "am I sure of myself?" And he shook all over with that fear of fear. With a bitterness not to be expressed in words, with a biting envy, his eye fell upon Colonel Stafford. There walked a man but half his age, whose life had been passed in battles and fights, who wrote V. C. after his name, and could ask himself that question without a tremor.

"Suppose *he* put me under arrest for cowardice!" said the brigadier to himself, with a bursting heart; and the thought moved him to grim resolution.

Some two miles march brought the expedition near the village and surrounding mud walls, to find all strongly held by the enemy. So much for delay. Instead of holding Mazzik-gunj against the rebels, who outnumbered them six to one, it was the other way about—thanks to the brigadier. This thought must have transpierced even his thick skull, for he exchanged his tearing ill-humor for a laborious politeness, and his dull, beery, irritable eyes dodged the glances of his staff. "I told you so," was written in every line of their angry faces. Putting himself at the head of the volunteers, he carried them within a perilous distance of the enemy, and stood there imperturbable, scanning the village with perverse deliberation. Three saddles were emptied before he would consent to draw off, and even as he did so a bullet grazed his own temple. He rubbed off the blood with his handkerchief, and a strange glare lit up his old eyes.

"You'll be thinking it might have been straighter, gentlemen," said he.

The position in which the brigadier now found himself was one so common in Indian military history that the merest tyro could have told him what to do. A fierce, simultaneous rush on both flanks, the guns behind the bayonets, and (as the events proved) the day would have been his own. But the brigadier stood aghast at the risk, at the undoubted costliness of life involved in such an operation; so he ordered Major Ashworth Carr to open with his two guns and first overwhelm the enemy's twelve. But John Company's veterans made good practice with John Company's guns: they were not overwhelmed at all. In fact it was all Major Ashworth Carr could do to hold his own. At the end of ninety rounds the British ran out of ammunition; a spare tumbril had exploded, and no other reserve had been brought from the fort. This being the case, there was nothing left but to storm the village.

The men received the order with a cheer, and sprang forward at a pounding double, officers in front, bayonets behind, a plucky rivalry animating the whole. One breathless, faltering instant at the wall, and then over they swept like a pack of harriers with yells and shouts. Cawnpore, Delhi were behind those British bayonets: the blood of English women and children cried them on. Not a man there but had his own private score to settle, his own individual exasperation to assuage. On they swept, a fierce, relentless mob; slowly, for the struggle was bitter and every house a fort; hoarse cheering marking the stages of their triumph, until, with one last rush, the village was cleared.

Some of the rebel guns began to limber up for flight; their defeated infantry came on frantic, despairing against the thinly manned walls they had so lately lost. The tide was near the turning. There went up a cry: "Oh, for the guns!" and quick as thought a messenger was speeding for them.

"For God's sake, men, hang on till they come," cried the officers, encouragingly, and the men cheered and shook hands with one another. Oh, for the guns, indeed! A dozen rounds of grape—six rounds—four, or, perhaps, even the grim presence of the guns themselves, would have changed the day.

Answer was brought back that the

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guns were without ammunition. The men began to waver as the enemy reformed to the charge. There was a hurried consultation; the order was given to retreat. Sullenly and slowly the men fell back, with ranks disordered by the crowd of wounded, yet so far from cowed that they again and again turned a savage and stinging front to the enemy. In the hour of disaster the volunteers did good service, spiking the guns, carrying off wounded, and charging the enemy whenever he pressed too hard. The retreat was skilfully conceived, and carried out with the coolness of a dress-parade — the one creditable affair in the day's bungling. Under a better leader such men and officers would have done much: under Brigadier Bolton they at least saved the British flag from utter disgrace.

Where the brigadier was all this while, men knew little and cared less. In reforming the columns it was found a convenient fiction to believe him dead.

"Wish to God he was," said Captain Felix, putting the general sentiment into words.

But the brigadier was not dead. True his horse had been shot under him; he had raised himself faint and giddy only to collapse again to the ground, where he sat for a space nursing his leg. Of course, he might have reasserted his authority, but for this he had no desire. He staggered painfully along in the extreme rear of the column, his face purple, his sword dragging the ground. A compassionate sub offered him a mount, a sergeant pressed him to put himself into an ambulance doolie. But to such offers he only snarled refusal and limped along on foot. Later on he found himself beside an ambulance. The pallid, straightened face of its occupant seemed somehow familiar to him; there was a kindness in those dying eyes that strangely touched the brigadier.

"You're not the little circus Frenchman? The man who gave the horses?"

"And his life, too," whispered the dying man. "Ah, but what hawful day!"

A dull wave of pity and remorse shook the old man. The glazed, anxious eyes of the little Frenchman seemed to wound him.

"You've done your duty, Mosoo," he said, simply. "Would to God I could say the same."

"My 'eart bleeds for you," cried Jaboulet. The childish compassion of the words quite unmanned the old soldier.

"Mosoo," he said, "I am very—very much obliged to you. I am no good at saying this sort of thing, Mosoo—a simple old soldier of thirty years service—but you're a noble fellow——"

"Bofe noble fellers," whispered the Frenchman. "I am bleeding hinternal——" he went on. "Ze time is so short—could I entreat of you a favor, brigadier?"

"I should say so," said the brigadier, bitterly, "seeing you're the only one here who doesn't wish me dead."

"Tell my muzzer I die for France. La veuve Jaboulet, Rue de Ravignon, Lepuy-en-Velay, Département Haute-Loire—and, brigadier, if ze government reimburses me for ze 'orse, take it to hare. But you yourself you will go, brigadier—you will make ze promise?"

"On my sacred word of honor," said the old man.

"Goot," said Jaboulet, with a heavenly smile; and now just one leetle lock of ze air to remind ze ole woman of ze 'eroic boy."

The brigadier cut off a lock of the thick, black hair with his penknife and crammed it into his pocket.

A moment later the little Frenchman collapsed into the doolie; the death struggle was beginning. With one last desperate effort he half raised himself.

"Pour l'honneur de l'Alliance!" he cried out, and fell back dead.

A few minutes later the body was dumped into the road and the brigadier, half-fainting, was assisted into the empty ambulance.

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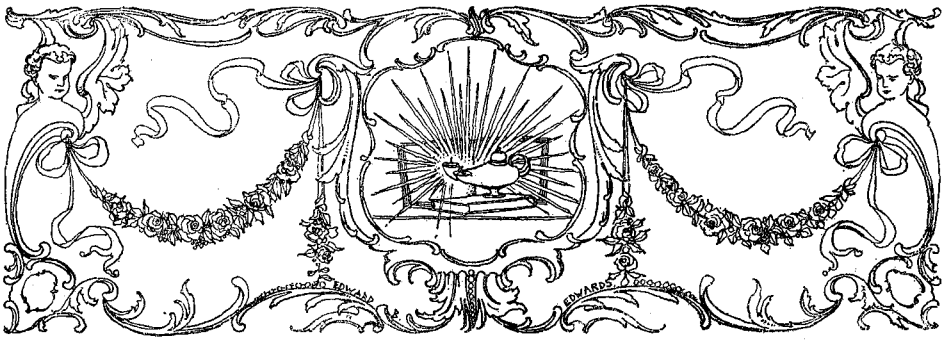

THE POINT OF VIEW.

One characteristic of Tennyson that looms up large in the figure of him that is left to us, was his ability to take himself seriously as a poet. Since his death a story has been in circulation about the experience of a certain exceptionally favored young woman who went off on a yachting trip with a small party of which Lord Tennyson and Mr. Gladstone were members. She said, or at least the newspapers reported her as saying, that though the trip was delightful it was not entirely free from friction arising from Mr. Gladstone's propensity to talk in moments in which Lord Tennyson wished to recite verses. Indeed the lady intimated that the solid day did not seem to Mr. Gladstone too long for him to talk through, or offer to Lord Tennyson an unreasonably protracted space for the recitation of his own poems, and that it sometimes happened that the decks of the yacht were cleared of all the passengers except two, the old statesman at one extremity lost in an impassioned monologue of discussion, and the venerable bard rehearsing Tennysonian poetry at the other.

This may not be a true story at all, and very likely it is exaggerated even if there are facts to it, but whether fact or fiction it illustrates well-known characteristics of the two masters that it concerns. Tennyson never doubted that his verse was worth imparting. Wordsworth believed implicitly in himself as the greatest poet of his day, and suspected that his day was the golden age of all poetry. His public disputed his opinion for many years, but finally came two-thirds of the way over to his way of thinking. Tennyson also made up his mind pretty early in life that he was a poet and a great one. The evidence he submitted in support of that conclusion was less conflicting than Wordsworth's, and the public was quicker in conceding that he was right. And having demonstrated that he was a poet, and chosen poetry for his vocation he revered his office and stuck to it. He took his work seriously, and himself seriously as the man to whom it was appointed to do the work. Always and everywhere where he went as a man, he went as a poet too. He must have been a poet even to his valet. To him there was nothing more absurd in the figure of himself in a cloak and a slouch hat reciting his own verses on the deck of a yacht than there is in the presence of an archbishop in full canonicals doing his office in the chancel of St. Paul's. That a poet should be picturesque and poetical seemed no more a thing to smile at than kingliness in a king.

And the beauty of it was that he was right. By magnifying his office he dignified it, and gained dignity for himself as its fit administrator. His safety lay in his possession of the inestimable treasure of simplicity. He did not assume, he developed. He did not pose, he simply behaved as he felt. His ideals were lofty, his thoughts were trained to clothe themselves in poetical images, and his conduct and bearing were simply the shadow of the inner sub-

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stance. Neither were absolutely contemporaneous, but much about both had the imperishable quality which is never in the fashion and happily never out of it.

In this land and in these days we are apt to giggle at great offices. To our eyes the divinity that doth hedge a king appears full of holes. Wigs and laced-coats and high-heeled boots possess no illusions for us any longer, and perhaps we are somewhat too prone to extend our humorous disregard for such discarded trappings to the substantial superiority they were once designed to fit. We are so ready to make game of the poetical aspirations of poets generally, that ours are apt to choose to be beforehand with us, and extenuate the possible absurdity of their own aspirations by smiling deprecations before and after. Now that Walt Whitman is dead, no American would dare look and act like a poet even if he felt or wrote like one. Our poets are somewhat too apt to be spruce gentlemen in patent-leather shoes, who make verses in such odd hours as they can spare from the serious concerns of life. And one cause of their being so is the reiterated suggestion of a stiff-necked generation that a sincere poet who believes in his office and lives up to it is a more or less absurd creature, who owes us all an apology for not doing something more lucrative and really useful. We have talked that way about poets so long that it looks a little as though ours had finally come to believe us, and put their best energies into other work. It might be better for them, and for us too, if they would shut their eyes to our quirks and giggles, and pattern a little more after Tennyson, who chose to be a poet, and was that and nothing else, all his life, and without evasion, apology, or remorse.

But if the irreverent American humor has not developed without some corruption of precious ideals, it has much to offer in extenuation of itself in the shape of smashed idols with clay feet, whose usefulness, if they ever had any, was long since past. One such fetish that, so far as this country is concerned, has had the foundations laughed quite out from under it, is that curious device for defeating the natural superiority of mind over matter, which was known as "the code." To be sure, "the code" got its death-blow as an American institution as long ago as when Aaron Burr's bullet put a nation in mourning. It has never really flourished since then, though it did linger on fitfully and obscurely until after the civil war. But some of the manners and methods that were originally tributary to it survived it, and it has been left to this generation to laugh them little by little into contemptuous disuse. Men still quarrel and still exchange blows in anger, but not only the notion that differences between "gentlemen" must be settled on the field of honor has clean gone out; but behavior which had some appearance of sense while that notion still held has finally come to be estimated as the archaism that it is. The age of "rotten boroughs, knee-breeches, hair-triggers, and port," has not only past, but its works have so far followed it that in America persons who attempt to shape their conduct by the standards of that age merely find that an amused and smiling public credits them with "courtly bar-room manners," and sniggers at their discomfiture. The "gentleman" who has done another gentleman an injury is not considered any less a blackguard because he offers his victim "any reparation in his power." To run the injured man through the body, or perforate his vitals with lead, is so universally understood to be an indifferent justification of an offence that a culprit who goes out of his way to suggest it in any overt dispute finds himself most uncomfortably in contempt of public opinion. So the public insult, which would once have had to be expunged with blood, has relapsed from its high estate of being a gentlemanly act into a mere loaferish breach of the peace, to be settled for in a police court.

The fatal defect in these discarded standards was that they were not democratic. They never promoted, or were intended to promote, the greatest good of the greatest number, but merely contributed to the exaltation of the few who aspired to be superior to rules that might be fit for the vulgar. Now and then someone stumbles across the contemporary stage who from living too exclusively in some narrow club circle in Europe, or even here, has failed to appreciate the spirit of the age, and at-

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tempts in some juncture to shape his conduct according to the notions of gentlemanly behavior that obtained in London clubs as late as the days of George the Fourth. It is only by watching the absurd contortions of such unfortunates that we are able to realize the progress that has been made. Since the theory of justification by combat has been exploded there seems to be no way in which a gentleman can be sure of keeping his sacred honor free from specks except by plain, ordinary, decent behavior, and respect for the rights of other people. If he does wrong he cannot fight his way right. He simply has to repent and apologize, or take his punishment quietly according to the rules of the game. If he is injured, and the law cannot help him, the best way for him is just to grin and bear it, and let time wreak its own revenges. To be sure, if the injury is desperate, and he resents it in hot blood, the law may excuse him; but society has come to a point of sophistication where it is able to recognize that the man who endures is usually a stronger and a nobler creature than the man who gives reins to his temper. The notion that one's "honor" can be damaged by the action of another person is pretty generally obsolete. Brag is not so good a dog as he was. Bluff will not go so far. The code that regulates in these days the manners of the highest and most influential type of American gentleman is actually to be found in the New Testament. The Christian standard of conduct is respected consciously or unconsciously in the clubs as well as in the churches. To forgive one's enemies (or at least to let them alone), and to do as one would be done by, have always been good sense, and in these days by some miracle of grace they seem to be getting to be good form too. But perhaps we ought not to wonder at it, since to the discriminating observer the other way is so hopelessly absurd, and this age of publicity is necessarily an age of critical discrimination too.

"And then," cried Hope, "things will go smoothly." "No," grumbled Experience, "things never will go smoothly: they never do. They just bump along."

To the very poor, modern life must be comparatively simple. Having food, clothing, and shelter, they have therewith to be content, because it is all they can get. To the very rich, life is simplified in one way, because if they want anything that is purchasable they can buy it. But there is an important element in society whose income is large enough to make whole sets and series of requirements imaginable, without being sufficient to bring a tithe of them within the range of real feasibility. This Magazine must go into a good many thousand families that appreciate fully all the things that every family that respects itself ought to do, and are at their wit's end to devise means to make it possible for their particular family to do them. Such families do not aspire that their pathway through life shall be smooth. The problem with them is how to make it traversable at all, and if they can keep under them anything so substantial as a corduroy road they go on, thankful for such progress as they make, and philosophically oblivious to the bumps.

For such aspiring families there is a serious extra bump in the road in prospect next summer. Of course the usual necessaries must be provided for. The women and children must get out of town, and have the indispensable succession of salt-water or mountain-air, salubrious shelter, piazza privileges, band-music, and regular meals. The strain of summer nomadicity on the family income is too sorrowfully familiar to need to be recalled. The special perplexity of the approaching season is how, after the habitual expenditures, out of the remaining fiscal fragments, to get to see the World's Fair. For a few days last November it seemed possible that a celestial visitor might swing in out of space and relieve American families of this problem; but that hope promptly fizzled out, and an amount of intellectual energy has since been spent in Fair-going plans that, if judiciously geared, might have made the earth spin enough faster to confuse its surface, and slide Chicago back bodily to a point conveniently accessible from New York.

As the case stands, the remedy, if there is any remedy, seems to lie in co-operation. It will be a particularly good summer to try the ingenious but inadequately tested

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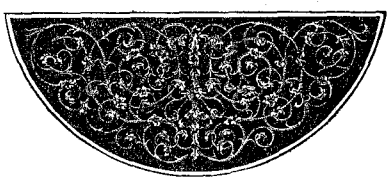
expedient known as the rotary system of exchangeable summer-homes, whereof the general plan is this: Let six families possessed of approximately equal incomes and imbued with mutual confidence and goodwill, engage five sets of summer quarters and one suitable lodging in Chicago. The summer quarters should embrace such variety of allurement and climate as should promise to satisfy the greatest variety of tastes, and may be known as A, B, C, D, and E. On the first of May family No. 1 shuts up its city house and goes to Chicago for a month, leaving its infants and schoolchildren with family No. 6. On the first of June, family No. 1 returns, and families 1, 3, 4, 5, and 6 go respectively to summer houses A, B, C, D, and E. Family No. 2 goes to Chicago, sending its children to A, with family No. 1. On the first of July family No. 2 returns to A, gets its children, and goes to B, where family No. 3 have been spending June. No. 3 leaves its children with No. 2, and goes to Chicago for July. August 1st, family No. 3 returns to B for its children, and takes them to C, where family No. 4 has been, and family No. 4 goes to the Fair leaving its children with family No. 3. On the first of November all the families will have been thoroughly to the Fair, each family will have been relieved of all domestic cares and expenses during its month's absence, and will have enjoyed besides its fairing a more diversified experience of summer resorts than it could have got in any other way at anywhere near the same cost. It will be seen that by a simple variation of the arrangement suggested, the rotary system can be easily made to provide fresh summer scenes and a change of air for each family once a month from June to November. Indeed its adaptation to Fair purposes is only incidental, its original design being to slake the summer restlessness of American families, and afford an economical and pleasant vent for the national propensity to move on.

The system is as elastic as it is simple, and lends itself to all sorts of modifications which will readily suggest themselves to the ingenious mind. It is not impossible that in the course of the summer the belongings of the various families will get more or less mixed up, and it might be as well to hold a raffle at the end of the season whereat property rights in children and movables of disputed ownership would be settled by the allotment of chance. That detail and many others, however, would provide for themselves. The plan is feasible; that is self-evident. It might not work with perfect smoothness, but at least it would bump along.



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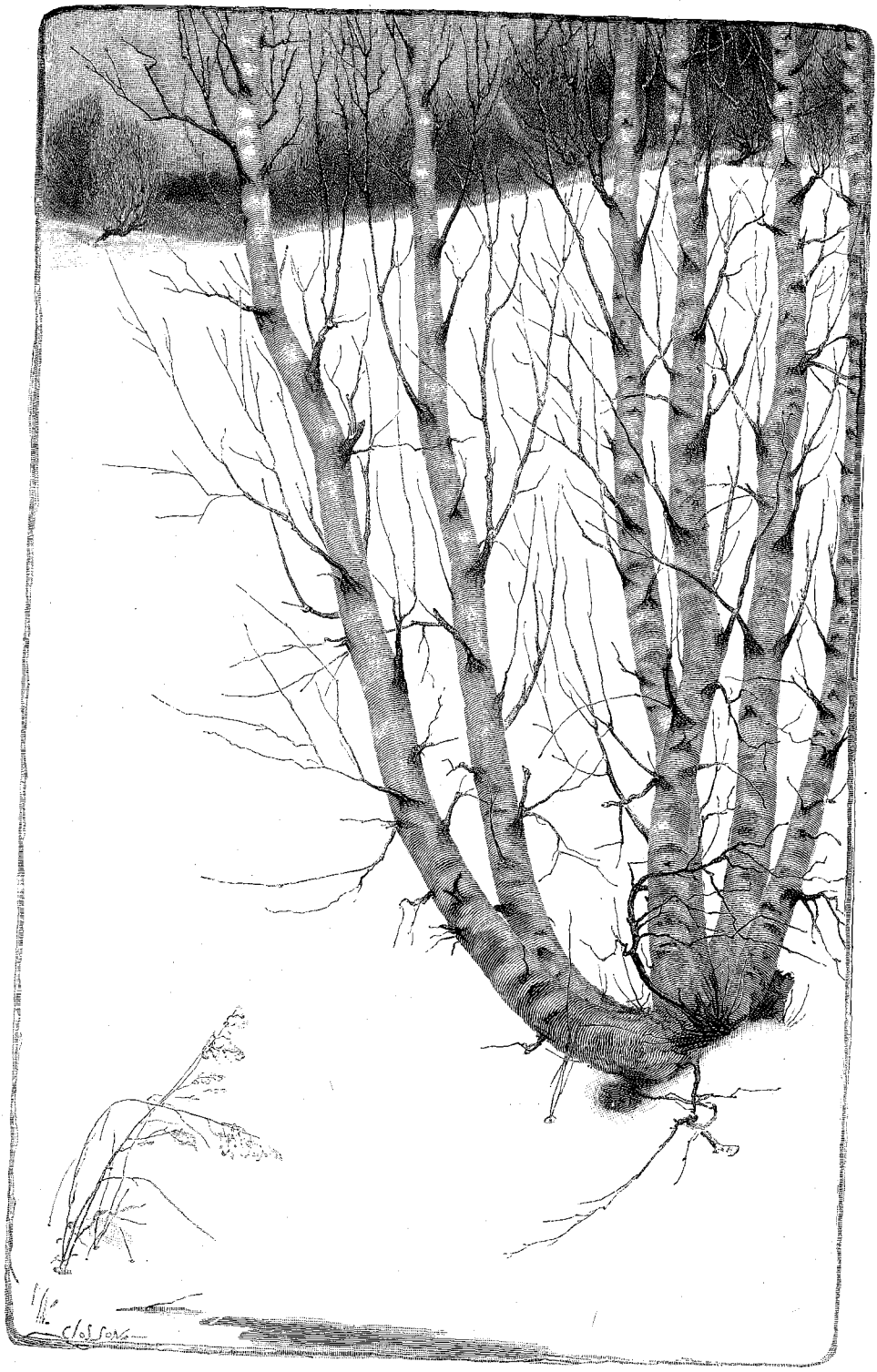

MARCH.

(Engraved from nature, by W. B. Closson.)

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